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SPECIMEN

OF

BOOK AND NEWSPAPER

TYPES,

FROM THE FOUNDRY

OF

VINCENT AND JAMES FIGGINS,

LONDON.

1838.

TO THE PRINTERS OF THE UNITED KINGDOM.

GENTLEMEN,

We beg to present for your approval this new specimen of the Book and Newspaper Founts cast at our foundry, in which you will find we have adopted an entirely new arrangement and form, so as to show them as they are likely to appear when in general use.

We cannot let this opportunity pass without returning sincere thanks to those friends who have extended to us their kind support since we succeeded to our Father's business, and relying on our assiduity and industry, in the endeavour to supply their wants with promptitude and exactness, we confidently hope for a continuance of their favours.

To those who have never yet honoured us with a trial, it may not be unnecessary or egotistical to say, that having served a working apprenticeship to the business, and familiarised ourselves with it practically, we continue our personal superintendence in every branch; and assure them, that, should these Specimens meet with a favourable reception, they may rely upon having supplied to them from our Foundry types cast with metal of the hardest quality consistent with solid tenacity, and dressed with such care for the ranging and exactness as will defy superiority.

This book contains only Specimens of such faces as are usually required for printing Books and Newspapers, but we furnish from our establishment every sort of Type and Material which can be required in the most General Printing Office; and our ordinary book, containing specimens of jobbing and ornamental type, flowers, and a great variety of cast metal ornaments, may be obtained on application at the Foundry.

It may be necessary to state that our stock of founts (which are always very heavy and ready for delivery) are to the London standard for body and height to paper, but we will with pleasure cast to any body, height, or nick, upon receiving twelve lower-case m's as patterns.

We have the honour to be, GENTLEMEN,

Your Most Obedient Servants,

V. & J. FIGGINS.

17, West Street, West Smithfield.

THEY MAY RAIL AT THIS LIFE

They may rail at this life—from the hour I began it,
 I've found it a life full of kindness and bliss,
 And, until they can show me some happier planet,
 More social and bright, I'll content me with this
 As long as the world has such eloquent eyes,
 As before me this moment enraptured I see,
 They may say what they will of their orbs in the skies,
 But this earth is the planet for you, love and me

II

In Mercury's star, where each minute can bring them
 New sunshine and wit from the fountain on high,
 Though the nymphs may have livelier poets to sing them
 They've none, even there, more enamoured than I
 And, as long as this harp can be waken'd to love,
 And that eye its divine inspiration shall be,
 They may talk as they will of their Idens above,
 But this earth is the planet for you, love, and me

III

In that star of the west, by whose shadowy splendour,
 At twilight so often we've roam'd through the dew
 There are maidens perhaps who have bosoms as tender,
 And look in their twilights as lovely as you
 But, though they were even more bright than the queen
 Of that isle they inhabit in heaven's blue sea,
 As I never those fair young celestials have seen
 Why,—this earth is the planet for you love and me

IV

As for those chilly orbs on the verge of creation,
 Where sunshine and smiles must be actually rare,
 Did they want a supply of cold hearts on that station,
 Heaven knows we have plenty on earth we could spare
 Oh think what a world we should have of it here,
 If the haters of peace of affection and glee,
 Were to fly up to Saturn's comfortless sphere,
 And leave earth to such spirits as you, love, and me

A BEAM of tranquillity smiled in the west, .
The storms of the morning pursued us no more,
And the wave, while it welcomed the moment of rest,
Still heaved, as remembering ills that were o'er !

Serenely my heart took the hue of the hour,
Its passions were sleeping, were mute as the dead,
And the spirit becalm'd but remember'd their power,
As the billow the force of the gale that was fled !

I thought of the days, when to pleasure alone
My heart ever granted a wish or a sigh;
When the saddest emotion my bosom had known
Was pity for those who were wiser than I !

I felt how the pure intellectual fire
In luxury loses its heavenly ray;
How soon, in the lavishing cup of desire,
The pearl of the soul may be melted away !

And I prayed of that Spirit who lighted the flame,
That pleasure no more might its purity dim:
And that sullied but little, or brightly the same,
I might give back the gem I had borrow'd from him !

The thought was ecstatic ! I felt as if Heaven
Had already the wreath of eternity shown;
As if, passion all chasten'd and error forgiven,
My heart had begun to be purely its own ! .

COWPER.

THERE is a field, through which I often pass,
Thick overspread with moss and silky grass,
Adjoining close to Kilwick's echoing wood,
Where oft the bitch-fox hides her hapless brood,
Reserved to solace many a neighbouring squire,
That he may follow them through brake and brier,
Contusion hazarding of neck, or spine,
Which rural gentlemen call sport divine.

A narrow brook by rushy banks conceal'd,
Runs in a bottom, and divides the field ;
Oaks intersperse it, that had once a head,
But now wear crests of oven-wood instead ;
And where the land slopes to its watery bourn,
Wide yawns a gulf beside a ragged thorn ;
Bricks line the sides, but shiver'd long ago,
And horrid brambles intertwine below ;
A hollow scoop'd, I judge, in ancient time,
For baking earth, or burning rock to lime.

Nor yet the hawthorn bore her berries red,
With which the fieldfare, wintry guest, is fed ;
Nor Autumn yet had brush'd from every spray,
With her chill hand, the mellow leaves away ;
But corn were housed, and beans were in the stack.
Now therefore issued forth the spotted pack,
With tails high mounted, ears hung low, and throats,
With a whole gamut fill'd of heavenly notes,
For which, alas ! my destiny severe,

Though ears she gave me two, gave me no ear.

The sun, accomplishing his early march,
His lamp now planted on Heaven's topmost arch,
When exercise and air my only aim,
And heedless whither, to that field I came,

The Cafés of this description are, perhaps, the greatest luxury that a stranger finds in Damascus. Gardens, kiosques, fountains, and groves are abundant around every Eastern capital: but Cafés, on the very bosom of a rapid river, and bathed by its waves, are peculiar to this ancient city: they are formed so as to exclude the rays of the sun, while they admit the breeze; the light roof is supported by slender rows of pillars, and the building is quite open on every side. A few of these houses are situated in the skirts of the town, on one of the streams, where the eye rests on the luxuriant vegetation of garden and wood: others are in the heart of the city: a flight of steps conducts to them from the sultry street, and it is delightful to pass in a few moments from the noisy, shadeless thoroughfare, where you see only mean gateways and the gable ends of edifices, to a cool, grateful, calm place of rest and refreshment, where you can muse and meditate in ease and luxury, and feel at every moment the rich breeze of the river. In two or three instances, a light wooden bridge leads to the platform, close to which, and almost out of it, one or two large and noble trees lift the canopy of their spreading branches and leaves, more welcome at noon-day than the roofs of fretted gold in the 'Arabian Nights.' The high pavilion roof and the pillars are all constructed of wood: the floor is of wood and sometimes of earth, and is regularly watered, and raised only a few inches above the level of the stream, which rushes by at the feet of the customer which it almost bathes, as he sips his coffee or sherbet. Innumerable small seats cover the floor, and you take one of these, and place it in the position you like best. Perhaps you wish to sit apart from the crowd, just under the shadow of the tree, or in some favorite corner, where you can smoke, and contemplate the motley guests formed into calm and solemn groups, who wish to hold no communion with the Giaour. There is ample food here for the observer of character, costume, and pretension: the tradesman, the mechanic, the soldier, the gentleman, the dandy, the grave old man, looking wise on the past and dimly on the future: the hadgé, in his green turban, vain of his journey to Mecca, and drawing a long bow in his tales and adventures: the long straight pipe, the hookah with its soft curling tube and glass

ENGLISH, No. 6.

obtained, the whole of such monies, after deduction of the necessary expenses of maintaining and supporting the said bridge, shall be annually applied by the said Trustees at the sight of the said persons having right for the time being to such debts or any part thereof, or to the implement of such obligations, to the payment in the first place of the interest due to such persons, and thereafter towards the payment of the principal sums of such debts, and the fulfilment of such obligations: Provided always, that the said magistrates and town council of Hamilton, and the persons in right of the said debts, shall have full power to inspect or cause to be inspected the accounts of the said monies so to be kept at all times when they think proper, in order to see that the same are regularly applied as hereby directed: And provided also, that an account of the revenue and expenditure of the said bridge shall be annually transmitted to the clerk of supply of the county of Lanark, to be laid before the meeting of commissioners of supply of the said county, on the thirtieth April, yearly.

to be applied towards the existing debts thereon until the same be paid or discharged.

Provided further, and be it enacted, That, unless in the event hereinafter provided for, the rates, tolls, and duties granted by the said recited Act, passed in the fourth year of the reign of His present Majesty, and the other monies raised under authority of the same, shall not be liable for, nor applicable to, the payment of any part of the said existing debts or obligations incurred under authority of the said Act passed in the tenth and fifty-fourth years of the reign of his Majesty King George the Third; provided nevertheless that it shall be in the power of the said Trustees, and they are hereby authorized, if they should think fit, to pay the said existing debts, or the interest thereof, or any part of the same, out of the rates, tolls, and duties, and other monies to be raised under the authority of the said recited Act passed in the fourth year of the reign of His present Majesty and this Act, or to grant bonds or mortgages thereof over the said rates, tolls, and duties, upon such conditions as they may think fit: such bonds and mortgages being always postponed to any other bonds or mortgages over the same rates, tolls, and duties previously granted by the said Trustees: and in the event of the said Trustees making payment of the said existing debts, or any part thereof, they shall thereafter be entitled to recover payment of the same, and interest thereon, out of the tolls, rates, and duties authorized to be levied on the said bridge by the said recited Acts, passed in the tenth

Revenues of Shotts Road Trust not to be liable for present debts of Hamilton Bridge Trust unless the Trustees think fit.

ENGLISH, No. 7.

PROFITIOUS POWER! when rankling cares annoy
The sacred home of Hymenean joy;
When doomed to Poverty's sequester'd dell,
The wedded pair of love and virtue dwell,
Unpitied by the world, unknown to fame,
Their woes, their wishes, and their hearts the same—
Oh, there, prophetic HOPE! thy smile bestow,
And chase the pangs that worth should never know—
There, as the parent deals his scanty store
To friendless babes, and weeps to give no more,
Tell, that his manly race shall yet assuage
Their father's wrongs, and shield his latter age.
What though for him no Hybla sweets distil,
Nor bloomy vines wave purple on the hill;
Tell, that when silent years have passed away,
That when his eye grows dim, his tresses grey,
These busy hands a lovelier cot shall build,
And deck with fairer flowers his little field,
And called from Heaven propitious dew to breathe
Arcadian beauty on the barren heath;
Tell, that while Love's spontaneous smile endears
The days of peace, the sabbath of his years,
Health shall prolong to many a festive hour
The social pleasures of his humble bower.

Lo! at the couch where infant beauty sleeps,
Her silent watch the mournful mother keeps;
She, while the lovely babe unconscious lies,
Smiles on her slumbering child with pensive eyes,
And weaves a song of melancholy joy—
'Sleep, image of thy father, sleep my boy:
No lingering hour of sorrow shall be thine;
No sigh that rends thy father's heart and mine:

COWPER.

COULD I, from Heaven inspired, as sure presage
To whom the rising year shall prove his last,
As I can number in my punctual page,
And item down the victims of the past ;

How each would trembling wait the mournful sheet,
On which the press might stamp him next to die ;
And, reading here his sentence, how replete
With anxious meaning, heavenward turn his eye !

Time then would seem more precious than the joys
In which he sports away the treasure now :
And prayer more seasonable than the noise
Of drunkards, or the music-drawing bow.

Then doubtless many a trifler, on the brink
Of this world's hazardous and headlong shore,
Forced to a pause, would feel it good to think,
Told that his setting sun must rise no more.

Ah, self-deceived ! Could I prophetic say
Who next is fated, and who next to fall,
The rest might then seem privileged to play ;
But naming *none*, the voice now speaks to *ALL*.

Observe the dappled foresters, how light
They bound and airy o'er the sunny glade—
One falls—the rest, wide-scatter'd with affright,
Vanish at once into the darkest shade.

Had we their wisdom, should we, often warn'd,
Still need repeated warnings, and at last,
A thousand awful admonitions scorn'd,
Die self-accused of life run all to waste ?

PICA, No. 3.

It has been justly remarked, that if the books of Luther had been multiplied only by the slow process of the hand-writing, they must have been few, and would have been easily suppressed by the combination of wealth and power: but, poured forth in abundance from the press, they spread over the land with the rapidity of an inundation, which acquires additional force from the efforts used to obstruct its progress. He who undertook to prevent the dispersion of the books once issued from the press, attempted a task no less arduous than the destruction of the hydra. Resistance was vain, and religion was reformed: and we, who are chiefly interested in this happy revolution, must remember, amidst the praises bestowed on Luther, that his endeavours had been ineffectual unassisted by the invention of Faustus.—How greatly the cause of religion has been promoted by the art, must appear when it is considered, that it has placed those sacred books in the hand of every individual, which, besides that they were once locked up in a dead language, and could not be procured without great difficulty. The numerous comments on them of every kind, which tend to promote piety, and to form the Christian philosopher, would probably never have been composed, and certainly would not have extended their beneficial influence, if typography had still been unknown. By that art, the light, which is to illuminate a dark world, has been placed in a situation more advantageous to the emission of its rays: but if it has been the means of illustrating the doctrines, and enforcing the practice of religion, it has also, particularly in the present age, struck at the root of piety and moral virtue, by propagating opinions favourable to the sceptic and voluptuary. It has enabled modern authors wantonly to gratify their avarice, their vanity, and their misanthropy, in disseminating novel systems subversive of the dignity and happiness of human nature: but though the perversion of the art is lamentably remarkable in those volumes which issue, with offensive profusion, from the vain, the wicked, and the hungry

and several persons among whom were the Earl of Arran and Sir Robert Hamilton, were immediately put under arrest. A mutiny and revolt began also in the army; but it was soon checked by the vigorous measures of the government. Attempts were made to place all the protestant subjects of the realm on the same basis of eligibility to civil offices by the abolition of the sacramental test, but this measure was rejected by the house of lords. An act enlarging the liberties of the dissenters was however passed with the decided approbation of the king, and this greatly tended to allay irritation and conciliate the affections of a large body of the people, without any infraction of the rights and privileges of the episcopalians. All further attempts of the king on behalf of his dissenting subjects were thwarted, and considerable restrictions placed upon the expenditure of the public money. Discontent continued to prevail to a great extent between the whigs and tories, for the settlement of which a bill of indemnity in favor of the enemies of the revolution was brought in, but effectually impeded by the whigs, who were determined to keep their opponents under the terror of punishment for their opposition to the late settlement. A bill for the settlement of the succession was also stayed in its progress, partly by the combination of the opposite parties, the hereditary royalists and the republicans, and partly by the birth of a son to the princess Anne, which, for the present dissipated the fears of a popish successor to the crown.

While these domestic affairs occupied the attention of the government, the king pressed upon them the situation of the Dutch, and propounded his great and favorite measure of a confederacy against France. The support which France had afforded to the exiled king in his invasion of Ireland contributed to recommend the measure to the parliament and the nation, and war was at once declared, with the promise of effectual assistance by the house of commons.

While those measures were being taken by the English parliament, Scotland was called to consider the propriety of acknowledging the new sovereign. But

XVII.

The best of men have ever lov'd repose ;
They hate to mingle in the filthy fray,
Where the soul sow'rs, and gradual rancour grows ;
Embitter'd more from peevish day to day.
Even those whom Fame had lent her fairest ray,
The most renown'd of worthy wights of yore,
From a base world at last have stol'n away :
So Scipio, to the soft Cumæan shore,
Retiring, tasted joy he never knew before.

XVIII.

But if a little exercise you choose,
Some zest for ease, 'tis not forbidden here ;
Amid the groves you may indulge the Muse,
Or tend the blooms, and deck the vernal year ;
Or, softly stealing, with your watery gear,
Along the brooks, the crimson-spotted fry
You may delude ; the whilst, amus'd you hear
Now the hoarse stream, and now the zephyr's sigh,
Attuned to the birds' and woodlands' melody.

XIX.

O grievous folly ! to heap up estate,
Losing the days you see beneath the sun ;
When, sudden comes blind unrelenting Fate,
And gives th' untasted portion you have won,
With ruthless toil, and many a wretch undone,
To those who mock you gone to Pluto's reign,
There with sad ghosts to pine and shadows dun :
But sure it is of vanities most vain,
To toil for what you here untoiling may obtain.

the persons officiating, and the numerous bystanders, presented altogether a motley and most extraordinary group: priests in rich sacerdotal vestments, friars of various orders, Franciscan, Benedictine, Dominican, and others, many of whose portly persons and ruddy countenances belied the austerity of their profession; men dressed up as nuns, with black veils and masks, selling little waxen images of the Virgin; women of all classes, appropriately dressed in the costume of the country; some with shawls and hats, others with the showy saya and black silk manto, so put on as carefully to conceal the face and expose the person; blacks and mulattoes, male and female, and Indians, whose squalid hideous features bore no resemblance to the pictures which imagination is wont to draw of their ancestors, "the gentle children of the Sun;" loaded mules and asses, with their attendant peons, just arrived from the port; country creoles of both sexes on horseback, mounted and equipped, male and female both alike; carriages here termed valencins, made and painted in the Spanish fashion, and filled with smartly-dressed ladies, whose black servants and postilions were bedecked in the most tawdry liveries; cavaliers of all nations, and Patriot Officers in gay uniforms, some on foot, courting the attention of the fair beholders, other showing off the paces of their prancing steeds; venders of ice and chicha, a favourite Peruvian drink; beggars imploring alms in the name of the Virgin and all the saints of the Romish calendar; these and other innumerable objects, during the time of the procession, and for some hours afterwards, all contributed to enliven and diversify the scene. Still the bustle gave no interruption to the devotional

AWAY, away, ye notes of woe!

Be silent, thou once soothing strain,
Or I must flee from hence—for, oh!

I dare not trust those sounds again.
To me they speak of brighter days—

But lull the chords, for now, alas!
I must not think, I may not gaze
On what I am—on what I was.

The voice that made those sounds more sweet
Is hush'd, and all their charms are fled;

And now their softest notes repeat
A dirge, an anthem o'er the dead!
Yes, Thyrsa! yes, they breathe of thee,
Beloved dust! since dust thou art;
And all that once was harmony
Is worse than discord to my heart!

'Tis silent all!—but on my ear
The well remember'd echoes thrill;
I hear a voice I would not hear,
A voice that now might well be still:
Yet oft my doubting soul 'twill shake;
Even slumber owns its gentle tone,
Till consciousness will vainly wake
To listen, though the dream be flown.

Sweet Thyrsa! waking as in sleep,
Thou art but now a lovely dream;
A star that trembled o'er the deep,
Then turn'd from earth its tender beam.
But he who through life's dreary way
Must pass, when heaven is veil'd in wrath,
Will long lament the vanish'd ray
That scatter'd gladness o'er his path.

Ay! let me like the ocean-Patriarch roam,
Or only know on land the Tartar's home!
My tent on shore, my galley on the sea,
Are more than cities and Serais to me:
Borne by my steed, or wafted by my sail,
Across the desert, or before the gale,
Bound where thou wilt, my barb! or glide, my prow!
But be the star that guides the wanderer, Thou!
Thou, my Zulcika, share and bless my bark;
The Dove of peace and promise to mine ark!
Or, since that hope denied in worlds of strife,
Be thou the rainbow to the storms of life!
The evening beam that smiles the clouds away,
And tints to-morrow with prophetic ray!
Blest--as the Muezzin's strain from Mecca's wall
To pilgrims pure and prostrate at his call;
Soft--as the melody of youthful days,
That steals the trembling tear of speechless praise;
Dear--as his native song to Exile's ears,
Shall sound each tone thy long-loved voice endears.
For thee in those bright isles is built a bower
Blooming as Aden in its earliest hour.
A thousand swords, with Selim's heart and hand,
Wait--wave--defend--destroy--at thy command!
Girt by my band, Zuleika at my side,
The spoil of nations shall bedeck my bride.
The Haran's languid years of listless ease
Are well resign'd for cares--for joys like these:
Not blind to fate, I see, where'er I rove,
Unnumbered perils,—but one only love!
Yet well my toils shall that fond breast repay,
Though fortune frown, or falser friends betray.

political power is that power, which every man in the state of nature, has given up into the hands of the society, and therein to the governors, whom the society hath set over itself, with this express or tacit trust—that it shall be employed for their good, and the preservation of their property. Now this power, which every man has in the state of nature, and which he parts with to the society, in all such cases, where the society can secure him, is to use such means, for the preserving of his own property, as he thinks good, and nature allows him: and to punish the breach of the law of nature in others, so as, according to the best of his reason, may most conduce to the preservation of himself, and the rest of mankind. So that the end and measure of this power, when in every man's hands in the state of nature, being the preservation of all of his society: that is, all mankind in general; it can have no other end or measure, when in the hands of the magistrate, but to preserve the members of that society in their lives, liberties, and possessions; and so cannot be an absolute arbitrary power over their lives and fortunes, which are as much as possible to be preserved; but a power to make laws, and annex such penalties to them, as may tend to the preservation of the whole, by cutting off those parts, and those only, which are so corrupt, that they threaten the sound and healthy; without which no severity is lawful. And this power has its original only from compact and agreement, and the mutual consent of those who make up the community.

172. Thirdly, despotical power is an absolute, arbitrary power one man has over another, to take away his life whenever he pleases. This is a power which neither nature gives, for it has made no such distinction between one man and another; nor compact can convey, for man not having such an arbitrary power over his own life, cannot give another man such a power over it; but it is the effect only of forfeiture, which the aggressor makes of his own life, when he put himself into a state of war with another. For having quitted reason, which God hath given to be the rule betwixt man and man, and the common bond whereby human kind is united into one fellowship and society; and having renounced the way of peace which that teaches, and made use of the force of war, to compass his just ends upon another, where he has no right; and so revolting from his own kind to that of beasts, by making force, which is theirs,

SMALL PICA, No. 1.

Mer. O! then, I see, queen Mab hath been with you..
She is the fairies' midwife; and she comes
In shape no bigger than an agat-stone
On the fore-finger of an alderman,
Drawn with a team of little atomies
Athwart men's noses as they lie asleep:
Her waggon-spokes made of long spinners' legs;
The cover, of the wings of grasshoppers;
The traces, of the smallest spider's web;
The collars, of the moonshine's wat'ry beams;
Her whip, of cricket's bone; the lash, of film:
Her waggoner, a small grey-coated gnat,
Not half so big as a round little worm
Prick'd from the lazy finger of a maid:
Her chariot is an empty hazel-nut,
Made by the joiner squirrel, or old grub,
Time out of mind the fairies' coach-makers.
And in this state she gallops night by night
Through lovers' brains, and then they dream of love:
On courtiers' knees, that dream on court'sies straight:
O'er lawyers' fingers, who straight dream on fees:
O'er ladies' lips, who straight on kisses dream;
Which oft the angry Mab with blisters plagues,
Because their breaths with sweet-meats tainted are.
Sometimes she gallops o'er a courtier's nose,
And then dreams he of smelling out a suit:
And sometimes comes she with a tithe-pig's tail,
Tickling a parson's nose as 'a lies asleep,
Then dreams he of another benefice:
Sometime she driveth o'er a soldier's neck,
And then dreams he of cutting foreign throats,
Of breaches, ambuscadoes, Spanish blades,
Of healths five fathom deep; and then anon
Drums in his ear; at which he starts, and wakes;
And, being thus frighted, swears a prayer or two,
And sleeps again. This is that very Mab,
That plats the manes of horses in the night;
And bakes the elf-locks in foul sluttish hairs,
Which, once untangled, much misfortune bodes.
This is the hag, when maids lie on their backs,
That presses them, and learns them first to bear,
Making them women of good carriage.
This is she—

in the night-time, whether by the light of the moon and the stars, or in the absence of those luminaries, not only the external world assumes a different aspect, but the internal world, the mind of man, takes a different tone. We are more religious, more disposed to believe what is extraordinary, romantic, marvellous, in spite of all the remonstrances of sober Reason. Reason is the sun of the mind, whose rays throw a brilliant light over every subject: the faith of feeling and imagination is the nightly moon of the mind; in whose magic chiaro-scuro every thing appears strange.

When, therefore, the burgomaster reviewed the story of the Dead Guest, with which the town was ringing, and compared with it the season and the hour in which Mr. von Hahn arrived, his figure, his pale face, his dress, his expensive presents, the facility with which he scraped acquaintance with young brides—for Mina too was on the point of being betrothed, and the affair with Miss Vogel was really somewhat suspicious—he could not but be powerfully struck by all these coincidences. Miss Vogel had actually confessed to the policeman, in the course of the evening, that the gentleman in black had been at her shop and pur-

chased some trifle; that it was about dusk when he called, and that she had never seen him before; but she declared that she could make neither head nor tail of the strange allusion to the back door. All these circumstances had been communicated to the burgomaster by his agent, and they furnished a theme for the most singular speculations.

It was not possible to regard the whole affair as a hoax on the part of the tall gentleman in black: the gravity of his air and demeanour belied the supposition. His presents also were far too costly to admit of the surmise that he was merely playing off a practical joke on the good people of Herbesheim. Mr. Bantes, on all other occasions a mortal enemy to superstition, had related so many extraordinary things, in detailing his grievances to the burgomaster, that the latter might well have a restless night of it while discussing in his mind all the difficulties of this knotty affair.

Before the policeman reached the Black Cross, he was told by the people in the streets that the Dead Guest and his servants were gone, fell and feather, nobody knew how. He had not taken carriage, or horses, or extra-post; had not gone out of any of the town-

OF all the barbarous middle ages, that
Which is most barbarous is the middle age
Of man; it is—I really scarce know what;
But when we hover between fool and sage,
And don't know justly what we would be at—
A period something like a printed page,
Black letter upon foolscap, while our hair
Grows grizzled, and we are not what we were;—

Too old for youth,—too young, at thirty-five,
To herd with boys, or hoard with good threescore,—
I wonder people should be left alive;
But since they are, that epoch is a bore:
Love lingers still, although 'twere late to wive;
And as for other love, the illusion's o'er;
And money, that most pure imagination,
Gleams only through the dawn of its creation.

O Gold! Why call we misers miserable?
Theirs is the pleasure that can never pall;
Theirs is the best bower anchor, the chain cable
Which holds fast other pleasures great and small.
Ye who but see the saving man at table,
And scorn his temperate board, as none at all,
And wonder how the wealthy can be sparing,
Know not what visions spring from each cheese-paring.

Love or lust makes man sick, and wine much sicker;
Ambition rends, and gaming gains a loss;
But making money, slowly first, then quicker,
And adding still a little through each cross
(Which *will* come over things), beats love or liquor,
The gamester's counter, or the statesman's *dross*.
O Gold! I still prefer thee unto paper,
Which makes bank credit like a bark of vapour.

when he proceeded to Bengal, being appointed by the Company to the government of that presidency with unlimited powers. The affairs of the Company were at this juncture in a state of great confusion. Under Lord Clive's management from 1765 to 1761 the revenues of Bengal had fallen below the public expenditure, and yet the Company were increasing their dividends. It may appear inconceivable how the Company could be precipitated, in the short period which elapsed since the year 1765, from the height of prosperity to a state of embarrassment bordering upon ruin, but a transient review of the principal causes will explain the paradox. "Soon after the treaty concluded by Clive at Elibad, pernicious monopolies were established by the Company's servants in all the newly acquired provinces; and as if the exclusive purchase and sale of every article of general consumption in India was not sufficient to satisfy their avarice, the presidency of Calcutta devised another scheme of legal plunder, which was to declare void at once all the leases held under the government on very low terms by the zemindars and polygars, who constitute the great landed interest of the country. The pretext for this was, that many of these leases had been collusively obtained; and it was said, that impartiality required they should be now relet, without distinction, to the highest bidder. By these means the natives were impoverished; immense fortunes were made by their oppressors; but the aggregate receipts of the Company's treasury alarmingly decreased. As the opulence of Bengal, however great, depended solely upon the labour and industry of the people,—upon commerce, manufactures, and agriculture,—it is evident that these could not long flourish under the baneful influence of rapacity. The governing rule of trade pursued by the Company's servants was to reduce to the lowest extreme of depression the price in the purchase, and to enhance it in the same extravagant degree in the sale. This discouraged the artisan and manufacturer from going to work, and others from buying any thing but what was of absolute necessity. The situation of the farmers and husbandmen was still more hopeless: they planted in doubt, and reaped in uncertainty. A large proportion of the land was of course left untilld; and this co-operating with a drought in the year 1769, occasioned a great scarcity of provisions,—particularly of rice, the great staple of Indian sustenance. It was also said that some of the monopolists had exerted their power and their foresight in collecting the scanty supplies into stores; so that the poor Gentoos had no alternative left them but to part with the small remains of their property, or to perish with hunger. It is certain that a dreadful famine, and the plague—its usual concomitant—

As he spoke thus, he extended his hand towards the old woman, while his followers shouted, "A doom—a doom!" and prepared to second his purpose, when lo! it was suddenly frustrated. Roland Græme had witnessed with indignation the insults offered to his old spiritual preceptor, but yet had wit enough to reflect he could render him no assistance, but might well, by ineffective interference, make matters worse. But when he saw his aged relative in danger of personal violence, he gave way to the natural impetuosity of his temper, and, stepping forward, struck his poniard into the body of the Abbot of Unreason, whom the blow instantly prostrated on the pavement.

A dreadful shout of vengeance was raised by the revellers, whose sport was thus so fearfully interrupted; but, for an instant, the want of weapons amongst the multitude, as well as the inflamed features and brandished poniard of Roland Græme, kept them at bay, while the Abbot horror-struck at the violence, implored, with uplifted hands, pardon for bloodshed committed within the sanctuary. Magdalen Græme alone expressed triumph in the blow her descendant had dealt to the scoffer, mixed, however, with a wild and anxious expression of ter-

ror for her grandson's safety. "Let him perish," she said, "in his blasphemy—let him die on the holy pavement which he has insulted!"

But the rage of the multitude, the grief of the Abbot, the exultation of the enthusiastic Magdalen, were all mistimed and unnecessary. Howleglas, mortally wounded as he was supposed to be, sprung alertly up from the floor, calling aloud, "A miracle, a miracle, my masters! as brave a miracle as ever was wrought in the Kirk of Kennaquhair.—And I charge you, my masters, as your lawfully chosen Abbot, that you touch no one without my command—You, wolf and bear, will guard this pragmatic youth, but without hurting him—And you, reverend brother, will, with your comrades, withdraw to your cells: for our conference has ended like all conferences, leaving each of his own mind, as before; and if we fight, both you, and our brethren, and the Kirk, will have the worst on't—Wherefore pack up your pipes and begone."

The hubbub was beginning again to awaken, but still Father Ambrose hesitated, as uncertain to what path his duty called him, whether to face out the present storm, or to reserve himself for a better moment. His brother of Unreason observed his difficulty, and said, in a tone more

• • HINTS FROM HORACE.

Who would not laugh, if Lawrence, hired to grace
His costly canvass with each flatter'd face,
Abused his art, till Nature, with a blush,
Saw cits grow centaurs underneath his brush?
Or should some limner join, for show or sale,
A maid of honour to a mermaid's tail?
Or low Dubost—as once the world has seen—
Degrade God's creatures in his graphic spleen?
Not all that forced politeness, which defends
Fools in their faults, could gag his grinning friends.
Believe me, Moschus, like that picture seems
The book which, sillier than a sick man's dreams,
Displays a crowd of figures incomplete,
Poetic nightmares, without head or feet.

Poets and painters, as all artist's know,
May shoot a little with a lengthen'd bow;
We claim this mutual mercy for our task,
And grant in turn the pardon which we ask;
But make not monsters spring from gentle dams—
Birds breed not vipers, tigers nurse not lambs.

A labour'd, long exordium, sometimes tends
(Like patriot speeches) but to paltry ends;
And nonsense in a lofty note goes down,
As pertness passes with a legal gown:
Thus many a bard describes in pompous strain
The clear brook babbling through the goodly plain:
The groves of Granta, and her gothic halls,
King's Coll., Cam's stream, stain'd windows, and old walls:
Or in advent'rous numbers, neatly aims
To paint a rainbow, or—the river Thames.

have awarded to Otway a much higher rank as a dramatist than his merits can fairly challenge. It is true enough that nothing has been produced since his time at all equal to 'Venice Preserved,' but if he be compared with his predecessors of the Elizabethan age, he is lost in the magnitude of his rivals. His comedies cannot be allowed the merit of superiority even over those of the present day. They are compounds of the most brutal obscenity and intolerable stupidity, without a spark of genius to gild their shame, a single trait of virtue to contrast with their vice, or even a thin mantle of refinement to conceal their deformity. They are productions which would have disgraced any age, save that in which the formal gravity of the court of Charles the First, and the austere religion of the puritans, were alike washed away by the poisonous inundation of foreign manners, foreign impiety, and foreign debauchery, which overspread the land on Charles the Second's unhappy restoration. For such an age they were well suited, or indeed for any age in which obscenity can make a wit, or clever villany a gentleman. His tragedies, however, are productions of a different stamp. Not that the inculcation of virtue by either precept or example is any where much attended to, but his dramatis-personæ are in general respectable, and their language decent, while the talent displayed is of a vastly superior description to any thing he has left us in the comic line. His characters are not often drawn with any singular felicity,—the laws of the drama are nowhere strictly regarded,—his language is seldom polished or select,—no lofty thought, or playful fancy, or high imagination, beams forth from his page to dazzle or delight,—we see none of the learning of a scholar, or the refinement of a man of taste,—yet his tragedies, especially on the first perusal, excite a deep and oftentimes a long-remembered interest. Dryden and Addison have agreed in ascribing this interest to the power which Otway possesses of exciting the passions, but neither of them have explained the method by which this is effected. Perhaps the secret of it may be, that when Otway has succeeded in bringing his heroes into situations of the most overwhelming interest, instead of endowing them with lofty thoughts and lofty language, as Kit Marlowe, Shakspeare, or Beaumont and Fletcher would have done, he has put into their mouths just such ideas and expressions as persons of ordinary mind would naturally and appropriately employ, and has thereby come home to the bosoms of the great majority of his readers, who would find themselves lost in the vast intellect of a Hamlet. The concluding scene of 'Don Carlos,' and nearly the whole of the 'Orphan,' are strong instances in proof. Mrs. Barry used to say that she could never pronounce the words, "Ah! poor Castalio;" in his character of

but with a face not unlike the busts of Socrates, if we can conceive the countenance of the philosopher covered over with a florid and somewhat wine-imbued skin, and lighted up with two sparkling small black eyes, full of unquenchable fire and malice.

At the time that I entered he was busily engaged, though in total solitude, in dispatching the goodly form of a fat roasted capon, which he took care to bathe in repeated draughts from a tankard of warm wine which stood in his chimney corner. He received me with the sort of gay civility, which his whole demeanour bespoke; and, opening his uncle's note, grinned merrily at the contents; observing that his relation warned him to beware of printing any thing against the court, as the parliament and the generals were all racing against each other to see which could make peace fastest.

"*Ma foi*," he added, "I will make my peace as they have made theirs, with arms in my hand; and, setting me down a cup, he insisted my staying to drink with him, which, after having once tasted his potations, I felt very well inclined to do. It struck me, perhaps, as a little extraordinary that a poor printer, whose trade was not at that time the most lucrative in

Paris, should be able to afford rich Burgundy, and to feed upon fat capon; but I soon found that, being of a very unscrupulous nature, Master Jacques Marlot obtained large prices for printing all those defamatory libels against Marzarin, the Queen, and the whole court, which then formed the amusement and the reproach of the city. It was his rule never to enquire who the authors were, provided they paid him largely. The more unceremonious the wit and biting of the satire, the more it agreed with the tastes of the printer himself; and many a noble, and, I believe I might add, many a reverend pen, poured forth its gall from under the mantle of Jacques Marlot.

My promptitude in catching his *bon mots*, my readiness in replying to them, my English accent, and my insular notions, as he called them, all seemed to please and to amuse the printer much; and after having, with a rueful glance, divided the last drop in the flagon equally between himself and me, he invited me cordially to come back and see him again in a few days at the same hour, which I did not fail to do more than once; and many a merry laugh have we had together at the follies and the vices of persons of every rank, class, and condition

Education does not mean merely reading and writing, nor any degree, however considerable, of mere intellectual instruction. It is, in its largest sense, a process which extends from the commencement to the termination of existence. A child comes into the world, and at once his education begins. Often at his birth the seeds of disease or deformity are sown in his constitution; and while he hangs at his mother's breast, he is imbibing impressions which will remain with him through life. During the first period of infancy, the physical frame expands and strengthens; but its delicate structure is influenced for good or evil by all surrounding circumstances,—cleanliness, light, air, food, warmth. By and by, the young being within shows itself more. The senses become quicker. The desires and affections assume a more definite shape. Every object which gives a sensation, every desire gratified or denied, every act, word, or look of affection or of unkindness, has its effect, sometimes slight and imperceptible, sometimes obvious and permanent, in building up the human being; or rather, in determining the direction in which it will shoot up and unfold itself. Through the different states of the infant, the child, the boy, the youth, the man, the development of his physical, intellectual, and moral nature goes on, the various circumstances of his condition incessantly acting upon him—the healthfulness or unhealthfulness of the air he breaths; the kind, and the sufficiency of his food and cloathing; the degree in which his physical powers are exerted; the freedom with which his senses are allowed or encouraged to exercise themselves upon external objects; the extent to which his faculties of remembering, comparing, reasoning, are tasked; the sounds and sights of home, the moral example of parents; the discipline of school; the nature and degree of his studies, rewards, and punishments; the personal qualities of his companions; the opinions and the practices of the society, juvenile and advanced, in which he moves; and the character of the public institutions under which he lives. The successive operation of all these circumstances upon a human being from earliest childhood, constitutes his education; an education which does not terminate with the arrival of manhood, but continues through life—which is itself, upon the concurrent testimony of revelation and reason, a state of probation or education for a subsequent and more glorious existence.

Those who stay in London are about as little able to describe its nature as a whole, as the stranger who pays it a passing visit. An entire lifetime spent in it leaves still much more to learn than is already learnt of it. Thus it is an enigma—a mystery even to those who have been born and bred in it.

This extraordinary indefiniteness of character of London—we speak of it in the most extended sense—arises from its immensely large size. Every time we visit it, its extent seems to be greater. Its hugeness grows upon a person. It expands on an acquaintanceship. Nobody is able to tell, even by measurement, where are the boundaries of London. It is utterly impossible to say where it begins or ends. Topographers describe it as measuring about eight miles in length by five or six in breadth, with three-fourths of its bulk lying on the northern side of the Thames. It would be more consistent with accuracy to say, that, lengthwise from east to west, along the course of the river, there is a continuous series of houses, streets, buildings of various descriptions, here and there interrupted with gardens or small open spaces, for a distance of at least twenty miles. According to our conceptions, the town begins at Greenwich and terminates at Richmond. Its extent from its northern to its southern verge is less definable. On entering the exterior and several miles from the centre, neat small brick houses, detached from each other, in the villa style, first make their appearance; these are succeeded by clumps of the same kind of houses, forming "terraces" and "places;" next follow rows of dwellings on both sides of the way, so as to constitute streets; now we have a handsomely built set of almshouses, belonging most likely to some corporation; and then comes a thickly peopled clump of streets, with back lanes, and a flashy public-house, the rendezvous of some half-dozen stages and omnibusses. Lastly, we have the streets on and on without interruption; the foot passengers on the side are now more numerous, and every minute thicken as you proceed; stone pavements take the place of the rougher pathways; all is substantial bustle; and you know you are in London. Thus it is on any side of the metropolis: which was the first house as you entered, which the last on leaving, you cannot settle in your mind; the people in the houses do not know themselves.

It is this unmatched vastness of London that divests it of the usual characteristics of a town. It is clear there can exist no general sympathy, or unity of feeling or purpose, in such a place. The people cannot possibly know each other, and from the nature of things they cannot care for each other. What do the inhabitants of the northern environs of the town know of those in the south, or those of the west care for those of the east? Nothing. They are all strangers to one another; they are all like different races or nations. True, every body knows

Mrs. Sheppard's habitation terminated a row of old ruinous buildings, called Wheeler's Rents; a dirty thoroughfare, part street, and part lane, running from Mint-street, through a variety of turnings, and along the brink of a deep kennel, skirted by a number of petty and neglected gardens, in the direction of St. George's-fields. The neighbouring houses were tenanted by the lowest order of insolvent traders, thieves, mendicants, and other worthless and nefarious characters, who fled thither to escape from their creditors, or to avoid the punishment due to their different offences; for we may observe that the Old Mint, although it had been divested of some of its privileges as a sanctuary by a recent statute passed in the reign of William the Third, still presented a safe asylum to the debtor, and even continued to do so until the middle of the reign of George the First, when the crying nature of the evil called loudly for a remedy, and another and more sweeping enactment entirely took away its immunities. In consequence of the encouragement thus offered to dishonesty, and the security afforded to crime, this quarter of the Borough of Southwark was accounted (at the period of our narrative) the grand receptacle of the superfluous villany of the metropolis. Infested by every description of

vagabond and miscreant, it was, perhaps, a few degrees worse than the rookery near St. Giles's and the desolate neighbourhood of Saffron-hill in our own time. And yet, on the very site of the sordid tenements and squalid courts we have mentioned, where the felon openly made his dwelling, and the fraudulent debtor laughed the object of his knavery to scorn—on this spot, not two centuries ago, stood the princely residence of Charles Brandon, the chivalrous Duke of Suffolk, whose stout heart was a well of honour, and whose memory breathes of loyalty and valour. Suffolk House, as Brandon's palace was denominated, was subsequently converted into a mint by his royal brother-in-law, Henry the Eighth; and after its demolition, and the removal of the place of coinage to the Tower, the name was still continued to the district in which it had been situated.

Old and dilapidated, the widow's domicile looked the very picture of desolation and misery. Nothing more forlorn could be conceived. The roof was partially untiled; the chimneys were tottering; the side-walls bulged, and were supported by a piece of timber propped against the opposite house; the glass in most of the windows was broken, and its place supplied with paper; while, in some cases, the very frames of the win-

THE LEGEND OF ST. BERNARD.

Bright were thy early days old feudal pile !
When echoing through thy paved and fretted halls
The tramp of mailed feet proclaimed thy state,
And thronged retainers filing from thy courts
Mingled their war cries with the av'lanche roar
Sent forth amid thy mountains : waxing bold
And more determined 'gainst their fellow men,
As nature, frowning from her unscal'd holds
Defied the efforts of their puny power.
And yet, proud keep ! thou knewest not the gem
Like diamond prisoned in its native mine
Within thy ramparts pent, to waste its fire
Till time should call it from its hidden cell
To shame its earthly dwelling place, and shed
A sacred lustre o'er the admiring world.

Apart from all the empty revelry
And wine-fed mirth of knightly banquet, sate
The heir of Menthon and its pomp ; a youth
Whose pride of boyhood chafing at the slow
Progressive march of years, had leap'd at once
Into refulgent manhood, though his form
Retained the lingering charm of early grace,
Like the young tendril, vigorous, yet slow
To loose the fairy clasp of tender growth.
The morning lustre of his eyes, unwet
By sorrow's dew—the full expressive lip,
That fearless herald of unclouded thought—
The chiselled features, and the sinewy hand
Moulded for action as it grasps the sword
Before him thrown—all are unstained and pure—
And though upon the mirror of his soul
Passion had lately breathed, the transient cloud

Sometimes, towards the end of a gloomy day, the sun, before but dimly visible, breaks suddenly out, and clothes the landscape with a smile; then beneath your eye, which, during the clouds and sadness of day, had sought only the chief features of the prospect around (some grey hill, or rising spire, or sweeping wood), the less prominent, yet not less lovely, features of the scene mellow forth into view; over them, perhaps, the sun sets with a happier and richer glow than over the rest of Nature; and thus they leave upon your mind its last grateful impression, and console you for the gloom and sadness which the parting light they catch and reflect, dispels.

Just so in our tale: it continues not in cloud and sorrow to the last; some little ray breaks forth at the close; in that ray, characters which before received but a slight portion of the interest that prouder and darker ones engrossed, are thrown into light, and cheer from the mind of him who hath watched and tarried with us till now,—we will not say all the sadness that may perhaps linger on his memory,—and yet something of the gloom.

It was some years after the date of the last event we have recorded, and it was a fine warm noon in the happy month of May, when a horse-

man was slowly riding through the long, straggling village of Grassdale. He was a man, though in the prime of youth (for he might yet want some two years of thirty), that bore the steady and earnest air of one who has not seen sparingly of the world; his eye keen but tranquil; his sunburnt though handsome features, which either exertion or thought, or care, had despoiled of the roundness of their early contour, leaving the cheek somewhat sunken, and the lines somewhat marked, were impressed with a grave, and at that moment with a melancholy and soft expression; and now, as his horse proceeded slowly through the green lane, which in every vista, gave glimpses of rich verdant valleys, the sparkling river, or the orchard ripe with the fragrant blossoms of spring, his gaze lost the calm expression it habitually wore, and betrayed how busily Remembrance was at work. The dress of the horseman was of foreign fashion, and at that day, when the garb still denoted the calling, sufficiently military to show the profession which he had belonged to. And well did the garb become the short dark moustache, the sinewy chest and length of limb, of the young horseman: recommendations, the two latter, not despised in the court of the great Frederic

COMMERCIAL ENTERPRISE.

"Salem, Massachusetts, is a remarkable place. It has a population of 14,000, and more wealth in proportion to its population than perhaps any town in the world. Its commerce is speculative, but vast and successful. It is a frequent circumstance that a ship goes out without a cargo, for a voyage round the world. In such a case the captain puts his elder children to school, takes his wife and younger children, and starts for some semi-barbarous place, where he procures some odd kind of cargo, which he exchanges with advantage for another, somewhere else; and so goes trafficking round the world, bringing home a freight of the highest value.

The enterprising merchants of Salem are hoping to appropriate a large share of the whale fishery, and their ships are penetrating the northern ice. They are favourite customers in the Russian ports, and are familiar with the Swedish and Norwegian coasts. They have nearly as much commerce with Bremen as with Liverpool. They speak of Fayal and the other Azores as if they were close at hand. The fruits of the Mediterranean countries are on every table. They have a large acquaintance at Cairo. They know Napoleon's grave at St. Helena, and have wild tales to tell of Mosambique and Madagascar, and store of ivory to shew from thence. They speak of the power of the king of Muscat, and are sensible of the riches of the south-east coast of Arabia. It entered some wise person's head, a few seasons ago, to export ice to India. The loss, by melting of the first cargo, was one fourth. The rest was sold at six cents per pound. When the value of this new import became known, it was in great request, and the latter sales have been almost instantaneous, at ten cents per pound: so that it is now a good speculation to send ice 12,000 miles to supersede saltpetre in cooling sherbet. The young ladies of America have rare shells from Ceylon in their cabinets: and their drawing-rooms are decked with Chinese copies of English prints. I was amused with two; the scene of Hero swooning in the church, from 'Much Ado about Nothing,' and Shakspeare between Tragedy and Comedy. The faces of Comedy and of Beatrice from the hands of Chinese! I should not have found out the place of their second birth but for a piece of unfortunate foreshortening in each. I observed to a friend, one day, upon the beauty of all the new cordage that met my eye, silky and bright. He told me that it was made of Manilla hemp, of the value of which the British seem to be unaware, though it has been introduced into England. He mentioned that he had been the first importer of it. Eight years before 600 hales per annum were imported; now, 20,000. The merchants doubt whether Australia will be able to surmount the disadvantage of a deficiency

COWPER.

Unfit as Cowper was, from extreme diffidence, to advance in the profession of the law, his family interest procured him a situation which seemed not ill adapted to gratify his very moderate ambition, while it did not much interfere with his reluctance to public life. In his thirty-fourth year he was nominated to the offices of reading clerk and clerk of the private committees of the House of Lords. But in this arrangement his friends were disappointed. It presented the formidable danger of reading in public, which he thought was as nearly as bad as speaking in public; his natural modesty, therefore, and, we may add, his unmanly diffidence, recoiled at the thought, and he resigned the office. On this his friends procured him the place of clerk of the journals of the House of Lords, the consequence of which is thus related by Mr. Hayley:—"It was hoped, from the change of his station, that his personal appearance in parliament might not be required: but a parliamentary dispute made it necessary for him to appear at the bar of the House of Lords, to entitle himself publicly to the office." Speaking of this important incident in a sketch, which he once formed himself, of passages in his early life, he expresses what he endured at the time in these remarkable words:—"They, whose spirits are formed like mine, to whom a public exhibition of themselves is mortal poison, may have some idea of the horrors of my situation: others can have none."—His terrors on this occasion rose to such an astonishing height, that they utterly overwhelmed his reason; for although he had endeavoured to prepare himself for his public duty, by attending closely at the office for several months, to examine the parliamentary journals, his application was rendered useless by that excess of diffidence, which made him conceive, that whatever knowledge he might previously acquire, it would all forsake him at the bar of the House. This distressing apprehension increased to such a degree as the time for his appearance approached, that when the day so anxiously dreaded arrived, he was unable to make the experiment.

It must, we think, be evident to all, that either from his natural weakness in early life, his indulgence in those habits of seclusion which unfitted him for the society of his fellow-men, or from a train of morbid thoughts having taken possession of his faculties, that he was at this time labouring under hypochondria in its worst form; and that such was the opinions of his friends, may be gathered from the fact of their placing him under the care of Dr. Cotton, the eminent physician at St. Albans, in whose house he resided, from December, 1763, to July, 1764. His disease, in truth, let his biographers disguise it as they may, was that species of insanity arising from religious melancholy. The attention, however, he received during his stay with

Theology has been comprehensively and appropriately defined by our immortal Hooker, "The knowledge of things divine." The question, therefore, whether this ought to constitute a part, a primary and fundamental part of the education of youth, resolves itself into another, Have things divine any real existence, or rather, are there sufficient grounds for believing that they exist? This question being once decided in the affirmative, there can be no difficulty in proving, nor any hesitation in admitting, that of all knowledge that can be obtained, the knowledge of Theology is the most excellent, the most essential, and therefore the most desirable. For though many have objected to the study of Divinity, that the things of which it treats have no actual, or at least, no demonstrable existence, none can deny, that if these things are once admitted, once demonstrated to exist, an acquaintance with them as far transcends in importance all other knowledge, as the value of the mortal, perishing body is exceeded by that of the immortal and imperishable soul!

The object, then, mainly contemplated in a course of Lectures on Divinity, must be to prove that these things *do* exist—that their existence is in most respects conformable to reason, in none contrary to it; that, however in particular instances they pass beyond the utmost range of human investigation, the opposite hypothesis is always highly improbable, and most frequently altogether contradictory. It must be shown, that where the testimony of experience is precluded by the very nature of the case, as in questions which relate to the abstract perfections of the Divine Essence, there is yet all the evidence which can be afforded from analogy, from comparison, from the series of combined and connected propositions, which have been already demonstrated; and therefore, that the difficulties in which some subjects are involved, are to be attributed to the limited extent of our intellectual capacity, the circumscribed operation of our reasoning powers. Hence, considering that the majority of those who will come hither for instruction are destined for the pursuits and professions of secular life, we must endeavour to furnish the student with those plain and popular arguments which may be adduced on every occasion; which, like weapons that are carried about the person, can be wielded at the very moment of attack; which being thus constantly accessible, and prepared for instant service, are in reality more useful than the ponderous and unwieldy engine, which, with a thousand times the impulsive force, cannot be moved from its position without combined and repeated exertion. A word in season may be more beneficial to the individual himself, or to others, than whole volumes written in the seclusion of the closet, and even honoured by the approving suffrages of the Christian world!

A system of Christian Theology, to be complete, should embrace not only the Doctrines, but the Duties, both of Natural and Revealed Religion. In a course of Lectures, however, which must

A THOUGHT ON ETERNITY.

ERE the foundations of the world were laid,
Ere kindling light the Almighty word obey'd,
Thou wert; and when the subterraneous flame
Shall burst its prison, and devour this frame,
From angry Heaven when the keen lightning flies—
When fervent heat dissolves the melting skies—
Thou still shalt be; still as thou wert before,
And know no change, when time shall be no more.
O endless thought! divine Eternity!
Th' immortal soul shares but a part of thee;
For thou wert present when our life began,
When the warm dust shot up in breathing man.

Ah! what is life? with ills encompass'd round,
Amidst our hopes, Fate strikes the sudden wound;
To-day the statesman of new honour dreams,
To-morrow Death destroys his airy schemes.
Is mouldy treasure in thy chest confin'd?
Think all that treasure thou must leave behind:
Thy heir with smiles shall view thy blazon'd hearse,
And all thy hoards with lavish hand disperse.
Should certain fate th' impending blow delay,
Thy mirth will sicken, and thy bloom decay;
Then feeble age will all thy nerves disarm,
No more thy blood its straiten'd channels warm.
Who then would wish to stretch this narrow span,
To suffer life beyond the date of man?

The virtuous soul pursues a nobler aim,
And life regards but as a fleeting dream:
She longs to wake, and wishes to get free,
To launch from earth into Eternity;
For while the boundless theme extends our thought,
Ten thousand thousand rolling years are nought.

It is probable that whatever assemblies exercising the function of legislation existed among the Saxons and the other northern nations, they were, in their first conception, merely courts of justice, or at least had been established and had originally met chiefly for the administration of the laws. The institution of a legislative or law-making body is an idea so far from being obvious or natural to an early state of society, that it is opposed to the whole political system and notions of national government which then prevail. Every people has received its first laws either from what it has believed to be the authority of heaven itself, or from some other authority which it has felt nearly as little disposition to disobey or question. For a long period the laws thus received are held to be something sacred, and nobody thinks of abolishing or altering them, any more than he would think of attempting the amendment of the laws of nature. Even when circumstances at length force on innovations, the change of the law is the last change that takes place. It does not precede and prescribe the new practice, but only, reluctantly as it were, follows and sanctions it. In this way is slowly produced in the general mind the first notion of the possibility of mending the old laws or making new ones—the first conception of legislation. And even after the first exercise of the power has been thus brought about, the act of legislation is for a long time only timidly and sparingly indulged in; there is still something of a superstitious aversion to it, as if it were a proceeding interdicted by religion or by nature; only the most pressing necessity is held, and scarcely held, to justify it; the form of the old law is often retained after its spirit has been departed from; even a new law is made to wear as much as possible the appearance of an old law revived. In short, in every way the bearing of the legislation is towards the conservation rather than the improvement of the law; it affects to be not law-making but only law-declaring.

This character is traceable nearly throughout the whole course of English legislation, and in the earlier periods especially is very strongly marked. "The legislative power of the Court of Parliament," says a writer who has investigated this subject with great learning and ability, "was exercised unconsciously, because it resulted from the remedial power. Complaints arose of violations of the law, of neglect of the law. The monarch promised to forbid the abuse; and further remedies were provided in defence of the existing law. It was strengthened and declared. Its principles of justice and equity received a new and more solemn sanction. Remedial and declaratory statutes thus succeeded to older remedial and declaratory statutes. Yet Parliament, echoing the sentiments, if not the words, of the Barons of Merton, scarcely ever intended to introduce a new law, to enact a new statute."

There can be little doubt that the Saxon Witenagemot was the root from which has sprung our modern English Parliament, and nearly as little that the Witenagemot was in its original conception

This eminent lawyer was born of humble parents at Newmarket, an obscure little village in the county of Cork, on the 24th of June, 1750. He thus relates the circumstances which led to his obtaining a decent education. "When a boy, I was one day playing at marbles in the village ball-alley, with a light heart and still lighter pocket. The gibe and the jest went gaily round, when suddenly there appeared amongst us a stranger of a very remarkable and cheerful aspect; his intrusion was not the least restraint upon our merry little assemblage; on the contrary, he seemed pleased, and even delighted; he was a benevolent creature, and the days of infancy—after all, the happiest we shall ever see—perhaps rose upon his memory. God bless him! I see his fine form at the distance of half a century, just as he stood before me in the little ball-alley in the days of my childhood. His name was Boyse, he was the rector of Newmarket. To me he took a particular fancy. I was winning, and was full of wagery, thinking every thing that was eccentric, and by no means a miser of my eccentricities; every one was welcome to a share of them, and I had plenty to spare, after having freighted the company. Some sweetmeats easily bribed me home with him. I learned from poor Boyse my alphabet and my grammar, and the rudiments of the classics. He taught me all he could, and then sent me to the school at Middleton. In short, he made a man of me."

Curran having acquired at this academy a very rapid knowledge of both ancient and modern literature, went on the 16th of June, 1767, as a sizar, to Trinity college, Dublin, which he entered under the

tutelage of Dr. Dobbin. Here he gained no distinction save that of pre-eminent dissoluteness.

In 1773 he went to London and became a student of the Middle Temple; his kind friend, Dr. Boyse, allowing him a small annual sum on which to maintain himself. In 1774 he got married, and in 1775 he returned to Dublin, and was called to the Irish bar. The first fee of any consequence which he received, was through Lord Kilwarden's recommendation. "I then lived," said he, "upon Hoy-hill, my wife and children were the chief furniture of my apartments, and as to my rent, it stood pretty much the same chance of its liquidation with the national debt. Mrs. Curran, however, was a barrister's lady, and what she wanted in wealth, she was well determined should be supplied by dignity. The landlady, on the other hand, had no other idea of any gradation except that of pounds, shillings, and pence. I walked out one morning to avoid the perpetual altercations on the subject; with my mind you may imagine in no very enviable temperament, I fell into the gloom to which, from my infancy, I had been occasionally subject. I had a family for whom I had no dinner, and a landlady for whom I had no rent. I had gone abroad in despondence,—I returned home almost in desperation. When I opened the door of my study,—where Lavater alone could have found a library—the first object which presented itself was an immense folio of a brief, twenty golden guineas wrapped up beside it, and the name of old Bod Lyons marked upon the back of it; and that dinner was the date of my prosperity." Such was his own account of his professional advancement.

THE FIRE WORSHIPPERS.

"Tis moonlight over Oman's sea ;
 Her banks of pearl and palmy isles
 Bask in the night-beam beautifully,
 And her blue waters sleep in smiles.
 'Tis moonlight in Harmozia's walls,
 And through her emir's porphyry halls,
 Where, some hours since, was heard the swell
 Of trumpet and the clash of zel,
 Bidding the bright-eyed sun farewell ;—
 The peaceful sun, whom better suits
 The music of the bulbul's nest,
 Or the light touch of lovers' lutes,
 To sing him to his golden rest !
 All hush'd—there's not a breeze in motion ;
 The shore is silent as the ocean.
 If zephyrs come, so light they come,
 Nor leaf is stir'd nor wave is driven ;
 The wind-tower on the Emir's dome
 Can hardly win a breath from heaven.
 Even he, that tyrant Arab, sleeps
 Calm, while a nation round him weeps ;
 While curses load the air he breathes,
 And fatchions from unnumber'd sheaths
 Are starting to avenge the shame
 His race hath brought on Iran's name.
 Hard, heartless Chief, unmoved alike
 'Mid eyes that weep and swords that strike ;
 One of that saintly, murderous brood,

THE FIRE WORSHIPPERS.

To carnage and the Koran given,
 Who think through unbelievers' blood
 Lies their directest path to heaven.
 One, who will pause and kneel unshod
 In the warm blood his hand hath pour'd,
 To mutter o'er some text of God
 Engraven on his reeking sword ;—
 Nay, who can coolly note the line,
 The letter of those words divine,
 To which his blade, with searching art,
 Had sunk into its victim's heart !
 Just Alla ! what must be thy look,
 When such a wretch before thee stands
 Unblushing, with thy Sacred Book,—
 Turning the leaves with blood-stain'd hands,
 And wresting from its page sublime
 His creed of lust and hate and crime !
 Even as those bees of Trebizond,—
 Which from the sunniest flowers that glad
 With their pure smile the gardens round,
 Draw venom forth that drives men mad !
 Never did fierce Arabia send
 A satrap forth more direly great ;
 Never was Iran doom'd to bend
 Beneath a yoke of deadlier weight.
 Her throne had fall'n—her pride was crush'd—
 Her sons were willing slaves, nor blush'd,
 In their own land,—no more their own,—

LONG PRIMER, NO. VII.

The late Earl Stanhope, when he invented the Printing-Press which will bear his name to posterity, coupled with his object an idea of inking the forme on the press by means of a revolving cylinder; and in pursuit of this plan, spared no expense in endeavouring to find a substance with which to cover his rollers. He had the skins of every animal which he thought likely to answer the purpose, dressed by every possible process; and tried many other substances, as cloth, silk, &c. without success. The necessary seam down the whole length of the roller was the first impediment; and next the impossibility of keeping any skin or substance then known, always so soft and pliable as to receive the ink with an even coat, and communicate the same to the forme with the regularity required. All the presses of his early construction had, at each end of the table, a raised flanch, type high, for the purpose of applying his rollers; but the obstacles interposed by nature herself totally baffled and defeated his lordship's plans in this respect. The idea entertained by Lord Stanhope, and which had also been hinted at by Mr. Nicholson, of colouring or inking the forme at press by means of cylinders, is far from being new. Papillion's work on engraving, to which I have already referred, gives detailed particulars, elucidated by engravings, of rollers for inking: and although by him mentioned incidentally in his treatise on woodcut printing, yet, if applicable to that branch of art, it is clear it might have been easily convertible to all *letter-press work*. All that Lord Stanhope so anxiously desired, and which even his inventive and indefatigable powers could not surmount, was at length achieved by the mere chance observation of a process in the Staffordshire potteries, in which they use what are there called dabbers. These were formed of a composition which appeared to possess every requisite for holding and distributing the ink, imparting it equally over the forme, and being easily kept clean, soft, and pliable. Mr. Forster, an ingenious printer, then in the employ of Mr. S. Hamilton, at the bookseller's office, at Weybridge, was the first who applied it to letter-press printing, by spreading it, in a melted state, upon coarse canvas; and making balls, in all other respects in the usual manner. The inventors of printing machinery soon caught the idea, and by running the composition as a coat upon wooden cylinders, produced the apparatus so long and unsuccessfully sought by Lord Stanhope, and without which, no machine printing would ever have succeeded. Messrs. Applegath and Cowper used it for the rollers, united with their table and apparatus hereafter to be described, with intent to secure it to themselves by patent. But, as no patent would hold good for a compound known long before, with the mere addition of a cylinder; and a substitute

me the only consolation I aspired to, by this return to your true character, which affords me a sanguine hope that you will faithfully discharge the duty to your offspring, which, when I am gone, will be doubly urgent on you."

I was grieved to see that the mind of Marguerite was so deeply impressed with the notion that she had but a short time to live. I could not bear to imagine for a moment that her prognostic was just. The thought seemed capable of driving me to distraction. I however conceived that the best thing that could be done for the present, was to turn the conversation to some other topic.

"Well, well, my love!" I answered. "There are some things that are immediately pressing. Direct me, direct a husband so amply convinced of your discretion, what I am to do at present! Shall I instantly annihilate all that has made this unfortunate breach between us; Shall I resign my wealth, from whatever source derived? Whither shall we go? Shall we return to the cottage of the lake? Shall we retreat into some distant part of the world?"

"How can you expect me," said Marguerite, faintly smiling, "to advise you respecting the disposal of a wealth, of the amount of which I am uninformed, and the source of which is invisible? But I guess your secret. The stranger who died your guest was in possession of the philosopher's stone, and he has bequeathed to you his discovery. I have heard of this art, though I confess I was not much inclined to credit it. I do not ask you to confirm any conjecture: I do not wish that you should violate my engagements into which you have entered. But, upon putting circumstances to-

gether, which I have been inevitably compelled to do, I apprehend it can be nothing else. I am astonished that a conjecture so obvious should have offered itself to my mind so late.

"If your wealth is of any other nature, ample as it apparently is, it is a natural question to ask, to whom is it to be resigned? The ordinary wealth of the world is something real and substantial, and can neither be created nor dissipated with a breath. But if your wealth be of the kind I have named, let me ask, is it possible to resign it? A secret is a thing with which we may choose whether we will become acquainted; but, once known, we cannot become unacquainted with it at pleasure. Your wealth, upon my supposition, will always be at your beck; and it is perhaps beyond the strength of human nature to refuse, under some circumstances, at least in some emergencies, to use the wealth which is within our reach.

"It has been our mutual misfortune that such an engine has been put into your hands. It has been your fault to make an indiscreet use of it. Gladly would I return to the tranquil and unsuspected poverty of the cottage of the lake. But that is impossible. You have lost your son; you have lost your honest fame; the life of your Marguerite is undermined and perishing. If it were possible for us to return to our former situation and our former peace, still, my Reginald! forgive me if I say, I doubt the inflexibility of your resolution. The gift of unbounded wealth, if you possess it, and, with wealth, apparently at least, distinction and greatness, is too powerful a temptation. Nor, though I should trust your resistance, could I be pleased in a husband with the possession of these extraordinary powers. It sets too

Who thundering comes on blackest steed,
 With slacken'd bit and hoof of speed?
 Beneath the clattering iron's sound
 The cavern'd echoes wake around
 In lash for lash, and bound for bound;
 'The foam that streaks the courser's side
 Seems gather'd from the ocean-tide:
 Though weary waves are sunk to rest,
 There's none within his rider's breast;
 And though to-morrow's tempest lower,
 'Tis calmer than thy heart, young Giaour!
 I know thee not, I loathe thy race,
 But in thy lineaments I trace
 What time shall strengthen, not efface:
 Though young and pale, that sallow front
 Is scathed by fiery passion's brunt;
 Though bent on earth thine evil eye,
 As meteor-like thou glidest by,
 Right well I view and deem thee one
 Whom Orhman's son's should slay or shun.
 On—on he hasten'd, and he drew
 My gaze of wonder as he flew:
 Though like a demon of the night
 He pass'd, and vanish'd from my sight,
 His aspect and his air impress'd
 A troubled memory on my breast,
 And long upon my startled ear
 Rung his dark courser's hoofs of fear.
 He spurs his steed; he nears the steep,
 That, jutting, shadows o'er the deep;
 He winds around; he hurries by;

The rock relieves him from mine eye;
 For well I ween unwelcome he
 Whose glance is fix'd on those that flee;
 And not a star but shines too bright
 On him who takes such timeless flight.
 He wound along; but ere he pass'd
 One glance he snatch'd, as if his last,
 A moment check'd his wheeling steed,
 A moment breathed him from his speed,
 A moment on his stirrup stood—
 Why looks he o'er the olive wood?
 The crescent glimmers on the hill,
 The mosque's high lamps are quivering still:
 Though too remote for sound to wake
 In echoes of the far tophaike,
 The flashes of each joyous peal
 Are seen to prove the Moslem's zeal,
 To-night, set Rhamazani's sun;
 To-night, the Bairam feast's begun;
 To-night—but who and what art thou
 Of foreign garb and fearful brow? •
 And what are these to thine or thee,
 That thou should'st either pause or flee?

He stood—some dread was on his face,
 Soon hatred settled in its place:
 Of transient Anger's hasty blush,
 But pale as marble o'er the tomb,
 Whose ghastly whiteness aids its gloom.
 His brow was bent, his eye was glazed;
 He raised his arm, and fiercely raised,

LONG PRIMER, No. 9.

We are apt to assume that the hearing of evidence is the natural mode of trying a cause, and the earliest that would be adopted. But the science of evidence, both in law and in all other departments of inquiry where we have to do with mere probabilities, is late in springing up, and long in being brought to perfection. The science of mathematical demonstration, where there is little complexity and no uncertainty, may be early cultivated and perfected; but not so that of the evidence either of human testimony or of any description of what we may call merely indicative facts. The ancient Greeks and Romans, with all their cultivation, seem to have had no distinct notions on the subject of evidence in any department either of physical or of moral inquiry. They philosophised, indeed, eloquently and ingeniously both in morals and in physics, but just as frequently without as with any regard to the facts bearing upon the question. In historical inquiries, it is only in modern, and it may be said in very recent times, that the science of evidence has been at all applied; the ancients do not seem to have dreamed of such a thing; and among ourselves, down to the seventeenth century, it was equally unheard of and unthought of. Camden was perhaps the first English writer in this department who doubted anything that had been asserted by his predecessors; all our older chronicles took in each the whole of what had been told by those who had gone before him, as unresistingly as one sheet of paper after another, in the process of printing, takes the impression of the types on which it is spread. Look at the boundless credulity of the numerous copiers of the fables of Geoffrey of Monmouth and Bishop Bale, or of those of Fordun and Boyce among the Scottish writers down even to Buchanan and Sir George Mackenzie, the latter of whom flourished at the time of the Revolution. And what was the inductive philosophy of Lord Bacon, but a developement of the science of evidence as applicable to physics? Yet it was wholly new to the world little more than two centuries ago. The science of evidence is a study as foreign to the whole mental dispositions and habits of men in an early state of society, as it is to those of children. Both equally demand certainty in all their conclusions, and cannot endure either to act or to believe merely upon a favourable balance upon probabilities. All their methods of investigation, therefore, aim at attaining this certainty. A method which promises less is despised and rejected. Hence anything else is preferred to the patient and impartial examination of facts;—anything that will produce an instant and complete conviction,—a supposed sign from Heaven of any kind,—some circumstance impressive enough to occupy the imagination and exclude every other view of the subject,—or even, when nothing better is to be had, mere authority and confident assertion. This is the time of inexperience and of ready and abundant faith. The science of evidence is the offspring of doubt, as well as the parent of rational belief and of truth.

• • LONG PRIMER No. IX.

I.

And doth not a meeting like this make amends
For all the long years I've been wandering away ?
To see thus around me my youth's early friends,
As smiling and kind as in that happy day !
Though haply o'er some of your brows as o'er mine,
The snow-fall of time may be stealing—what then ?
Like Alps in the sunset, thus lighted by wine,
We'll wear the gay tinge of youth's roses again.

II.

What soften'd remembrances come o'er the heart,
In gazing on those we've been lost to so long !
The sorrows, the joys, of which once they were part,
Still round them, like visions of yesterday, throng.
As letters some hand hath invisibly traced,
When held to the flame will steal out on the sight,
So many a feeling, that long seem'd effaced,
The warmth of a meeting like this brings to light.

III.

And thus, as in Memory's bark we shall glide
To visit the scenes of our boyhood anew—
Though oft we may see, looking down on the tide,
The wreck of full many a hope shining through—
Yet still, as in fancy we point to the flowers,
That once made a garden of all the gay shore,
Deceived for a moment, we'll think them still ours,
And breathe the fresh air of Life's morning once more.

IV.

So brief our existence, a glimpse at the most,
Is all we can have of the few we hold dear ;
And oft even joy is unheeded and lost,
For want of some heart that could echo it, near.
Ah, well may we hope, when this short life is gone,
To meet in some world of permanent bliss ;
For a smile, or a grasp of the hand, hastening on,
Is all we enjoy of each other in this.

surface, which is exposed to the atmosphere of the room. This atmosphere is always, more or less, charged with vapour, and the cold of the internal surface of the glass, acting on the air in contact with it, reduces its temperature below the point of saturation, and a condensation of vapour takes place on the surface of the panes, which is observed by a copious deposition of moisture in the morning. If the temperature of the external air be at or below the freezing point, this deposition will form a rough coating of ice on the pane. Let a small piece of tin foil be fixed on a part of the exterior surface of one pane of the window in the evening, and let another piece of tin foil be fixed on a part of the interior surface of another pane. In the morning it will be found that that part of the interior surface which is opposite to the external foil will be nearly free from ice, while every other part of the same pane will be thickly covered with it. On the contrary, it will be found that the surface of the internal tin foil will be more thickly covered with ice than any other part of the glass. These effects are easily explained by the principle of radiation. When the tin foil is placed on the exterior surface it reflects the heat which strikes on the exterior surface, and protects that part of the glass which is covered from its action. The heat radiated from the objects in the room striking the tin surface of the glass, penetrates it, and encountering the tin foil attached to the exterior surface, is reflected by it through the dimensions of the glass, and its escape into the external atmosphere is intercepted; the portion of the glass, therefore, covered by the tin foil, is, in this case, subject to the action of the heat radiated from the chamber, but protected from the action of the external heat. The temperature of that part of the glass is therefore less depressed by the effects of the external atmosphere than the temperature of those parts which are not covered by the tin foil. Now, glass being, as will appear hereafter, a bad conductor of heat, the temperature of that part opposite to the tin foil does not immediately affect the remainder of the pane, and, consequently, we find that while the remain-

der of the interior surface of the pane is thickly covered with ice, the portion opposite the tin foil is comparatively free from it. On the contrary, when the tin foil is placed on the internal surface, it reflects powerfully the heat radiated from the objects in the room, while it admits through the dimensions of the glass, the heat proceeding from the external atmosphere. The portion of the glass, therefore, covered by the tin foil, becomes colder than any other part of the pane, and the tin foil itself receives the same temperature, which is not reduced by the effect of the radiation of objects in the room, because the tin foil itself is a good reflector of heat, and a bad absorber. Hence the tin foil presents a colder surface to the atmosphere of the room than any other part of the surface of the pane, and, consequently, receives a more abundant deposition of ice.

If a body, which is a good radiator of heat, be exposed in a situation where other good radiators are not present, it will have a tendency to fall in its temperature below the temperature of the surrounding medium; because, in this case while it loses heat by its own radiation, its absorbing power is not satisfied by a corresponding supply of heat from other objects. A clear sky, in the absence of the sun, has scarcely any sensible radiation of heat: if, therefore, a good radiator be exposed to the aspect of an unclouded firmament at night, it will lose heat considerably by its own radiation, and will receive no corresponding portion from the radiation of the firmament to repair this loss, and its temperature consequently will fall.

A curious experiment made by Dufay affords a striking illustration of this fact. He exposed a glass cup, placed in a silver basin, to the atmosphere during a cold night, and he found in the morning a copious deposition of moisture on the glass, while the silver vessel remained perfectly dry. He next reversed the experiment, and exposed a silver cup in a glass basin. The result was the same: the glass was still covered with moisture, and the metal free from it. Now metal is a bad radiator of heat, and, consequently, has a tendency to preserve its temperature. Glass is a much

BOURGEOIS No 1. on Long Primer Body.

BOURGEOIS No. 1.

THAT each sane individual possesses all the faculties, though in different degrees of endowment, is not more true than that, in the faculties of every individual above the grade of idiocy, there is some degree of improveability, some capacity of increased energy, in the moral and intellectual powers, and regulation in the animal propensities. In order that there may be improvement, each and every faculty must be positively exercised. Preceptive instruction is notoriously insufficient to give mechanical skill; in actual life it is never relied on, but the apprentice-hand is, for a course of years, set to the work. The same practice is required for the other observing and the reflecting faculties; they must themselves work in a long course of active practice, to reap the reward of talent. In the moral faculties, exercise is not less essential. As well may we rest contented with saying to the destitute, the hungry, and the naked, "be ye clothed and fed," without offering the actual means, as to our moral pupil, "be ye kind, and compassionate, and generous, and just, and true, and pious," without exercising them in these graces. An apprenticeship, a long apprenticeship to justice, and mercy, and piety, is as essential to the practical exercise of these, as it is to skill in handicraft trades. The law of exercise is of universal application. It is a fundamental law of nature, that all the capacities of man are enlarged and strengthened by being used. From the energy of a muscle, up to the highest faculty intellectual and moral, repeated exercise of the function increases its intensity. The efficiency of the blacksmith's right arm, and of the philosopher's brain, depends upon the same law. The bodily force, the senses, the observing and reasoning faculties, the moral feelings, can only be improved by habitual exercise. Custom, habit, skill, address, nay, virtue itself, are all the fruits of exercise, and come not without it. It is amazing how inconsiderably this great truth is practically acted upon in education. Its use in moral training is a discovery of yesterday, and is yet recognised only to the most limited extent. Its efficiency in intellectual improvement is likewise only beginning to be understood. In short, it has only been in the capabilities of the hand and the limbs, which necessity teaches even the savage must be exercised to attain skill, that the law of exercise has been obeyed.

It is another vital practical truth, forming a corollary to the last, that the exer-

cise of one faculty will only improve that faculty, and is not adapted to improve any other. Nothing has more retarded education than ignorance and disregard of this great principle. It would be as reasonable to attempt to sharpen the hearing by exercising the eyes, or the touch by smell, as to improve reflection by simple observation, or, either, by learning languages; while all these may be carried to the utmost pitch of human attainment, and yet justice remain defective, the heart cold and selfish, and the sentiment of piety almost non-existent. The evils of the practical disbelief or ignorance of this truth, which we find existing in the most learned men, are only beginning to be suspected.

To enable the pupil to comprehend and act upon the principle of the supremacy of the moral sentiments and intellect, he must be early and habitually, as a point of knowledge, made acquainted with the animal propensities, moral sentiments, and intellect, as elements of his own nature; in other words, he must know and distinguish the various human faculties, with their relative value, and their respective objects. It is in infancy that moral training or exercise must take place. I hope to make this manifest.

1st. A watchful observance and management of the faculties, whose abuse is violence and anger, should commence when the subject is yet in the cradle. The utmost that can then be attempted is the diversion of the infant from the feelings and their objects, and the avoidance of all causes that excite them. If this be neglected, a bent is given, which it is most difficult ever afterwards to set straight.

2nd. The child, so managed by his nurse as to escape the first trials of temper, should be introduced as early as possible to his fellows of the same age; the best time is when he can just walk alone; for it is in the society of his fellows that the means of his moral training are to be found.

3rd. It is as advantageous, nay, necessary, that his fellows shall be numerous, presenting a variety of dispositions, an actual world into which he is introduced, a world of infant business, and infant intercourse, a miniature, and it is so, of the adult world itself. The numbers should rather exceed fifty than fall much short of it.

4th. But this intercourse must be at random, each infant bringing his stock of animalism to aggravate that of his

It may seem strange—if there be aught to dread,
 That peril rests upon my single head;
 But for thy sway—nay more—thy Sultan's throne,
 I taste nor bread, nor banquet—save alone;
 Infringed our orders rule, the Prophet's rage
 To Mecca's dome might bar my pilgrimage."
 "Well—as thou wilt—ascetic as thou art—
 One question answer; then in peace depart.
 How many?—Ha! it cannot sure be day?
 What star—what sun is bursting on the bay?
 It shines a lake of fire!—away—away!
 Ho! treachery! my guards! my scimitar!
 The galleys feed the flames—and I afar!
 Accursed Dervise!—these thy tidings—thou
 Some villain spy—seize—cleave him—slay him now!"

Up rose the Dervise with that burst of light,
 Nor less his change of form appall'd the sight:
 • Up rose that Dervise—not in saintly garb,
 But like a warrior bounding on his barb,
 Dash'd his high cap, and tore his robe away—
 Shone his mail'd breast, and flash'd his sabre's ray:
 His close but glittering casque, and sable plume,
 More glittering eye, and black brow's sabler gloom,
 Glared on the Moslems' eyes some Afrit sprite,
 Whose demon death-blow left no hope for flight.
 The wild confusion, and the swarthy glow
 Of flames on high, and torches from below;
 The shriek of terror, and the mingling yell—
 For swords began to clash, and shouts to swell—
 Flung o'er that spot of earth the air of hell!
 Distracted, to and fro, the flying slaves
 Behold but bloody shore and fiery waves;

Nought heeded they the Pacha's angry cry,
 They seize that Dervise!—seize on Zatanai!
 He saw their terror—check'd the first despair
 That urg'd him but to stand and perish there,
 Since far too early and too well obey'd,
 The flame was kindled ere the signal made;
 He saw their terror—from his baldric drew
 His bugle—brief the blast—but shrilly blew;
 "Tis answer'd—"Well ye speed, my gallant crew!
 Why did I doubt their quickness of career?
 And deem design had left me single here?"
 Sweeps his long arm—that sabre's whirling away
 Sheds fast atonement for its delay;
 Completes his fury, what their fear begun,
 And makes the many basely quail to one.
 The cloven turbans o'er the chamber spread,
 And scarce an arm dare rise to guard its head:
 Even Seyd, convulsed, o'erwhelm'd, with rage, surprise,
 Retreats before him, though he still defies.
 No craven he—and yet he dreads the blow,
 So much Confusion magnifies his foe!
 His blazing gallies still distract his sight,
 He tore his beard, and foaming fled the fight;
 For now the pirates pass'd the Harem gate,
 And burst within—and it were death to wait;
 Where wild Amusement shrieking—kneeling—throws
 The sword aside—in vain—the blood o'erflows!
 The Corsair's pouring, haste to where within,
 Invited Conrad's bugle, and the din
 Of groaning victims, and wild cries for life,
 Proclaim'd how well he did the work of strife.
 They shout to find him grim and lonely there,
 A glutted tiger mangling in his lair!

IN different parts of the world, at the distance of many hundred miles from the sea, there exist salt springs, the utility of which, in supplying an essential element of food to the inhabitants of inland districts, can scarcely be calculated. The salt found in these springs is simply a mineral impregnation. The water, in its course from the place where it entered the ground to the place whence it issues, encounters and passes over some of those beds of rock-salt which occur, amidst other deposits, in the sedimentary strata of the earth's crust, especially in the group of the old red sandstone. Contracting an infusion of salt from these beds, it proceeds to the surface, where man has only to subject it to vaporisation in order to realise the substance with which it is charged. People residing in the centre of some great continent, to whom salt would otherwise require to be carried from a distance, have thus all the advantages of a residence near the sea-coast, as far as the manufacture of salt is concerned.

Salt springs abound in the central parts of North America, particularly in Arkansas, Virginia, Ohio, and Kentucky, and also in Pennsylvania and New York; and, in all of these instances, they are taken advantage of for the manufacture of salt by the usual process of boiling and vaporising. In former times, the springs were called Salt Licks, from the vast herds of wild cattle which at certain seasons used to proceed thither to lick the water, or mud which was impregnated with saline properties. Near the northern sources of the Arkansas river, the salt springs, by diffusing themselves over the surface of the ground, are dried up in the lower parts of the plains by the heat of the sun, and form crustations of considerable thickness and solidity. A traveller mentions that he has seen a block ten or twelve inches square, hewn out of an encrustation, and brought to the town of St. Lewis; and that thousands of bushels may be gathered in a little time. The salt springs, or "salines," as they are locally termed, are powerful at Gallatin and Illinois. According to an account published in 1831, there are here nine furnaces, containing on an average sixty kettles, each holding from thirty-six to sixty gallons, and which make upwards of three thousand bushels of salt per week, averaging about 130,000 bushels per annum. The salt is sold, at the works, at from one shilling and sixpence to two shillings per bushel of fifty pounds. About one-half of the salt man-

ufactured here, is exchanged for corn, meal, flour, beef, pork, potatoes, and other articles of produce. At the Big Muddy Saline, also in Illinois, there is a spring rising through a well upwards of two hundred feet deep, and the fountain is so strong, that it gushes six feet above the surface of the ground, and in quantity sufficient to supply pans for five furnaces. Mines of hardened or rock-salt are dug and worked in different parts of Europe, particularly at Cracow in Poland, and in the western part of England. Dr. Buckland, in speaking of these mineralogical wonders, remarks, that "had not the beneficent providence of the Creator laid up these stores of salt within the bowels of the earth, the distance of inland countries from the sea would have rendered this article of prime and daily necessity unattainable to a large portion of mankind; but under the existing dispensation, the presence of mineral salt, in strata which are dispersed generally over the interior of our continents and large islands, is a source of health and daily enjoyment to the inhabitants of almost every region of the earth."

The English salt rocks or deposits exist both in a dry state for excavation by miners, and as the sources of saline springs. The most interesting account which we have seen of the mines, is given by Sir George Head, in his very entertaining and instructive "Tour through the Manufacturing Districts of England, in 1835:" (Murray, London.) While at Northwich, he visited the Marston pit, which has been worked for a period of sixty years, and may be considered inexhaustible. "Having waited, (says he) with my conductor a few minutes, till the engineer had put a little steam on, we both stepped into a round tub, and, standing upright, holding by the chains, were let down very easily. I cannot express the delight I felt at the scene around me, which surpassed anything I had anticipated; creating those sensations I remember to have felt when first I read of the pyramids and catacombs of Egypt. Here was a magnificent chamber, apparently of unlimited extent, whose flat roof presented an area so great that one could not help being astonished at its not having long since given way. Yet there was no apparent want of security, it being sound and durable as if formed of adamant. Here and there pillars in size like a clump of bricks in a brick-field, tendered their support, presenting to the

And so saying, Madeline with her usual innocent frankness of manner, wound her arm in his, and they walked onwards towards the stile Aram had pointed out. It was a little rustic stile, with chesnut-trees hanging over it on either side. It stands to this day, and I have pleased myself with finding Walter Lester's initials, and Madeline's also, with the date of the year, carved in half-worn letters on the wood, probably by the hand of the former.

They now rested at this spot. All around them was still and solitary; the groups of peasants had entered the Church, and nothing of life, save the cattle grazing in the distant fields, or the thrush starting from the wet bushes was visible. The winds were lulled to rest, and, though somewhat of the chill of autumn floated on the air, it only bore a balm to the harassed brow and fevered veins of the Student; and Madeline!—*she* felt nothing but his presence. It was exactly what we picture to ourselves of a sabbath eve, unutterably serene and soft, and borrowing from the very melancholy of the declining year an impressive, yet a mild solemnity.

There are seasons, often in the most dark or turbulent periods of our life, when, why we know not, we are suddenly called from ourselves, by the remembrances of early childhood: something touches the electric chain, and, lo! a host of shadowy and sweet recollections steal upon us. The wheel rests, the oar is suspended, we are snatched from the labour and travail of present life; we are born again, and live anew. As the secret page in which the characters once written seem for ever effaced, but which, if breathed upon, gives them again into view; so the memory can revive the images invisible for years: but while we gaze, the breath recedes from the surface, and all one moment so vivid, with the next moment has become once more a blank!

"It is singular," said Aram, "but often as I have paused at this spot, and gazed upon this landscape, a likeness to the scenes of my childish life, which it now seems to me to present, never occurred to me before. Yes, yonder, in that cottage, with the sycamores in front, and the orchard extending behind, till its boundary, as we now stand, seems lost among the woodland, I could fancy that I looked upon

my father's home. The clump of trees that lies yonder to the right, could cheat me readily to the belief that I saw the little grove, in which, enamoured with the first passion of study, I was wont to pore over the thrice-read book through the long summer days;—a boy—a thoughtful boy; yet, oh! how happy! What worlds appeared then to me to open in every page! how exhaustless I thought the treasures and the hopes of life! and beautiful on the mountain tops seemed to me the steps to knowledge! I did not dream of all that the musing and lonely passion that I nursed was to entail upon me. There, in the clefts of the valley, or the ridges of the hill, or the fragrant course of the stream, I began already to win its history from the herb or flower; I saw nothing, that I did not long to unravel its secrets; all that the earth nourished ministered to one desire;—and what of low or sordid did there mingle with that desire? The petty avarice, the mean ambition, the debasing love, even the heat, the anger, the fickleness, the caprice of other men, did they allure or bow down my nature from its steep and solitary eyrie? I lived but to feed my mind; wisdom was my thirst, my dream, my aliment, my sole fount and sustenance of life. And have I not sown the whirlwind and reaped the wind? The glory of my youth is gone, my veins are chilled, my frame is bowed, my heart is gnawed with cares, my nerves are unstrung as a loosened bow: and what, after all, is my gain? Oh, God! what is my gain?"

"Eugene, dear, dear Eugene!" murmured Madeline soothingly, and wrestling with her tears, "is not your gain great? is it not triumph that you stand, while yet young, almost alone in the world, for success in all that you have attempted?"

"And what," exclaimed Aram, breaking in upon her, "what is this world which we ransack, but a stupendous charnel-house? Every thing that we deem most lovely, ask its origin? Decay! When we rifle nature, and cull select wisdom, are we not like the hags of old, culling snaffles from the rank grave, and extracting sorceries from the rotting bones of the dead? Every thing around us is fattered by corruption, battered by corruption, and into corruption returns at last. Corruption is at once the womb

MEMOIRS OF A CADET.

Near the roots of many of these plants were holes resembling rabbit-burrows. Suddenly, one of the dogs (a spaniel) which had been hunting about at some distance in advance of us, gave a yell which summoned the others to him, and we followed as fast as our bipedal powers would permit us. The dogs united in a general howl, and when we came up with them, we found them scratching almost madly in the neighbourhood of one of the above-mentioned holes, but at a very respectful distance from it, for from its interior issued an indescribable sound which might have appalled a lion. As near as I can convey the idea of it, it was a fierce hissing mingled with a growl. Conceiving that the tenant of this asylum might be a weasel or some animal of that tribe, we poked at the aperture with our sticks, and cheered the poor dogs on to an assault. We could not, however, with all our endeavours, induce our best dog, though a noted *scratcher*, to invade the sanctuary; on the contrary, it appeared to be his object to fill up the hole, by throwing the earth into it. He also bit off every branch of the nudar plant, laying each cautiously over the same place. At this time one of the party suggested that the occupant might be a snake; whereupon we would have called off the dogs, but they were under the influence of a spell, and paid not the least attention to us. At length, to make a long story as short as with justice I can, an enormous cobra de capello burst forth furiously enraged. On the first appearance of his head, the four-footed tribe retreated a few yards, then halted, turned, and held the foe at bay, whilst the rational portion of the party commended themselves to the protection of those locomotive engines so well spoken of in Hudibras, and so naturally referred to on such occasions. Our ignominious flight continued to the full distance of twenty paces, when we halted and faced about. We then witnessed a most extraordinary spectacle. In the centre of a large circle formed by the dogs, rose the snake, with hood distended, and about a yard of his body erect, gracefully curved like the neck of a swan. In this attitude he wheeled rapidly about, fixing his diamond-like eyes, quickly as light, on any antagonist, which bolder than the rest, attempted to draw the circle closer around him. This war of "demonstrations" lasted for perhaps a quarter of an hour, the dogs barking furiously all the time, when one of them (the spaniel too) made a spring upon the reptile, when his head was partly turned in another direction; but he underrated the activity of his foe, and was bitten. A general attack now commenced, and the snake was soon torn to pieces. He died not unavenged, as Byron says. Two of the dogs received

In the month of April, 1782, the *Foudroyant*, then attached to the squadron of Admiral Barrington, captured the *Pégase* of 74 guns, after a short but fierce conflict. For his able and gallant conduct on this occasion, Captain Jervis was knighted, and invested with the order of the Bath. Shortly afterwards Sir John was returned to parliament for Launceston in Cornwall, and at the general election in 1784 for the town of North Yarmouth. In 1787 he was advanced to the rank of rear-admiral; and on the 21st of September, 1790, was appointed rear-admiral of the White. He hoisted his flag on board the *Prince of 98 guns*. On the reduction of the armament which had been collected in consequence of the dispute with the court of Spain relative to Nootka sound, the lords of the admiralty gave permission to each flag-officer to recommend a lieutenant and midshipman for promotion. The quarter-deck of the *Prince* was at this time crowded with young gentlemen cadets congedted with some of the first families in the kingdom; but Sir John selected a young man, the son of an old lieutenant, for his patronage on this occasion, and announced his intentions in the following brief, but admirable letter:—"Sir, I named you for the lieutenant I was allowed to promote, because you had merited the good opinion of your superiors, and that you were the son of an old officer and worthy man in no great affluence: a steady perseverance in that conduct which has caused you to be thus distinguished, is the most likely means to carry you forward in the profession; for I trust other officers of my rank will observe the maxim I do, to prefer the sons of brother-officers, when deserving, before any others."

In 1790 Sir John was chosen member for Chipping-Wycombe, but vacated his seat when war broke out, having accepted the command of a squadron destined to assist Sir Charles Grey in the reduction of the French West Indies. His health suffered considerably in this service; but he soon after accepted the arduous post of

commander in the Mediterranean station where he hoisted his flag on board the *Victory*. A considerable Spanish fleet was at this time lying at Cadiz, awaiting an opportunity to join the French fleet; but Admiral Jervis kept up so watchful a blockade, that the Spanish admiral found it impossible to slip out unobserved. He at last ventured out on the 4th of February, 1797, and was instantly pursued by the English fleet. The force of the Spanish admiral consisted of 27 ships, 18 of which were seventy-fours, two carried 84 guns each, six were three-deckers, and one a four-decker. To oppose this powerful armament, Jervis had only 15 sail of the line, and most of these were vessels of inferior size. On the 5th the Spaniards passed Gibraltar, and left three line of battle ships in the bay. A few days after, they were discovered by one of the English frigates; and on the night of the thirteenth the two fleets were so close to each other that their signal guns were mutually heard. On the morning of the 14th the whole of the Spanish fleet was visible to the British off Cape St. Vincent. Some of their ships appearing to be separated from the main body, Jervis immediately conceived the idea of cutting them off. He accordingly formed his squadron in line of battle ahead and astern, and, pushing through the enemy with a press of sail, completely attained his object. By this manœuvre his immediate opponents were reduced to eighteen sail of the line. About noon the Spanish admiral attempted to wear round, and join his ships to leeward, but being frustrated, he endeavoured to sheer off. His retreat was, however, effectually prevented by the tactics of Jervis, and the daring gallantry of his subordinates, amongst whom were Troubridge, Parker, Nelson and Collingwood. The enemy being thus forced to a close action, suffered a signal defeat, losing four of their ships, and an immense number of their men.

For this splendid victory, Admiral Jervis received the thanks of both houses, and was promoted to the peerage

"His majesty, in the next passage of his speech," continued Fox, "brings us to the apprehension of a war. I shall refrain at this time from saying all that occurs to me on this subject, because I wish to keep precisely to the immediate subject; but never surely had this country so much reason to wish for peace; never was a period so little favourable to a rupture with France, or with any power. I am not ready to subscribe exactly to the propriety of a resolution never to go to war unless we are attacked; but I wish that a motion was proposed by some person to express our disapprobation of entering upon any war, if we can by any honourable means avoid it. Let no man be deterred by the dread of being in a minority. A minority saved this country from a war against Russia. And surely it is our duty, as it is true policy, to exert every means to avert that greatest of national calamities. In 1789 we all must remember that Spain provoked this country by an insult, which is a real aggression; we were all agreed on the necessity of the case, but did we go headlong to war? No! we determined with becoming fortitude on an armed negotiation. We did negotiate, and we avoided a war. But now we disdain to negotiate. Why? Because we have no minister at Paris! Why have we no minister there? Because France is a republic! And so we are to pay in the blood and treasure of the people for a punctilio! If there are discontents in the kingdom, Sir, this is the way to inflame them. It is of no consequence to any people what is the form of government with which they may have to treat; it is with the governors, whatever may be the form, that in common sense and policy they can have to do, and if they should change their form and change their governors, their course would remain the same. Having no legitimate concern with the internal state of any independent people, the road of common sense is simple and direct. That of pride and punctilio is as tangled as it is serpentine. Is the pretext the opening of the Scheldt? I cannot believe that such an object can be the real cause. I doubt, even if a war on this pretext would be undertaken with the approbation of the Dutch. What was the conduct of the French themselves under their depraved old system, when the good of the people never entered into

the contemplation of the cabinet? The emperor threatened to open the Scheldt in 1786. Did the French go to war with him instantly to prevent it? No! they opened a negotiation, and prevented it by interfering with their good offices. Why have not we so interfered? Because, forsooth, France is an unanointed republic! Oh! miserable, infatuated Frenchmen! Oh! lame and inconsiderate politicians! Why, instead of breaking the holy vial of Rheims, why did you not pour some of the sacred oil on the heads of your executive council, that the pride of states might not be forced to plunge themselves and you into the horrors of war, rather than be contaminated by your acquaintance! The people will not be cheated. They will look round and demand where this danger is to be seen. Is it in England? they see it overflowing in expressions of loyalty, and yet they libel it with imputations of insurrection. In Ireland you know there is danger, and dare not own it; though you know that there a most respectable and formidable convention (I call it formidable, because I know nothing so formidable as reason, truth, and justice) will oblige you, by the most cogent reasons, to give way to demands which the magnanimity of the nation ought to have anticipated—in justice to subjects as attached to their king, as abundantly endowed with every manly virtue, as those of any part of the united kingdom. And while the claims of generous and ill-treated millions are thus protracted there is a miserable mockery held out of alarms in England which have no existence, but which are made the pretext of assembling the parliament in an extraordinary way, in order in reality to engage you in a foreign contest. What must be the fatal consequence when a well-judging people shall decide—what I sincerely believe—that the whole of this business is a ministerial manoeuvre? A noble lord says he will move for a suspension of the habeas corpus act. I hope not! I have a high respect for the noble lord; but no motive of personal respect shall make me inattentive to my duty. Come from whom it may, I shall, with my most determined powers, oppose so dreadful a measure. What, it may be asked, would I propose to do in hours of agitation like the present? I will answer openly. If there is a tendency in the dissenters to discontent, because they

Ghost. I am thy father's spirit ;

Doom'd for a certain term to walk the night ;

And, for the day, confin'd to fast in fires,

Till the foul crimes, done in my days of nature,

Are burnt and purg'd away. But that I am forbid

To tell the secrets of my prison-house,

I could a tale unfold, whose lightest word

Would harrow up thy soul ; freeze thy young blood ;

Make thy two eyes, like stars, start from their spheres ;

Thy knotted and combined locks to part,

And each particular hair to stand on end,

Like quills upon the fretful porcupine :

But this eternal blazon must not be

To ears of flesh and blood ;—List, list, O list !—

If thou did'st ever thy dear father love,—

Ham. O heaven !

Ghost. Revenge his foul and most unnatural murder.

Ham. Murder ?

Ghost. Murder most foul, as in the best it is ;

But this most foul, strange and unnatural.

Ham. Haste me to know it ; that I, with wings as swift

As meditation, or the thoughts of love,

May sweep to my revenge.

Ghost. I find thee apt ;

And duller should'st thou be than the fat weed

That roots itself in ease on Lethe wharf,

Would'st thou not stir in this. Now, Hamlet, hear :

'Tis given out, that, sleeping in my orchard,

A serpent stung me ; so the whole ear of Denmark

Is by a forged process of my death

Rankly abus'd : but know, thou noble youth,

The serpent, that did sting thy father's life,

Now wears his crown.

Ham. O, my prophetic soul ! my uncle ?

Ghost. Ay, that incestuous, that adulterate beast,

With witchcraft of his wit, with traiterous gifts,

(O wicked wit, and gifts, that have the power

So to seduce !) won to his shameful lust

The will of my most seeming-virtuous queen :

O, Hamlet, what a falling-off was there !

From me, whose love was of that dignity,

That it went hand in hand even with the vow

I made to her in marriage ; and to decline

Upon a wretch, whose natural gifts were poor

To those of mine !

But virtue, as it never will be mov'd,

Though lewdness court it in a shape of heaven ;

So lust, though to a radiant angel link'd,

Will satiate itself in a celestial bed,

And prey on garbage,

But, soft ! methinks, I scent the morning air ;

Brief let me be :—Sleeping within mine orchard,

My custom always of the afternoon,

Upon my secure hour thy uncle stole,

With juice of cursed hebenon in a vial,

And in the porches of mine ears did pour

The leperous distilment ; whose effect

Holds such an enmity with blood of man,

That, swift as quick-silver, it courses through

The natural gates and alleys of the body ;

And, with a sudden vigour, it doth posset

And curd, like eager droppings into milk,

The thin and wholesome blood : so did it mine ;

And a most instant tetter bark'd about,

Most Lazar-like, with vile and loathsome crust,

All my smooth body.

Thus was I, sleeping, by a brother's hand,

Of life, of crown, of queen, at once dispatch'd :

Cut off even in the blossoms of my sin, •

Unhousel'd, disappointed, unanel'd ;

ROYAL ACADEMY.

That the Academy was "the *only* school of art," does not prove it to have been the best possible. The truth is, that it is inefficient—notoriously so. No student is admitted as a Probationer without first producing a set of drawings from the cast and the skeleton; so that he must be a tolerable draughtsman before he is admitted. Then what is the course of study? He comes and goes when he likes, and draws from the antique how he can: subject only to the supervision of the Keeper, who occasionally corrects his errors. There is no public examination; no amount of proficiency is stipulated for; but certain prizes of medals and books are annually given for the best drawings. After a time the student is allowed to enter the "Life Academy," to copy the living model. Here there is scarcely the show of instruction: the only officer present is the "Visiter for the Month"—the Academicians taking it in turn; he may be a landscape or a portrait-painter, or a sculptor; if an historical painter, he is occupied during the time in painting from the model: and this is called "instruction" of some thirty or forty students, some drawing, some painting, some modelling. The "Painting School" is similarly attended. Architecture, Perspective, and anatomy, are *not taught at all*, any more than Optics, Chemistry, Botany, Archæology, or Costume. Six lectures on anatomy are annually given by a surgeon, (Mr. Green,) who points out the place of a bone or muscle in a statue or a living model: but the lecture is so technical as to be unintelligible to the very persons for whose instruction it is intended. There has not been a single lecture on Perspective given for these ten years past; and several years elapsed during which (owing to Sir JOHN SOANE's infirmity of sight) no lecture was delivered on Architecture. Not that this kind of instruction is of any real value:—though no other is afforded—but it exemplifies the fallacious misstatements of the petition. In a word, all that the students learn is acquired out of the Academy: its only use and value is as a *place for practice* provided gratis. Great numbers of students, indeed, (including some of our cleverest designers,) go to study in the ateliers in Paris. As for the collection of "prints and books," the library is all but sealed up to the students, by the formalities and restrictions of admission. The number of students sent to Italy is, according to Mr. HAYDON, *fifteen*, during seventy years: an expressive comment on the expenditure thus incurred is supplied by the fact mentioned by him, in a characteristic Petition, that the Academy "have spent 19,750*l.* in dinners, and only 4,586*l.* in sending young men to Italy." What acquirements "the least successful students" have attained to qualify them to be useful as mechanical and manufacturing draughtsmen, they owe to their own diligence the Academy teaches them nothing. As regards the "exhibition," the predominance of portraits, the neglect and decline of historical painting, and the unfairness of the arrangements, by which the members of the Academy occupy the best places, to the exclusion of other and often better painters, and enjoy the sole right of "varnishing"—in plain terms, heightening the effect of their own pictures—while other artists may not

Burns had entertained hopes of promotion in the Excise; but circumstances occurred which retarded their fulfilment, and which, in his own mind, destroyed all expectation of their being ever fulfilled. The extraordinary events which ushered in the revolution of France, interested the feelings and excited the hopes of men in every corner of Europe. Prejudice and tyranny seemed about to disappear from among men, and the day-star of reason to rise upon a benighted world. In the dawn of this beautiful morning, the genius of French freedom appeared on our southern horizon with the countenance of an angel, but speedily assumed the features of a demon, and vanished in a shower of blood.

Though previously a Jacobite and a cavalier, Burns had shared in the original hopes entertained of this astonishing revolution, by ardent and benevolent minds. The novelty and the hazard of the attempt meditated by the First, or Constituent Assembly, served rather, it is probable, to recommend it to his daring temper; and the unfettered scope proposed to be given to every kind of talents, was doubtless gratifying to the feelings of conscious but indignant genius. Burns foresaw not the mighty ruin that was to be the immediate consequence of an enterprise, which, on its commencement, promised so much happiness to the human race. And even after the career of guilt and of blood commenced, he could not immediately, it may be presumed, withdraw his partial gaze from a people who had so lately breathed the sentiments of universal peace and benignity, or obliterate in his bosom the pictures of hope and of happiness to which those sentiments had given birth. Under these impressions, he did not always conduct himself with the circumspection and prudence which his dependent situation seemed to demand. He engaged indeed in no popular associations so common at the time of which we speak; but in company he did not conceal his opinions of public measures, or of the reforms required in the practice of our government; and sometimes, in his social and unguarded moments, he uttered them with a wild and unjustifiable vehemence. Information of this was given to the Board of Excise, with the expectations so general in such cases. A superior officer in that department was authorized to inquire into his conduct. Burns defended himself in a letter addressed to one of the board, written with great independence of spirit, and with more than his accustomed eloquence. The officer appointed to inquire into his conduct gave a favourable report. His steady friend, Mr. Graham of Fintra, interposed his good

II.

November chill blows loud wi' angry sough;

The short'ning winter day is near a close;

The mury beasts retreating frae the pleugh;

The black'ning trains o' craws to their repose;

The twa-worn cotter frae his labour goes,

Tha' night his weekly toil is at an end,

Catches his spades, his mattocks, and his hoes,

Hoping the morn in ease and rest to spend,

And weary, o'er the moor, his course does hameward bend.

III.

At length his lonely cot appears in view,

Beneath the shelter of an aged tree;

Th' expectant wee things, toddlin, stacher thro'

To meet their dad, wi' fichterm' noise an' glee.

His wee bit ingle, blinkin' bonnily,

His clean hearth-stane, his thrifftie wifie's smile,

The lispin infant prattling on his knee,

Does a' his weary carking cares beguile,

And makes him quite forget his labours an' his toil.

IV.

Belyve the elder bairns come drapping in,

At service out amang the farmers roun';

Some ca' the pleugh, some herd, some tentie rin

A cannie errand to a neebor town;

Their eldest hope, their Jenny, woman grown,

In youthfu' bloom, love sparklin' in her e'e,

Comes hame, perhaps, to show a bra' new gown,

Or, deposit her sair-won penny fee,

To help her parents dear, if they in hardship be.

V.

Wi' joy unfeign'd brothers and sisters meet,

An' each for other's weelfare kindly spiers;

The social hours, swift-wing'd, unnoticed fleet;

Each tells the uncus that he sees or hears;

The parents, partial, eye their hopeful years;

Anticipation forward points the view;

The mother, wi' her needle an' her shears,

Gars auld claes look amang as weel's the new;

The father mixes a' wi' admonition due.

THE TWO BLIND FIDDLERS.

WILLIE HODGE was a quiet, inoffensive man, moving in a very humble walk of life, which he filled with great credit to himself, and with great satisfaction to everybody else. His calling was not, perhaps, a very dignified, but it was at least a very honest one. Willie was by profession an itinerant fiddler. He had the misfortune at an early age to lose his eye-sight by the small-pox; and as this calamity, aggravated as it was by poverty, precluded him from competing with the world in any of its more ordinary occupations, he turned his attention to music, as a means of earning a livelihood; and he could not, perhaps, even although he had had his eye-sight, have made a better choice, or one better suited to his genius; for he possessed a natural talent for the musical art, had a correct ear, and an excellent taste.

Thus qualified by nature for the profession which necessity had compelled him to adopt, Willie made rapid progress in the art of handling the bow, and soon became an expert and skilful fiddler. Having attained such a degree of proficiency as he thought might warrant him in making a public appearance, Willie, one evening, fiddle in hand, sought a quiet, retired street, where he believed he should not be known, and there made his debut. It was a successful one. He bagged a brace of sixpences, six brace of penny-pieces, and somewhere about a score of half-pence. Willie went home rejoicing; and enthusiast as he was in his profession, he thought the music of the *clink* in his pocket that night far surpassed the finest tones of his fiddle. From this hour, Willie became a regular public performer, and soon after, a well-known and much admired public character. Besides his street practice, Willie enjoyed a fair share of private employment. He was very frequently engaged for weddings, balls, and other festive meetings in the environs of Edinburgh; and it was on one of these occasions that Willie became acquainted with Jamie Dowie, a brother in trade and in misfortune; Jamie being also blind, and a fiddler.

The acquaintance of these two worthies first began

THE TWO BLIND FIDDLERS.

by Willie borrowing Jamie's rosin, which was given with a frankness and cordiality that at once won Willie's heart. Their intimacy, thus begun, soon ripened into a sincere and ardent friendship. They became inseparable companions, and finally went into a partnership, playing together in the streets, and availing the benevolence of the public between them. Their fiddles were not more in unison than were the sentiments and dispositions of the fiddlers. In all respects, the harmony between them was perfect, and was most pleasant to behold. If Willie got an invitation in his professional capacity to a merry-making, he was sure, if the thing was at all practicable, to log in Jamie along with him; and Jamie, when he happened to be the person who was preferred, did the same kind office by Willie. In short, no friendship between two mortal men could be more disinterested or more intense. There was no rivalry, no feeling of jealousy, between them. Willie rejoiced at Jamie's jobs, and Jamie felt no less happiness in Willie's. They assisted each other, too, with the greatest readiness and cordiality, on occasions when remuneration for one only was allowed, without fee or reward beyond the stray tumbler of porter, or half tumblers of toddy, that were from time to time handed up to them, by way of increasing the energies of their elbows. It is true that on such occasions as those alluded to, the employed party invariably offered the other the half of his earnings; but equally true is it, that this offer was never accepted.

For many years this most exemplary friendship between Willie Hodge and Jamie Dowie continued with unabated fervour; nor, during all that time, had there ever been the slightest difference even of the most temporary nature between them. No quarrel, not an angry word. Some people thought it was too good to last; but those who thought so, knew nothing of the intensity of their feelings—knew nothing of the more than brotherly love that existed between the two blind fiddlers, and the test of years should have satisfied them of the groundlessness of their fears. • The occurrence

The adventures of the Egyptian king Sesostris, his subjugation of India as far as the Ganges, and his having crossed that river and advanced to the Eastern Ocean, not being supported by any one corroborative testimony, are now pretty generally regarded as mere fiction: and historians are generally agreed in the opinion that the Egyptians—seated in the lap of luxuriant plenty—were indifferent to trade, and abandoned maritime enterprise to those people whose less enviable lot tempted them abroad in search of the necessities and comforts of life. Hence we overlook the relation of Herodotus and prefer Strabo, who tells us that the first kings of Egypt were so perfectly satisfied with the produce of their own kingdom, that they neglected all Foreign Trade, and prohibited the ships of strangers from approaching their shores. We know that this view has been controverted, and particularly by *M. Huet* in chap. 7 and 8 of his *History of Commerce and Navigation*; but, with due deference to his assertion, we prefer the generally received opinion.

With the Phœnicians the Trade of India was held in high estimation; but the distant situation of Tyre subjected them to a fatiguing and expensive land-carriage, and rendered it desirable that they should have ports on the Arabian Gulf, and more conveniently situated on the Mediterranean. Hence the Idumeans were dispossessed of Eziongeber, and other places on the northern extremity of the Red Sea, and Rhinocorura was taken possession of on the Mediterranean. From the Idumean ports an extensive trade was prosecuted with India, and the eastern and southern coasts of Africa, and in them the produce of these countries was received, whence it was carried over-land to Rhinocorura, the nearest port on the Mediterranean and there shipped and conveyed to the great commercial city—Tyre, for promiscuous sale, and universal distribution.

In this Trade with India, and the adjacent coasts of Africa, *M. Huet* gives the Hebrews a considerable share. In allusion to the western adventures of the Phœnicians, he says "but all these voyages were not comparable to those which were performed by the Phœnicians, either in their own ships or with Solomon's, to Ophir and Tarshish."

"Not that I can believe these voyages, which were undertaken by the command of Solomon, were the first trials which were made by the Hebrews in sea commerce. They had lived too long among the Egyptians to be ignorant of their trade by the Red Sea to all the known parts of the east: and when they were established in the land of Canaan, they had a nearer view of the industry and application of the Phœnicians, and of the immense treasures which they gained. This was fully explained to them

by the resistance which they met with from the numerous armies of Phœnicia. Can we imagine that these tribes, who were placed so near the sea; that the tribe of Zebulon, for example, which was extended even to the shore, and the gates of Sidon, could behold the inhabitants of this great city, so famous for its navigations, bring home from time to time such abundant riches, without being tempted to take part with them, to imitate them or at least to associate themselves with them, as Solomon did afterwards with the Tyrians?

"Ophir was a general name for all the oriental coast of Africa, and particularly of the country of Sophala, a land abounding in gold; and Tarshish was likewise a general name for all the eastern coast of Africa and Spain, and in particular of that coast in the neighbourhood of the mouth of the river Guadalquivir, a country fertile in mines of silver. But these riches of Ophir and of Tarshish were not sufficient for the excessive expenses of Solomon. For beside the heavy taxes which he levied upon his subjects, and the immense presents which he received from neighbouring kings, the Scripture teaches us, that he carried on a very considerable trade abroad, which might possibly be in other places besides Ophir and Tarshish and that he also established proper officers for the management of it. Jehosaphat, king of Judah, envying the treasure of Solomon, from whose race he descended, resolved to renew these gainful voyages of Ophir and Tarshish; and for this end he prepared his fleets in the ports of Eziongeber. Ochozias, king of Israel, offered him at the same time his assistance for a share of his profit; but the ships were destroyed in the harbour. This oriental coast of Africa, which in Solomon's time was called Ophir, soon gained to itself a capital trade, not only from the north by the Arabian Gulf through the frequent concourse of the Phœnicians and Hebrews, but also from all the eastern country, the Chinese, and the Indians; and was not only become a general mart, by reason of the rich gold mines of Sophala, but also for the sake of those of Melinda and Mombasia, upon the coast of Zanguebar, and several islands, which abound in camphor and sugar: and one among the rest much frequented by the merchants for pearl-fishing and spices. And I shall undeniably establish the truth of it in a treatise which I have begun concerning the navigations of Solomon, that the Cape of Good Hope was known, often frequented, and doubled, in Solomon's time, and so it was likewise for many years after; and that the Portuguese, to whom the glory of this discovery has been attributed, were not the first that found out this place, but were secondary discoverers."

From this opinion of *M. Huet*, it will be

Joseph Hanson as flourishing as ever in manner, and apparently flourishing in his trade; they stood him too in no small stead in a matter which promised to be still more conducive to his prosperity than buying and selling feminine gear, in the grand matter (for Joseph jocosely professed to be a forlorn bachelor upon the look out for a wife) of a wealthy marriage.

One of the most thrifty and thriving tradesmen in the town of Belford was old John Parsons, the tinner. His spacious shop, crowded with its glittering and rattling commodities, pots, pans, kettles, meat-covers, in a word, the whole *batterie de cuisine*, was situated in a narrow inconvenient street, betwixt a great chemist on one side, his windows filled with coloured jars, red, blue, and green, looking like painted glass, or like the fruit made of gems in Aladdin's garden (I am as much taken myself with those jars in a chemist's window as ever was Miss Edgeworth's Rosamond), and an eminent chinaman, his shop itself a picture, with the beautiful and delicate porcelain of Dresden and Sévres, and our own Worcester on the other; that narrow and inconvenient street, situated in the most crowded and oldest part of the town, containing, as so frequently happens, most of the principal shops, and half the wealth of the borough. Many a thriving tradesman might be found in St. Anne's Street, and many a blooming damsel amongst the tradesmen's daughters; but if the town gossip might be believed, the richest of all the rich shopkeepers was old John Parsons, and the prettiest girl (even without reference to her father's money-bags) was his fair daughter Harriet.

John Parsons was one of those loud, violent, blustering, boisterous personages, who always put me in mind of the description so often appended to characters of that sort in the dramatis personæ of Beaumont and Fletcher's plays, where one constantly meets with Ernulpho, or Bertoldo, or some such Italianised appellation, "an old angry gentleman." The "old angry gentleman" of the fine old dramatists generally keeps the promise given in the play-bill. He storms and rails during the whole five acts, scolding those the most whom he loves the best, making all about him uncomfortable, and yet meaning to do right, and firmly convinced that he is himself the injured party; and after

quarrelling, with cause or without, to the end of the piece, makes friends all round at the conclusion;—a sort of person whose good intentions every body appreciates, but from whose violence every body that can, is sure to run away.

Now, such men are just as common in the real work-a-day world as in the old drama; and precisely such a man was John Parsons.

His daughter was exactly the sort of creature that such training was calculated to produce; gentle, timid, shrinking, fond of her father, who indeed doated upon her, and would have sacrificed his whole substance, his right arm, his life, any thing except his will or his honour, to give her a moment's pleasure; gratefully fond of her father, but yet more afraid than fond.

The youngest and only surviving child of a large family, and brought up without a mother's care, since Mrs. Parsons had died in her infancy, there was a delicacy and fragility, a slenderness of form and transparency of complexion, which, added to her gentleness and modesty, gave an unexpected elegance to the tinner's daughter. A soft appealing voice, dove-like eyes, a smile rather sweet than gay, a constant desire to please, and a total unconsciousness of her own attractions, were amongst her chief characteristics. Some persons hold the theory that dissimilarity answers best in matrimony, and such persons would have found a most satisfactory contrast of appearance, mind, and manner, between the fair Harriet and her dashing suitor.

Besides his one great and distinguishing quality of assurance and vulgar pretension, which it is difficult to describe by any word short of impudence, Mr. Joseph Hanson was by no means calculated to please the eye of a damsel of seventeen, an age at which a man who owned to five-and-thirty, and who looked, and most probably was, at least ten years farther advanced on the journey of life, would not fail to be set down as a confirmed old bachelor. He had, too, a large mouth full of large irregular teeth, a head of hair which bore a great resemblance to a wig, and a suspicion of a squint, for it did not quite amount to that most odious deformity, which added a sinister expression to his countenance. Harriet Parsons could not abide him; and I verily believe that she would have disliked him just as much, although a certain Frederick Mallet had never

Seven nights have darken'd Oman's Sea,
 Since last, beneath the moonlight ray,
 She saw his light oar rapidly
 Hurry her Gheber's bark away.—
 And still she goes, at midnight hour,
 To weep alone in that high bower,
 And watch, and look along the deep
 For him whose smiles first made her weep,—
 But watching, weeping, all was vain,
 She never saw his bark again.
 The owl's solitary cry,
 The night-hawk, flitting darkly by,
 And oft the hateful carrion-bird,
 Heavily flapping his clogg'd wing,
 Which reek'd with that day's banqueting—
 Was all she saw, was all she heard.
 'Tis the eighth morn—Al Hassan's brow
 Is brighten'd with unusual joy—
 What mighty mischief glads him now,
 Who never smiles but to destroy?
 The sparkle upon Herkend's Sea,
 When tost at midnight furiously,
 Tells not of wreck and ruin nigh,
 More surely than that smiling eye!
 "Up, daughter, up—the Kerna's breath
 Has blown a blast would waken death,
 And yet thou sleep'st—up, child, and see
 This blessed day for Heaven and me,
 A day more rich in Pagan blood

Than ever fash'd o'er Oman's flood.
 Before another dawn shall shine,
 His head—heart—limbs—will all be mine;
 This very night his blood shall steep
 These hands all over e'er I sleep!"—
 "His blood!" she faintly scream'd—her mind
 Still singling one from all mankind—
 "Yes—spite of his ravines and towers,
 Hafed, my child, this night is ours.
 Thanks to all-conquering treachery,
 Without whose aid the links accurst,
 That bind these impious slaves, would be
 Too strong for Alla's self to burst!
 That rebel fiend, whose blade has spread
 My path with piles of Moslem dead,
 Whose baffling spells had almost driven
 Back from their course the Swords of Heaven,
 This night, with all his band, shall know
 How deep an Arab's steel can go,
 When God and vengeance speed the blow.
 And—Prophet!—by that holy wreath
 Thou worst on Ohod's field of death,
 I swear, for every sob that parts
 In anguish from these heathen hearts,
 A gem from Persia's plunder'd mines
 Shall glitter on thy Shrine of Shrines.
 But ha!—she sinks—that look so wild—
 Those livid lips—my child, my child,
 This life of blood betis not thee,

"Fox, as an orator," says Godwin, "seemed to come immediately from the forming hand of nature. He spoke well, because he felt strongly and earnestly. His eloquence was impetuous as the current of the river Rhone—nothing could arrest its course. His voice would insensibly rise to too high a key; he would run himself out of breath. Every thing showed how little artifice there was in his oratory. Though on all great occasions he was throughout energetic, yet it was by sudden flashes and emanations that he electrified the heart and shot through the blood of his hearer. I have seen his countenance brighten up with more than mortal ardour and goodness; I have been present when his voice has suffocated with the sudden bursting forth of a flood of tears!"

Sir James Mackintosh has thus sketched the character of his illustrious friend: "Mr. Fox united in a most remarkable degree, the seemingly repugnant characters of the mildest of men and the most vehement of orators. In private life he was gentle, modest, placable, kind, of simple manners, and so averse from dogmatism, as to be not only unostentatious, but even something inactive in conversation. His superiority was never felt but in the instruction he imparted, or in the attention which his generous preference usually directed to the more obscure members of the company. The simplicity of his manners was far from excluding that perfect urbanity and amenity which flowed still more from the mildness of his nature, than from familiar intercourse with the most polished society of Europe. The pleasantry perhaps of no man of wit, had so unlaboured an appearance. It seemed rather to escape from his mind, than to be produced by it. He had lived on the most intimate terms with all his contemporaries, distinguished by wit, politeness, or philosophy; by learning, or the talents of public life. In the course of thirty years he had known almost every man in Europe, whose intercourse could strengthen, or enrich, or polish the mind. His own literature was various and elegant. In classical erudition, which by the custom of England is more peculiarly called learning, he was inferior to few professed scholars. Like all men of genius, he delighted to take refuge in poetry, from the vulgarity and irritation of business. His own verses were easy and pleasant, and might have claimed no low place among those which the French call *vers de société*. The poetical character of his mind was displayed by his extraordinary partiality for the poetry of the two most poetical nations, or at least languages of the west, those of the Greeks and of the Italians. He disliked political conversation, and never willingly took any part in it. To speak of him justly as an orator, would require a long essay. Every where natural, he carried into public something of that simple and negligent exterior which

belonged to him in private. When he began to speak, a common observer might have thought him awkward; and even a connoisseur-judge could only have been struck with the exquisite justness of his ideas, and the transparent simplicity of his manners. But no sooner had he spoken for some time, than he was changed into another being. He forgot himself and every thing around him. He thought only of his subject. His genius warmed and he kindled as he went on. He darted fire into his audience. Torrents of impetuous and irresistible eloquence swept along their feelings and conviction. He certainly possessed above all moderns that union of reason, simplicity, and vehemence, which formed the prince of orators. He was the most Demosthenean speaker since the days of Demosthenes. 'I knew him,' says Mr. Burke, in a pamphlet written after their unhappy difference, 'when he was nineteen; since which he has risen, by slow degrees, to be the most brilliant and accomplished debater the world ever saw.' The quiet dignity of a mind roused only by great objects, the absence of petty bustle, the contempt of show, the abhorrence of intrigue, the plainness and downrightness, and the thorough good nature which distinguished Mr. Fox, seem to render him no unfit representative of the old English character, which, if it ever changed, we should be sanguine indeed to expect to see it succeeded by a better. The simplicity of his character inspired confidence, the ardour of his eloquence roused enthusiasm, and the gentleness of his manners invited friendship. 'I admired,' says Mr. Gibbon, after describing a day passed with him at Lausanne, 'the powers of a superior man, as they are blended, in his attractive character, with all the softness and simplicity of a child: no human being was ever more free from any taint of malignity, vanity, or falsehood.' The measures which he supported or opposed may divide the opinion of posterity, as they have divided those of the present age. But he will most certainly command the unanimous reverence of future generations, by his pure sentiments towards the commonwealth; by his zeal for the civil and religious rights of all men; by his liberal principles, favourable to mild government, to the unfettered exercise of the human faculties, and the progressive civilization of mankind; by his ardent love for a country, of which the well-being and greatness were, indeed, inseparable from his own glory; and by his profound reverence for that free constitution which he was universally admitted to understand better than any other man of his age, both in an exactly legal and in a comprehensively philosophical sense."

These are all highly eulogistic sketches, and, in many respects, are only faithful to the talents and qualities of their subject. But, it is not to be concealed that they overlook,

Leaving the Squire to the edification of the pious host, let us follow the steps of Aram, who at the early dawn had quitted his sleepless chamber, and though the clouds at that time still poured down in a dull and heavy sleet, wandered away, whither he neither knew, nor heeded. He was now hurrying, with unabated speed, though with no purposed bourn or object, over the chain of mountains that backed the green and lovely valleys, among which his home was cast.

"Yes!" said he, at last halting abruptly, with a desperate resolution stamped on his countenance, "yes, I will so determine. If, after this interview, I feel that I cannot command and bind Housman's perpetual secrecy. I will surrender Madeline at once. She has loved me generously and trustingly. I will not link her life with one that may be called hence in any hour, and to so dread an account. Neither shall the grey hairs of Lester be brought, with the sorrow of my shame, to a dishonoured and untimely grave. And after the outrage of last night, the daring outrage, how can I calculate on the safety of a day? though Housman was not present, though I can scarce believe that he *knew* or at least *guessed* the attack, yet they were assuredly of his gang. Had one been seized, the clue might have led to his detection—and he detected, what should I have to dread! No, Madeline! no; not whilst this sword hangs over me, will I subject *thee* to share the horror of my fate!"

This resolution which was certainly generous, and yet not more than honest, Aram had no sooner arrived at, than he dismissed at once, by one of those efforts which powerful minds can command, all the weak and vacillating thoughts that might interfere with the sternness of his

determination. He seemed to breathe more freely, and the haggard wanness of his brow, relaxed at least from the workings that, but a moment before, distorted its wonted serenity, with a maniac wildness.

He pursued his desultory way now with a calmer step.

"What a night," said he, again breaking into the low murmur in which he was accustomed to hold converse with himself. "Had Housman been one of the ruffians! a shot might have freed me, and without a crime, for ever! And till the light flashed on their brows, I thought the smaller man bore his aspect. Ha, out, tempting thought! out on thee!" he cried aloud, and stamping with his foot, then recalled by his own vehemence, he cast a jealous and hurried glance round him, though at that moment his step was on the very height of the mountains, where not even the solitary shepherd, save in search of some more daring straggler of the flock, ever brushed the dew from the craggy yet fragrant soil. "Yet," he said, in a lower voice, and again sinking into the sombre depths of his reverie, it is a tempting, a wondrously tempting thought. And it struck athwart me, like a flash of lightning when this hand was at his throat—a tighter strain, another moment, and Eugene Aram had not an enemy, a witness against him left in the world. Ha! are the *dead* foes then! Are the *dead* so witnesses? Here he relapsed into utter silence, yet his gestures continued wild, and his eyes wandered round, with a bloodshot and inquiet glare. "Enough," at length said he calmly, and with the manner of one *who has cooled a storm from his heart*; "enough! I will not so sully myself; unless all other hope of self-preservation be extinct. And why despond? the plan I have thought of seems well-laid, wise, consummate

Slow sinks, more lovely ere his race be run,
 Along Morea's hills the setting sun ;
 Not, as in Northern climes, obscurely bright,
 But one unclouded blaze of living light !
 O'er the hush'd deep the yellow beam he throws,
 Gilds the green wave, that troubles as it glows.
 On old Ægina's rock, and Idra's isle,
 The god of gladness sheds his parting smile ;
 O'er his own regions, lingering loves to shine,
 Though there his altars are no more divine.
 Descending fast the mountain shadows kiss
 Thy glorious gulf, unconquer'd Salamis !
 Their azure arches through the long expanse
 More deeply purpled meet his mellowing glance,
 And tenderest tints, along their summits driven,
 Mark his gay course, and own the hues of heaven ;
 Till, darkly shaded from the land and deep,
 Behind his Delphian cliff he sinks to sleep.
 On such an eve, his palest beam he cast,
 When—Athens ! here thy wisest look'd his last.
 How watch'd thy better sons his farewell ray,
 That clos'd their murder'd sage's latest day !
 Not yet—not yet—Sol pauses on the hill—
 The precious hour of parting lingers still ;
 But sad his light to agonising eyes,
 And dark the mountain's once delightful dyes :
 Gloom o'er the lovely land he seem'd to pour,
 The land, where Phæbus never frown'd before ;
 But ere he sank below Cithæron's head,
 The cup of woe was quaff'd—the spirit fled :—

The soul of him who scorn'd to fear or fly—
 Who lived and died, as none can live or die !
 But lo ! from high Hymettus to the plain,
 The queen of night asserts her silent reign.
 No murky vapour, herald of the storm,
 Hides her fair face, nor girds her glowing form ;
 With cornice glimmering as the moon-beams play,
 There the white column greets her grateful ray,
 Aul, bright around with quivering beams beset,
 Her emblem sparkles o'er the minaret :
 The groves of olive scattered dark and wide
 Where meek Cephæus pours his scanty tide,
 The cypress saddening by the sacred mosque,
 The gleaming turret of the gay kiosk,
 And, dun and sombre 'mid the holy calm,
 Near Theseus' fane yon solitary palm,
 All tinged with varied hues arrest the eye—
 And dull were his that pass'd them heedless by.
 Again the Ægean, heard no more afar,
 Lulls his chafed breast from elemental war ;
 Again his waves in milder tints unfold
 Their long array of sapphire and of gold,
 Mix'd with the shades of many a distant isle,
 That frown—where gentler ocean seems to smile.
 Not now my theme—why turn my thoughts to thee ?
 Oh ! who can look along thy native sea,
 Nor dwell upon thy name, what'er the tale,
 So much its magic must o'er all prevail ?
 Who that beheld that Sun upon thee set,
 Fair Athens ! could thine evening face forget ?

MEXICO.

On the dissolution of the connection between Mexico and Spain in 1822, a military adventurer of the name of Iturbide, by force and corruption seized the government, and established himself as emperor by the title of Augustin I. On arriving at supreme power, he found that vast portion of Mexican territory east of the Rio Grande, known by the name of Texas, in the possession of various tribes of Indians, who not only prevented the peopling of Texas, but committed incessant depredations on the Mexican frontier. The previous Spanish authorities, from a wish to keep the country entirely to themselves, had carefully prevented the intrusion or settlement of foreigners or emigrants, except on a limited scale, not worth mentioning; consequently, the country was suffered to remain in a state of nature, for the Spaniards were too idle to encourage any industry, mining excepted, among themselves. Augustin altered this deadening policy. He invited settlers from the United States, by holding forth promises of protection, liberty, and guaranteed civil rights; every colonist was to receive 4428 acres of land in Texas, for which he was to pay thirty dollars. It is asserted by the Americans, that the leading object of Augustin, in holding out these inducements, was the suppression or expulsion of the savages—a result which was finally accomplished by the intrepidity of the emigrants from the States. Soon after the national institute or council, in 1823, had sanctioned these arrangements, Augustin was deposed from the supreme authority, and banished. He returned, however, from his exile, and was put to death. This first act in the tragedy of Mexican Independence being over, Victoria was elected president of the republic. During the whole term of service of Victoria, the country was torn to pieces by civil wars and conspiracies, and a great deal of blood was shed. Victoria remained president for only four years, and General Pedraza was elected his successor, but he was dispossessed by violence, and Guerro, in 1829, put in his place. Guerro was scarcely seated before Bustamante, with open war, deposed him, put him to death, and, aided by the military, placed himself at the head of the government. Bustamante continued for a year or two as president or director, when he in turn was dispossessed by Santa Anna, and the country was again plunged into civil war. Thus, fourteen years of Mexican independence present an unbroken history of treachery, crime, and carnage; and connecting this melancholy detail with the character of the Spaniards, who debased the population by their vices and unsettled habits, we can hardly help coming to the conclusion, that the Mexican people

have amply demonstrated their incapacity for self-government in the spirit of peace and rational liberty.

In the meanwhile, during the commotions which agitated Mexico, the district of Texas—that beautiful country which we have described in the two former articles—was silently peopling from the United States and other countries, but not with the same favour as at first. The laws relative to the settlement of immigrants were at different times altered, and one law in particular gave great annoyance to those who had been induced to attempt the acquisition of land. This consisted in an intolerant obligation to become Roman Catholics, no other form of religion, and no Protestant place of worship, being allowed in the Mexican States. Accordingly, parties who had been previously married by Protestant clergymen in the States, had to be married over again in Texas, and, what was more, be baptized over again. "One day (says the author of the Visit to Texas) during my stay at San Felipe, I witnessed a ceremony which would have been regarded as a very extraordinary thing in our own country. A Roman Catholic priest had arrived there, on a tour of visitation through the colony, and offered to perform baptismal and marriage ceremonies for all who might wish to receive them. Having been invited where he was to receive applications and administer, at a particular house in the village, I attended with two or three friends to see what would be done. Several settlers from the United States, who I knew had no inclination in favour of Roman Catholicism, and though they had received a Protestant education, presented themselves for baptism. These, as I have reason to believe, acted merely on a wish to recommend themselves to the favour of the government. Several afterwards came with their wives, and were married again, lest the legality of the Protestant ceremony should not be acknowledged, and stand as a bar between their descendants and their estates. The priest stated that he had married about five-and-twenty in one evening in some place in the country, where many colonists had assembled on timely notice being given of his visit." We do not know whether this intolerant practice was formally abandoned or has been quietly set aside.

Whatever were the regulations under which immigrants settled in Texas, it is certain the country received a constant accession of inhabitants, many of whom were sheer adventurers and land-jobbers from the States, regardless of every thing but the prospect of acquiring property in a country possessing such bounteous resources. In 1824, when the Mexican republic was divided into states,

Peter III. was unable to make any resistance to his ambitious wife. Upon receiving the news of the revolution, he attempted to fly to Cronstadt and gain the fleet, but that fortress was already secured and he was denied admittance. He returned to Oranienbaum, and on the approach of the empress with her army, was induced to surrender himself, upon a promise of being sent to Holstein in safety. He was carried to Peterhoff, where the insults and execrations of the soldiers met him on every side. Being carried into a room, he was violently stripped, and left for some time standing on his bare feet with only a shirt on. He was afterwards favoured with an old morning-gown, and in this state Count Panin waited upon him with an act of renunciation, in which he was made to bear ignominious testimony to the incapacity which had marked his short reign. This was signed on the 29th of June 1762, six months after his accession. That same evening he was conveyed to Ropscha, a small place about twelve miles from Peterhoff. Here the wretched Czar in some degree recovered his spirits, under the idea that he would be immediately sent to his native duchy of Holstein. Vain expectation! In Russia there is but one step from the throne to the dungeon or the cord of the assassin. Alexis Orloff and a party of officers, favourites of the empress, arrived at Ropscha, and, with every circumstance of barbarity suited to such ferocious minds, strangled the deposed monarch.

Thus, by the murder of her husband, was Catharine raised to the Russian throne, a stranger, a foreigner, without a vestige of right or title save that of force. But detestable as were the means by which she gained the sceptre, it is nevertheless undoubted that she afterwards displayed an admirable capacity for ruling, and that her reign was brilliant, and fortunate for her new country. In her earliest intercourse with foreign nations, she assumed a haughtiness

and superiority, which her vast power and uninterrupted good fortune permitted her ever after to maintain. The peace Peter III. had made with Prussia she confirmed, but it was in such a manner that she seemed to pardon the transgressions of Frederick rather than to negotiate with an equal. But Poland was the country where she made her will most imperiously felt. The death of Augustus III., king of Poland, in 1763, left that throne vacant. The diet was summoned to elect a monarch, but its decision was not intended by Catherine to be free. Her armies marched to Warsaw, and her ambassador ordered the diet to elect Poniatosky, who had been favourably known to the empress when she was grand-duchess. No person could be more distasteful to the Poles, since his birth was far beneath that of many of the nobility. A demonstration was made to Catherine, that Stanislaus Poniatosky was unfit for the throne of Poland, since his grandfather had been intendant of a little estate belonging to the Princes Lubomirsky. "Though he had been so himself," replied she, "I would have him to be king, and king he shall be!" The Poles found it expedient to submit to so truly autocratic a declaration, and her choice was confirmed.

But in spite of the impression her government made abroad, she felt her throne insecure at home. The rage of the soldiers against Peter was appeased by his dethronement, but his assassination excited the sympathy not only of their rough hearts, but of the whole population. The clergy became even more exasperated against Catharine than they had been against Peter; for, now that her purpose of exciting odium against the late Czar, on account of the adjustment of church property, was served, she knew too well that the measure was of advantage to the empire to rescind the regulation. She answered the clergy with a rare assurance, that respect for her late husband prevented

THE LEGEND OF

Gay, gorgeous time: when courtly chivalry
 Like the bright colours of the falling year
 That bid the scene with fruitless lustre glow,
 Trick'd out in its fantastic pageantry
 The follies and the vices of the world,
 There were some hearts that in their freshness bloom'd
 Unscath'd amid thy blandishments, or caught
 A mellowed lustre from thy transient glare.
 Of these Bernardo was; in childhood's day
 He worship'd war, but only when its ranks
 Marshalled in unattainted splendour, passed
 Before him from the court; when eager tongues
 By hundreds shouted forth the name he bore
 Exulting in its glory, when his sire
 Clad in his glittering armour rein'd the steed
 Bernardo panted to bestride, and hailed
 With all a father's pride, the rehemence
 'That almost wept for fame. O then the helm
 Seem'd to him honour's crown. Alas! too soon
 The vision was dispelled; the leaguer'd fort,
 The hurried flight and hot pursuit, he saw
 And heeded not, these might be for the right—
 But there were direr mysteries to chill
 His youthful blood. Within the donjon's depths
 He had seen captives, beings who had learned
 To count each moment by its pang, to watch
 For their own sighs as the sole evidence
 That spoke to them of life; had known them sink
 Unheeded to a grave not colder than
 Their dungeon, by a path too horrible
 To be betrayed; had wept, had prayed for them
 In vain, and rushing from the dreadful scene
 Too oft repeated, fled to the wild glen,

ST. BERNARD.

The pathless forest, and the Alpine height,
 To escape the pestilential breath of war,
 And shake off in unsullied solitude
 The loathsome sense of guilt and misery.
 There flow'd his bitter tears, without a hand
 To dry them, or a human eye to drop
 Its need of sympathy: nature became
 His friend, his deity; he worshipped her
 With his whole being, learned to trust himself—
 To argue with the world against its crimes,
 So out of harmony with heav'n, and shunn'd
 His martial home for the lone hermitage
 Where knowledge op'd for him her varied path.
 And piety her early handmaid, lent
 Sure guidance through its mazes, leading him
 Tow'rd its fair ending—immortality.
 Bernard was happy—coveted no change—
 But his proud sire, impatient lest his heir
 Should to renown be lost, by a soft lure
 Won back the ardent stripling; then it was
 He first beheld Valensa, tasted first
 A joy by repetition made more sweet,
 That cloyed not on the appetite, but drew
 All hopes, all wishes 'neath its influence,
 And bathed them in its atmosphere of bliss
 Till life itself became a cloudless heav'n.
 But time grew ripe for action—war broke in
 With stirring voice upon his love. His sire
 Ere yet the maiden was his bride, decreed
 His first emprise to scale his native Alps
 With secret band against an ancient foe,
 Whose castle overhung Helvetia's vales,

WILLIAM PITT.

Lord North and his friends were at length compelled to resign; but Pitt, as he was not offered a seat in the cabinet, declined taking office under Lord Rockingham, who succeeded to the premiership. On the 22d of May, 1782, he made an unsuccessful motion for a committee to enquire into the state of the representative system. On this occasion he spoke to the following import:—

"The representation of the commons in parliament," he observed, "was a matter so truly interesting, that it had at all times excited the admiration of men the most enlightened; while the defects found in it had given them reason to apprehend the most alarming consequences. That it had lately undergone material alterations, by which the commons' house of parliament had received an improper and dangerous bias, he believed it would be idle for him to attempt to prove. That beautiful frame of government, which had made us the envy and admiration of mankind, and in which the people were entitled to hold so distinguished a share, was so far dwindled and departed from its original purity, that the representatives ceased in a great degree to be connected with the people. It was not his intention to enter into any enquiry respecting the proper mode of reform, or to consider what would most completely tally and square with the original frame of the constitution: this he left to a committee; but still he felt it his duty to state some facts and circumstances which, in his opinion, made this object of reform essentially necessary. He believed, indeed, that there was no member of that house who would not acknowledge that the representation was incomplete. It was perfectly understood that there were some of the boroughs under the influence of the treasury, and others totally possessed by them. It was manifest that such boroughs had not one quality of representation in them. They had no share or concern in the general interests of the country; and they had in fact no stake for which to appoint guardians in the popular assembly. The influence of the treasury in some boroughs was also contested, not by the electors of those boroughs, but by some powerful man, who assumed or pretended to an hereditary property in what ought only to be the rights and privileges of the electors. There were other boroughs, which had now in fact no actual existence but in the return of members to that house. They had no existence in property, in population, in trade, or in weight of any kind. Another set of boroughs and towns claimed to themselves the right of bringing their votes to market. They had no other market, no other property, and no other stake in the country, than the property and price which they procured for their votes. Such boroughs were the most dangerous of all others. So far from consulting the interests of their country in the choice which they made, they held out their borough to the best purchaser; and in fact some of them belonged more to

the nabob of Arcot, than they did to the people of England. They were towns and boroughs more within the jurisdiction of the Carnatic, than the limits of the empire of Great Britain; and it was a fact pretty well known, and generally understood, that the nabob of the Carnatic had no less than seven or eight members in that house. There was no man in that house who possessed more reverence for the constitution, and more respect even for its vestiges, than himself. But he was afraid that the reverence and enthusiasm which Englishmen entertained for the constitution would, if not suddenly prevented, be the means of destroying it; for, such was their enthusiasm, that they would not even remove its defects, for fear of touching its beauty. But so great was his reverence for the beauties of that constitution, that he wished to remove those defects, as he clearly perceived that they were defects which altered the radical principles of the constitution. That a reform of the present parliamentary representation was indispensably necessary, was the sentiment of some of the first and greatest characters in the kingdom; and he should also observe that he well knew it to be the sentiment of his much honoured father, the late earl of Chatham, who was firmly of opinion that a reform of the representation was absolutely requisite for the security of the liberties of the people of this country." He concluded with moving "that a committee should be appointed to inquire into the state of the representation in parliament, and to report to the house their observations thereon." This proposition was seconded by Alderman Sawbridge, and supported by Sir George Saville. Mr. Fox, although then a minister, spoke in favor of reform; and instanced the county of Middlesex, which, he said, was so little represented, that although it contained one-eighth part of the whole number of the electors of Great Britain,—although it paid one-sixth part of the land-tax, and a full third of all other taxes,—yet it had not more than a fifty-fifth part of its representation. The motion, however, on a division, was rejected; but the majority was small, for it only consisted of 40, the numbers being 161 to 121.

When Lord Shelburne became premier, Pitt—then only twenty-three years of age—was called to the office of chancellor of the exchequer; and when, in the course of a few months, the Coalition drove his lordship from office, the premiership itself was offered by the king to the youthful chancellor, but declined. Bishop Tomline praises this act, and regards it "as sufficient to refute the charge of inordinate ambition which has been sometimes urged against Mr. Pitt;" but it may fairly be asked whether this act was not one quite as much of mere prudence as self-denial? What chance could he and his party have had at this juncture, in resisting a coalition so powerful and indefatigable as that which had just prevailed against Shelburne,—a coalition too against which—

SHERIDAN.

While on the verge of manhood, Sheridan conceived a passion for Miss Linley, the famed 'Maid of Bath,' who "appears to have spread her gentle conquests to an extent almost unparalleled in the annals of beauty." He had numerous rivals, and amongst others his elder brother, Charles, and his earliest and most intimate friend, Halhed, then studying at Oxford; but he soon triumphed over them all, and appears to have been privately married to Miss Linley in France, in the month of March, 1772, though the young couple were re-married in England, in April, 1773.

Sheridan now entered his name on the books of the Middle Temple, but he was altogether unfit for a profession demanding such close and strenuous attention as that of law. He made a little by writing for the newspapers, a labour in which his wife cheerfully and ably assisted him; but the main dependance of the young couple was the interest of £3000, which a Mr. Long, who was one of Miss Linley's rejected suitors, had generously settled upon her. During this period, the happiest in their lives, the young couple lived in retirement at East Burham.

On the 17th of January, 1775, Sheridan's powers as a dramatic writer were proved by the bringing out of his first comedy, 'The Rivals,' at Covent Garden. Its success was decisive; and was followed up by the opera of 'The Duenna,' which took a run unparalleled in the annals of the drama, having been acted no less than seventy-five times in one season. Soon after this, Sheridan became proprietor of Garrick's moiety of the patent of Drury Lane. Mr. Moore is unable to explain how or where the young dramatist got the money necessary to effect this purpose; he managed however to procure it, and place himself in the situation of patentee and manager of that expensive establishment. In 1777 he placed his fame as a dramatic writer on its highest pinnacle, by the production of 'The School for Scandal.' "It would be something of the latest," says the Edinburgh reviewer of Mr. Moore's biography, "to engage now in a critique on 'The Rivals,' or 'The School for Scandal'; and it would be useless. The public and general judgment is right; both in the very high rank it has assigned to these pieces, and in the exceptions with which it has qualified its praise. They are all over sparkling with wit, and alive with character; and nothing, so much better in its substance than the real conversation of polite society, ever came so near it in manner. But there is too much merely ornamental dialogue, and with some very fine theatrical situations, too much intermission in the action and business of the play; and, above all, there is too little real warmth of feeling, and too few indications of noble or serious passion thoroughly to satisfy the wants of English readers and spectators—even in comedy. Their wit is the best of them; and we do not mean to deny that it is both genuine and abundant. But it is fashioned too much after one pattern; and resolved too often into studied comparisons, and ludicrous and ingenious similes. There is a degree of monotony in this; and its very

condensation gives it something of a quaint, elaborate, and ostentatious air. The good things are all detached and finished, and independent, each in itself; and, accordingly, they do not inform the style with a diffusive splendour, such as the sun sheds on a fine landscape, but sparkle in their separate spheres, more in the manner of nightly illuminations in a luxurious city. It is but a forked and jagged lightning, compared to the broad flashes of Shakespeare, that kindle the whole horizon with their wide and continuous blaze! It is not fair, perhaps, to name that mighty name, in estimating the merits of any other writer? But, since it is done, it may serve still farther to illustrate what we mean, if we add, that, where Sheridan resembles him at all in his wit and humour, it is rather in the ostentations and determined pleasantries of such personages as Mercutio or Benedict, than in the rich and redundant inventions of Falstaff, the light-hearted gaiety of Rosalind, the jollity of Sir Foby, or the inexhaustible humours and fancies of his clowns, furies, fools, constables, serving men, and justices. What a variety! what force, what facility, and how little depending upon point, epigram, or terseness of any expression!"

'The School for Scandal' was speedily followed by another successful comedy, entitled 'The Critic.' But politics, not literature, was the great business of Sheridan's life, and to this sphere of action we must now turn our attention.

His first appearance before the public as a political character, was in conjunction with Mr. Fox at the beginning of the year 1780, when the famous resolutions on the state of the representation, signed by Fox as chairman of the Westminster committee, together with a report on the same subject from the sub-committee, signed by Sheridan, were laid before the public. Previous to this, however, Sheridan had written numerous political articles and pamphlets on the whig side; and had got into habits of intimacy with the leaders of that party. By means of Mr., subsequently Lord John Townshend, he became acquainted with Fox. "I made the first dinner party," says his lordship, "at which they met; having told Fox that all the notions he might have conceived of Sheridan's talent and genius, from the comedy of 'The Rivals,' &c. would fall infinitely short of the admiration of his astonishing powers, which, I was sure, he would entertain at the first interview. The first interview between them (there were very few present, only Tickell and myself, and one or two more) I shall never forget. Fox told me, after breaking up from dinner, that he had always thought Ware, after my uncle, Charles Townshend, the wittiest man he had ever met with, but that Sheridan surpassed them both infinitely." Sheridan's admiration of Fox was equally great; and the congeniality of their minds soon produced a close friendship. With Windham he had been previously intimate; and his acquaintance with Burke speedily followed. The latter, however, appears to have always regarded Sheridan with an eye of mistrust.

BRIDE OF ABYDOS.

Her graceful arms in meekness bending
Across her gently-budding breast ;
At one kind word those arms extending
To clasp the neck of him who blest
His child caressing and caress
Zuleika came—and Giassir felt
His purpose half within him melt ;
Not that against her fancied weal
His heart though stern could ever feel ;
Affection chain'd her to that heart ;
Ambition tore the links apart.

"Zuleika ! child of gentleness !
How dear this very day must tell,
When I forget my own distress,
In losing what I love so well,
To bid thee with another dwell :
Another ! and a braver man
Was never seen in battle's van.
We Moslems reck not much of blood ;
But yet the line of Carasman
Unchanged, unchangeable hath stood
First of the bold Timariot bands
That won and well can keep their lands.
Enough that he who comes to woo
Is kinsman of the Bey Ogloa :
His years need scarce a thought employ ;
I would not have thee wed a boy.
And thou shalt have a noble dower :
And his and my united power
Will laugh to scorn the death-ferman.
Which others tremble but to scan,
And teach the messenger what fate
The bearer of such boon may wait.
And now thou know'st thy father's will :
All that thy sex hath need to know :
'Twas mine to teach obedience still—
The way to love, thy lord may show."

In silence bow'd the virgin's head ;
And if her eye was filled with tears
That stifled feeling dare not shed.
And changed her cheek from pale to red.
And red to pale, as through her ears
Those winged words like arrows sped,
What could such be but maiden's fears ?
So bright the tear in Beauty's eye,
Love half regrets to kiss it dry ;
So sweet the blush of Bashfulness,
Even Pity scarce can wish it less !
White or it was the sire forgot ;
Or if remember'd, mark'd it not ;
Thrice clapp'd his hands and call'd his steed,
Resign'd his gem-adorn'd chiboque,
And mounting featly for the mead,
With Maugraber and Mamaluke,
His way amid his Delis took,
To witness many an active deed
With sabre keen, or blunt jerreed.
The Kislar only and his Moors
Watch well the Harum's massy doors.

His head was leant upon his hand,
His eye look'd o'er the dark blue water
That swiftly glides and gently swells
Between the winding Dardanelles ;
But yet he saw nor sea nor strand,
Nor even his Pacha's turban'd band
Mix in the game of mimic slaughter,

Careering cleave the folding sail
With sabre stroke right sharply dealt ;
Nor mark'd the javelin-darting crowd,
Nor heard their Ollabs wild and loud—
He thought but of old Giassir's daughter !

No word from Selim's bosom broke ;
One sigh Zuleika's thought bespoke :
Still gazed he through the lattice grate,
Pale, mute, and mournfully sedate.
To him Zuleika's eye was turn'd,
But little from his aspect learn'd :
Equal her grief, yet not the same ;
Her heart confess'd a gentler flame :
But yet that heart alarm'd or weak,
She knew not why, forbade to speak.
Yet speak she must—but when essay ?
"How strange he thus should turn away !
Not thus we e'er before have met ;
Not thus shall be our parting yet."
Thrice pass'd she slowly through the room,
And watch'd his eye—it still was fix'd ;
She snatch'd the urn wherein was mix'd
The Persian Atar-gul's perfume,
And sprinkled all its odours o'er
The pictured roof and marble floor :
The drops, that through his glittering vest
The playful girl's appeal address'd,
Unheeded o'er his bosom flew,
As if that breast were marble too.
"What, sullen yet ? it must not be—
Oh ! gentle Selim, this from thee !"
She saw in curious order set
The fairest flowers of eastern land—
"He lov'd them once ; may touch them yet,
If offered by Zuleika's hand."
The childish thought was hardly breathed
Before the Rose was pluck'd and wreathed ;
The next fond moment saw her seat
Her fairy form at Selim's feet :
"This rose to calm my brother's cares
A message from the Bulbul bears ;
It says to-night he will prolong
For Selim's ear his sweetest song ;
And though his note is somewhat sad,
He'll try for once a strain more glad,
With some faint hope his altered lay
May sing these gloomy thoughts away.

"What ! not receive my foolish flower ?
Nay then I am indeed unblest :
On me can thus thy forehead lower ?
And know'st thou not who loves thee best ?
Oh, Selim dear ! oh, more than dearest !
Say, is it me thou hat'st or fearest ?
Come, lay thy head upon my breast,
And I will kiss thee into rest,
Since words of mine, and songs must fail,
Ev'n from my fabled nightingale.
I knew our sire at times was stern,
But this from thee had yet to learn :
Too well I know he loves thee not ;
But is Zuleika's love forgot ?
Ah ! deem I right ? the Pacha's plan—
This kinsman Bey of Carasman
Perhaps may be some foe of thine.
If so, I swear by Mecca's shrine,
If shrines that ne'er approach allow
To woman's step, admit her vow,

Mr Courtauld himself a sturdier man and still preserving his rosy hues and comely features, though certainly not the same hibernian expression, which latter had attributed to him, set in a large chair, close by the velvet window, while Walter, who rose and shook Walter by the hand with great cordiality.

"Sir, I am delighted to see you! How is your worthy wife?"

"I only wish he were with you—you due with me at course Thomas, tell the cook to add a tongue and chicken to the roast beef—no, young gentleman, I will have no excuse, sit down, sit down, pray come near the window, do you not find it dreadfully close?—not a breath of air? This house is so choked up, do you not find it so, eh? Ah, I see, you can scarcely gasp."

"My dear sir, you are mistaken, I am rather cold, on the contrary, nor did I ever in my life see a more airy house than yours."

"I try to make it so, sir, but I can't succeed, if you had seen what it was when I first bought it, a garden here, sir, a copse there, a wilderness, God wot! at the back, and a row of chestnut trees in the front! You may perceive the consequence, sir, I had not been long here, not two years, before my health was gone, sir, gone—the day vegetable life melted it out of me. The trees kept away all the air—I was nearly suffocated, without, at first, guessing the cause. But at length, though not till I had been withering away for five years, I discovered the origin of my misery. I went to work, sir, I plucked up the cursed garden, I cut down the infernal chestnuts I made a bowling-green of the diabolical wilderness, but I fear it is too late. I am dying by inches,—have been dying ever since! The mists have effectively tangled my constitution."

Here Mr Courtauld heaved a deep sigh, and shook his head with a most gloomy expression of countenance.

"Indeed, sir," said Walter, "I should not to look at you, imagine that you suffered under any complaint. You even tell the secret picture of health, that my uncle describes you to have been when you were but a young man."

"Yes, sir, yes, the celebrated medicine fixed the colour to my cheeks, the blood purged, sir. Would to God I could see myself again!—the blood does not flow, I am like a fountain of stagnant water, with a willow at each corner, but I never see my complexion. You see, sir, I am so hypochondriac, as my food of a dinner wants to persuade me, a hypochondriac stands in at every breath of air, trembles when a door is open, and looks upon a window as the window of death. But I, sir, never put these things in my mind, or even think of them, I am too busy to do that. Is that like hypochondriac?—I have a thing tell me, young gentleman, about your wife?—is she quite well?—oh,—oh,—oh, does she breathe easily, she is so stout,—oh,—oh,—oh, Sir, he says, everything good health; he said James had

self with the hope that I should give him good tidings of yourself, and another of his old friends, whom I accidentally saw yesterday.—Sir Peter Hales."

"Hales, Peter Hales! ah! a better little fellow that how delighted Lester's good heart will be to hear that little Peter is so improved.—no longer a dissolute, hibernian fellow, throwing away his money, and always in debt. No, no, a respectable steady character, an excellent manager, an active member of parliament, domestic in private life,—oh! a very worthy man, sir, a very worthy man!"

He seems altered indeed, sir," said Walter, who was young enough in the world to be surprised at this eulogy, "but is still agreeable and fond of anecdote. He told me of his race with you for a thousand guineas."

"Ah, don't talk of these days," said Mr Courtauld, shaking his head pensively, "it makes me melancholy. Yes, Peter ought to recollect that, for he has never paid me to this day, affected to treat it as a jest, and swore he could have lost me if he would. But indeed it was my fault, sir, Peter had not upon a slovenly feeling in the world, and when he grew rich, he became a slightly character, and I did not like to remind him of our former failure. Ah! can I offer you a pinch of snuff?"

"You look nervous, sir, anxiety thus soon upon affect you, though you are too polite to say so. Pray open that door, and fetch this snuffbox, and put your chair right between the two, then have we nothing to say to the world?"

Walter partly heaved the profound sigh, and thinking he had now given sufficient evidence in the magnificence of the snuffbox, which was a sign of the subject he had just alluded to, he turned to speak to his father.

"I have, indeed, sir," said Mr Courtauld, "something that once belonged to my poor father, but he showed the whip." "I find some the snuffbox of whom I thought is that the owner was at your house some twelve or thirteen years ago. I do not know whether you are aware that our family have heard nothing respecting my father's fate for a considerably longer time than that which has elapsed since you appear to have seen him, it at least, I may hope that he was your guest, and the owner of this whip, and my new, you can give me of him, any clue by which he can possibly be traced would be to us all—to me in particular—an inestimable obligation."

"Your father?" said Mr Courtauld. "Oh—oh, your uncle's brother. What was his Christian name?"—Henry."

"Ah, exactly, Geoffrey! What not been heard of?—his family do not know where he is? A sad thing, sir, but he was always a wild fellow, now here, now there, like a leaf of agitating. But it is true, it is true, he did say a day here, several years ago, when I first bought the place. I can tell you all about it, but you seem agitated,—the same master the window

Forgets her being's godlike power
To shine the wonder of an hour.
Oft had I sigh'd to think that thou,
An angel fair, couldst stoop so low;
And as with light and airy pride,
'Mid worldly souls I saw thee glide,
Wasting those smiles that love with tears
Might live on all his blessed years,
Regret rose from thy causeless mirth,
That Heaven could thus be stain'd by Earth.

O vain regret! I should have known,
Thy soul was strung to loftier tone;
That wisdom bade thee joyful range
Through worldly paths thou couldst not change,
And look with glad and sparkling eye
Even on life's cureless vanity.
—But now, thy being's inmost blood
Felt the deep power of solitude:
From Heaven a sudden glory broke;
And all thy angel soul awoke.
I hail'd the impulse from above,
And friendship was sublimed to love.
Fair are the vales that peaceful sleep,
'Mid mountain-silence lone and deep,
Sweet narrow lines of fertile earth,
'Mid frowns of horror, smiles of mirth!
Fair too the fix'd and floating cloud,
The light obscure by eve bestowed,
The sky's blue stillness, and the breast
Of lakes, with all that stillness blest.
But dearer to my heart and eye,
Than valley, mountain, lake, or sky,
One Nameless Stream, whose happy flow
Blue as the heavens, or white as snow,
And gently-swelling sylvan side
By Mary's presence beautified,
Tell ever of expected years,
The wish that sighs, the bliss that fears,
Till taught at last no more to roam,
I worship the bright Star of Home.

ON THE DEATH OF AN INFANT.

ERE Margaret was three months old,
Her Father laid her in the mould!
Poor Babe! her fleeting visit here
Was mark'd by many a sigh and tear,
And sudden starts of unknown pain
Oft seem'd to shake her little brain!
Scarcely unto her ear was known
A yearning Mother's gentle tone;
She could not by her smiles repay
The sleepless night, the anxious day;
And yet, at times, her eyes would rest
With gladness on that Mother's breast,
And sinking, with a murmur there,
Like a hush'd stir of vernal air,
We saw her little bosom move
Blest by the genial fount of Love!

Gently the stroke of death did come,
And sent her to a heavenly home;
Ev'n like the wild harp's transient strain,
She slept—and never woke again!
And now, beneath her spotless shroud,
Like a pale star behind a cloud,
Or a young Flower that dies in May,
Chill'd by hoar-frost—the Baby lay.
Ah, me! it was a sad delight,
Through the dim stillness of the night,
While grief the glimmering air possess'd,
To mark her little bed of rest:

The sweet Child bore no looks of death,
She seem'd alive, though 'rest of breath;
Her lips retained their sunny glow,
But her cold cheek was pale as snow!
While thus she lay, no painful trace
Broke the fair silence of her face;
But something like a smile did play
Over the dead insensate clay,
As if a happy dream had shed
A halo round that guiltless head.

At morning light we took our way,
To drop the dear Babe in the clay.
No mourners nigh that corse attend,
Save Father—Servant—Neighbour—Friend;
For none but real weepers gave
A blessing to mine infant's grave.
The vernal noon was soft and mild,
Meet for the funeral of a child.
Round the small grave the sunbeams stole,
Pure as the infant's sainted soul!
And th' opening heavens appear'd to shed
A loving lustre o'er the dead.
The fair unfolding buds of Spring
Sustain'd our quiet sorrowing;
For wide o'er the rejoicing Earth
Wild flowers were springing in their mirth,
Of many a bright and heavenly dye,
Emblems of sinless infancy.
Oh! fairer, sweeter far than they,
My Flower now dropt into the clay!
Shut by the sod roof, smooth and even,
Her blossoms from the dews of heaven!

When evening came, the silent hearth,
Two nights before alive with mirth,
With dim and languid lustre shone,
As if it knew our babe was gone.
At once our spirits felt beguiled
Of grief—we spake not of our child—
Yet every word we softly said,
Told that our thoughts were with the dead.
I look'd into the Mother's face,
And a calm smile had taken place
Of tears, by Jesu's self approved!
Our only Child, so much beloved,
Had left us for a cradle blest
Beyond a mortal mother's breast.—
We knew—we felt that God was kind—
What awful bliss to be resigned!

And is our Home a silent cell
Moved only by the passing-bell,
That on that May-day morning clear
All our kind Village wept to hear?
No—it is filled from morn till night
With smiles, shouts, dances of delight.
And songs of nature's bursting gloom,
And wild Elves' mimic minstrelsy:
And rosy cheeks are sparkling there,
And orbs glide by of golden hair;
And with arms wreathed in loving ring,
While Innocence is dallying
With that bright shape—her brother Joy!
—Who gave them may again destroy—
But dance along ye blithesome crew,
And I will join the pastime too;
For whether on Life's mystic Tree
Fair Blossoms shine resplendently,
Or one chill blast of passing air
Hath swept its broken branches bare,
The tempests blow—the sunbeams shine,
Alike, from Mercy's awful Shrine.

Mr Southey's prose style can scarcely be too much praised. It is plain, clear, pointed, familiar, perfectly modern in its texture, but with a grave and sparkling admixture of archaisms in its ornaments and phraseology. He is the best and most natural prose writer of any part of the day. The manner is perhaps superior to the matter, that is, in his Essays and Reviews. There is rather a want of originality and even of impetus, but there is no want of playful or biting satire, of ingenuity, of casuistry, of learning, and of information. He is full of wise saws and modern (as well as ancient) instances. Mr Southey may not always convince his opponents, but he seldom fails to stagger, never to gull them. In a word we may describe his style by saying, that he has not the body or thickness of port wine, but is like clear sherry, with kernels of old authors thrown into it. He also excels as an historian and prose translator. His histories abound in information and exhibit proofs of the most indefatigable patience and industry. By no uncommon process of the mind Mr Southey seems willing to steady the extreme levity of his opinions and feelings by an appeal to facts. His translations of the Spanish and French romances are also executed with uncommon and with the literary care and fidelity of a mere linguist. That of the *Cid*, in particular is a master-piece. Not a word could be offered for the better, in the old style which it adopts in conformity to the original. It is no less interesting in itself, or as a record of high and chivalrous feelings and manners, than it is worthy of perusal as a literary curiosity. Mr Southey's conversation has a little resemblance to a commonplace book, his habitual deportment to a piece of clock work. He is not remarkable either as a reasoner or as an observer, but he is quick unaffected replete with anecdote, various and retentive in his reading, and extremely happy in his play upon words, as most scholars are who give their minds this sportive turn. We have chiefly seen Mr Southey in society where few people appear to advantage we mean in that of Mr Coleridge. He has not certainly the same range of speculation, nor the same flow of sounding words, but he makes up by the details of knowledge, and by a scrupulous correctness of statement, for what he wants in originality of thought or impetuous declamation. The tones of Mr Coleridge's voice are eloquence, those of Mr Southey are meagre shrill and dry. Mr Coleridge's forte is conversation, and he is conscious of this. Mr Southey evidently considers writing as his strong hold and if gravelled in an argument, refers to something he has written on the subject, or brings out his portfolio doubled down in dog-eared in confirmation of some fact.

He is scholastic and professional in his ideas. He sets more value on what he writes than on what he says. He is perhaps prouder of his library than of his own productions—themselves a library! He is more simple in his manners than his friend Mr Coleridge, but at the same time less cordial

or concluding. He is less vain, or has less hope of pleasing, and therefore lays himself less out to please. There is an air of condescension in his civility. With a tall loose figure, a peaked austerity of countenance, and no inclination to imbonpoint, you would say he was something puritanical, sometimes ascetic in his appearance. He answers to Mandeville's description of Addison, 'a person in astle-wig'. He is not a boom companion, nor does he indulge in the pleasures of the table, nor in any other vice, nor are we aware that Mr Southey is chargeable with any human frailty but want of charity! Having fewer errors to plead guilty to, he is less lenient to those of others. He was born an age too late. Had he lived a century or two ago, he would have been a happy as well as blameless character. But the distraction of the time has unsettled him and the multiplicity of his pretensions have jostled with each other. No man in our day (at least no man of genius) has led so uniformly and entirely the life of a scholar from boyhood to the present hour, devoting himself to learning with the enthusiasm of an early love, with the sincerity and constancy of a religious vow, and well would it have been for him if he had confined himself to this, and not undertaken to pull down or to patch up the State! However irregular in his opinions, Mr Southey is constant unremitting, mechanical in his studies, and in the performance of his duties. There is nothing Pindaric or Shandean here. In all the relations and charities of private life, he is correct, exemplary, generous just. We never heard a single unpropriety laid to his charge, and if he has many enemies, few men can boast more numerous and stauncher friends.

The variety and piquancy of his writings form a striking contrast to the mode in which they are produced. He rises early, and writes or reads till near breakfast time. He writes or reads after breakfast till dinner, after dinner till tea, and from tea till bedtime. Study serves him for business, exercise, recreation. He passes from verse to prose, from history to poetry, from reading to writing by a stop-watch. He writes a fair hand, without blot, sitting upright in his chair leaves off when he comes to the bottom of the page, and changes the subject for another, as opposite as the antipodes. His mind is, after all, rather the recipient and transmitter of knowledge than the originator of it. He has hardly grasp of thought enough to arrive at any great leading truth. His passions do not amount to more than irritability. With some gall in his pen, and coldness in his manner, he has a great deal of kindness in his heart. Rash in his opinions, he is steady in his attachments—and is a man in many particulars admirable, in all respectable his political inconsistency alone excepted.

Such is the homage that even a political as well as a critical opponent of Robert Southey found himself constrained to pay to his exemplary and irreproachable private character—to his good and guileless heart.

The inveteracy with which Lord Byron

Among these more propitious fluctuations in the tide of affairs, one, at about the age of forty, a sudden marriage with a young lady of what might be termed (for Geoffrey Lester's rank of life, and the equivoal expenses of that day) a very competent and respectable fortune. Unfortunately, however, the lady was neither handsome in feature nor gentle in temper; and, after a few years of quarrel and contest, the faithless husband, one bright morning, having collected in his proper person whatever remained of their fortune, absconded from the conjugal hearth without either warning or farewell. He left nothing to his wife but his house, his debts, and his only child, a son. From that time to the present, little had been known, though much had been conjectured, concerning the desertion. For the first few years they traced, however, so far of his fate as to learn that he had been seen once in India; and that previously he had been met in England under the disguise of assumed names: a proof that whatever his occupations, they could scarcely be very respectable. But, of late, nothing whatsoever relating to the wanderer had transpired. By some he was imagined dead; by most he was forgotten. Those more immediately connected with him—his brother in especial—cherished a secret belief, that wherever Geoffrey Lester should chance to alight, the manner of alighting would (to use the significant and homely metaphor) be always on his legs; and, coupling the wonted luck of the scapegrace with the fact of his having been seen in India, Rowland, in his heart, not only hoped, but fully expected, that the lost one would, some day, other, return home laden with the spoils of the East, and eager to shower upon his relatives, in recompense of long desertion,—

"With richest hand—barbaric pearl and gold."

But we must return to the forsaken spouse.—Left in this abrupt destitution and distress, Mrs. Lester had only the resource of applying to her brother-in-law, whom indeed the fugitive had before seized many opportunities of not leaving wholly unprepared for such an application. Rowland promptly and generously obeyed the summons; he took the child and the wife to his own home,—he freed the latter from the persecutions of all legal claimants,—and after selling such effects as remained, he devoted the whole proceeds to the forsaken family without regarding his own expenses on their behalf, ill as he was able to afford the luxury of that self-neglect. The wife did not long need the asylum of his hearth,—she, poor

ly, died of a slow fever, produced by irritation and disappointment, a few months after Geoffrey's desertion. She had no need to recommend her child to his kind-hearted uncle's care. And now we must glance over the elder brother's domestic fortunes.

In Rowland, the wild dispositions of his brother were so far tamed, that they assumed the character only of a buoyant temper and gay spirit. He had strong principles as well as warm feelings, and a fine and resolute sense of honour utterly impervious to attack. It was impossible to be in his company an hour and not see that he was a man to be respected. It was equally impossible to live with him a week and not see that he was a man to be beloved. He also had married, and about a year after that era in the life of his brother, but not for the same advantage of fortune. He had formed an attachment to the portionless daughter of a man in his own neighbourhood and of his own rank. He wooed and won her, and for a few years he enjoyed the greatest happiness which the world is capable of bestowing—the society and the love of one in whom we could wish for no change, and beyond whom we have no desire. But what Evil cannot corrupt, Fate seldom spares. A few months after the birth of a second daughter the young wife of Rowland Lester died. It was to a widowed hearth that the wife and child of his brother came for shelter. Rowland was a man of an affectionate and warm heart: if the blow did not crush, at least it changed him. Naturally of a cheerful and ardent disposition, his mood now became soberised and sedate. He shrunk from the rural gaieties and companionship he had before courted and cultivated, and, for the first time in his life, the mourner felt the hollowness of solitude. As his nephew and his motherless daughters grew up, they gave an object to his seclusion, and a relief to his reflections. He found a pure and unflinching delight in watching the growth of their young minds, and guiding their differing dispositions; and, as time at length enabled them to return his affection, and appreciate his cares, he became once more sensible that he had a HOME.

The elder of his daughters, Madeline, at the time our story opens, had attained the age of eighteen. She was the beauty and boast of the whole country. Above the ordinary height, her figure was richly and exquisitely formed. So translucently pure and soft was her complexion, that it might have secured the token of delicate health, but for the dewy and exceeding redness of her lips, and the freshness of teeth whiter than pearls

TESTS OF MADNESS.

In lunacy, considered as a branch of medical jurisprudence, the first and most important article of discussion—as in all similar subjects of inquiry—concerns classification. A perfect classification implies a degree of knowledge and comprehension of a subject, already attained, that leaves comparatively little to be acquired in other departments; nor, indeed, till a subject is sifted to the bottom, and all its ramifications known and understood, can we be certain whether such classification is perfect or not. Classification is as difficult as it is important, and for the same reason; and this difficulty is in proportion to the ambiguousness of the objects endeavoured to be classed, and to their multiplicity. It is on the latter account that this branch of science, as it regards lunacy, appears to be so embarrassed, and embarrassing; and that, in spite of all modern medical philosophy has done for it—especially the French practitioners, who have paid the most particular and successful attention to the subject—it remains full of defects and improprieties. This would seem to arise in a great measure from the imperfection of language,—that fruitful source of error,—showing itself in an absurd nomenclature, at once redundant and defective. What can be thought of the perspicuity of those views which clothe themselves in a language including, amongst other terms of greater or less presumed distinction, madness, lunacy, insanity, unsoundness of mind, derangement, mental aberration, mental alienation, mental imbecility, mania, monomania, hallucination, phrensy, melancholia, delirium, dementia, amentia, idiotism, fatuity? The use of these and other terms, in senses for the most part arbitrary and inconsistent, has undoubtedly tended to perpetuate the confused notions in which they probably originated. If every species of insanity had its distinctive appellation, no doubt the existing vocabulary instead of being overloaded, would not be found full enough; but a mere bundle of words, not duly representing an equal number of ideas, is no auxiliary to science, but only an incumbrance and a perplexity. We have had a grave philological dispute the other day on the bench, in a case of this nature, where it was maintained by one learned brother that *insanity* was far insuener than *unsoundness*; by the other learned brother, that *unsoundness*, on the contrary, was considerably the madder of the two. Now, however preposterous such, or any distinction between *insanus* and *unsound* may appear to those who know that no two words in two languages ever more thoroughly corresponded one to the other, yet we believe some weighty difference is really recognized, not alone by Middlesex Magistrates, but by legal authorities on this subject; a difference that may influence the question, whether a poor man shall to the hospital or not. What the difference consists in, it evidently puzzles the big-wigs to say, since two of them flatly contradict one another about it in open court; and perhaps much unanimity can hardly be looked for in a matter where all opinions are gratuitous. "Lunacy" is now confessed by the physicians to be a word with a blunder in it; but the law—that last refuge for absurdity—protects it; and every now and then an inquest is held which might, for every purpose of legitimate meaning, be called, a "commission to inquire whether any, and what correspondence, is carried on with the moon by John So-and-so." Then some medical writers adopt the divisions *dementia* and *amentia*, and are at great pains to settle what constitutes the one and what constitutes the other; although there is nothing in the words themselves to justify the least practical distinction, and CICERO himself (for these are classical words, not apothecary's Latin) tells us

plainly that they both meant the same thing. "*Animi affectionem lumine mentis carentem nominaverunt amentiam eademque dementia.*" (The condition of a mind wanting the light of reason has been named *amentia* and the same has been named *dementia*.) All that the one or the other can express, is the general negation of mind or intellect, and that general sense cannot be narrowed to a peculiar one at the bidding of a medical writer. It is another singular instance of the anomalous, that *melancholy* should signify one thing, *melancholia* another; and this is not merely an impropriety in language, but it discovers one of the main dilemmas of the mad doctors, who cannot, after every effort, draw the line of demarcation between the sane and the insane, but still botch it over for want of a minuter insight into the nature of the disease. A man who, being surrounded with every possible comfort and happiness, conceives himself to be the most miserable creature on earth, may be allowed to be melancholy mad, perhaps; another man who merely gives way to low spirits, who is moderately "melancholy," on some slight, but still insufficient grounds, though he can hardly be deemed very reasonable, will assuredly not be voted mad. These are intervals of difference sufficiently large, however, for all to judge of; and although both the cases we have imagined present precisely the same phenomenon—that of melancholy indulged without sufficient cause—we see at once the necessity of admitting the madness in the one instance, and of rebutting it in the other. But let these two cases be gradually approximated; let the excess, which we have imagined on the one hand, be moderated, and the moderation on the other, be exceeded; let more sufficient causes supervene in the former case, and fewer be exhibited in the latter; the point will come at last where the reputed insanity must meet—but who will fix it?

Not to reason closely on this subject, is not to reason at all; for the subject itself is close and complicated, and will not yield one inch to the coarser appliances of argument—opening with difficulty to its sharpest edge. To complain of too much refining, therefore, is absurd, since, refine as we will, we never can make the subtlety of the argument equal to the subtlety of the matter. Even supposing that there is an actual point in the progress of *melancholia* at which the mind is transferred from the character of sanity to that of insanity,—that this point, for example, is either moral or physical, that it takes place either in the force and nature of the fatuitous impressions, or in a certain collapse, or other positive organic change, happening to the substance of the brain,—yet it were not possible to announce the moment when such change should take place. In innumerable cases, insanity is considered to have lain dormant for months, nay, for years, without having become indicated or even suspected, and the very reasons on which this belief is founded appear sufficient to annul all pretensions to certainty in regard to criteria. Yet, in this most critical darkness and dubiety, has the "stern necessity" of practical legislation forced us on the use of names, and on the things or actions which those names bespeak,—adopted in a sort of *despair betwixt law and metaphysics*, and certainly in many (in most?) cases neither realizing the just objects of the former nor expressing the latter's moral truths. At present you have only to add on a to melancholy and it means madness. "*Melancholia*" is the accusative case of "*melancholy*."

This is not a subject on which to enter at length in the columns of a newspaper, but one useful to recur to occasionally, and on which all classes of

COLONIZATION.

The South Australian system is founded on this main principle—that the public land of a colony should be disposed of, not by grant or gift, but by sale, and at such a price as to preclude emigrant labourers from becoming landowners until they have worked as hired labourers for some years. It is thus only, where land is, as one may say, naturally cheap, that, except by means of some kind of slavery, combination of labour and division of employment can ever be secured. This principle, which was generally deemed absurd ten years ago, is now acknowledged by every body, who knows anything of the subject, to be not less sound than important in its essential and incidental consequences. The most important of its incidental consequences is the creation of revenue from the sale of lands. This revenue being employed in defraying the cost of immigration, labourers are poured into the colony at the greatest possible rate; and a lower price suffices for the sole object of a price, than if this revenue were any otherwise employed. This is the second leading principle of the system.

Lord HOWICK imagines that he has adopted these principles in his Regulations for New South Wales. In order to undeceive him, as well as to explain his other differences with Mr. WARD, we shall now compare South Australia with other colonies.

In South Australia, no one can obtain a single acre except by purchase. In New South Wales and other colonies, land is still *granted* to officers of the Army and Navy. This exception from the rule necessarily interferes with the system, by rendering land cheaper than it would be if all had to pay, and is also grossly unjust towards those who are obliged to pay. It is a remnant of the old system of favouritism. To make some pay and let others take without paying, is to tax the payers for the benefit of the others. In South Australia, there is perfect equality for all as to the terms on which public land may be obtained. Lord HOWICK prefers the method of unjust exceptions in favour of a particular class.

In South Australia, the price is fixed and uniform; in all the other colonies, they sell by auction at an upset price. The difference is very important. Where the price is fixed and uniform, the rule is, "first come, first served," and every intending purchaser obtains without delay the land which he desires: whereas the plan of auction requires delay, (for there can be no competition without notice of the intended sale, and, what is far worse, the intending purchaser, at whose instance the land is put up for sale, may be deprived of the spot which he has carefully selected, by the competition of others, who, relying on his industry and judgment in selecting, overbid him at the auction, and steal the fruit of his exertions. Nor are the delay and injustice of the auction plan compensated by a single advantage. For what is the sole object of any price?—it is merely to prevent the too facile acquisition of land by labourers. And this is accomplished quite as effectually by a fixed and uniform price as by auction. But, says Lord HOWICK, "it is contrary to every principle

of justice and common sense to affix the same price to all land, however it may vary in fertility and natural advantages." The remark is dictated by a profound misconception of the principle of selling. Whilst that principle requires that the price of all land should be sufficient for the object in view, it also forbids that the price of any land should be more than sufficient for that object. The upset price, being that at which practically most of the land is sold, should be a sufficient price; then, why in any case take more by means of auction and competition? Suppose that some land is of inferior fertility or position; it will not be sold till the increase of population makes it worth purchasing. Lord HOWICK is thinking about auction in an old country, where the object is to attain the highest possible price. That is not the object in selling the public lands of a colony. Always enough, but never more than enough, is the true principle, which is most surely carried into effect by a fixed and uniform price. The price of public land in a colony is the standard which determines the period of the poor emigrant's service as a hired labourer. Lord HOWICK understands the subject so little, or rather so completely misunderstands it, as to insist on a *varying standard*! Does he know why the Mint price of gold is 3*l.* 17*s.* 10*d.* the ounce, whatever may be the demand for gold as a commodity, or the different prices that it would fetch at different times if sold by auction? South Australia is the only colony in which the principle of a standard price for new land is recognized—the only principle on which the imposition of any price can be defended. This is an immense advantage, over and above those of avoiding delay and preventing injustice to the intending buyer who has taken pains to select the land for which he is ready to pay.

The whole produce of the sales of land in South Australia, without any deduction whatsoever, forms an emigration-fund. As respects the other colonies, the revenue is used for all sorts of purposes at the pleasure of the Governors or the Colonial Office. The buyer in South Australia, therefore, enjoys another great advantage—that of having the whole of his purchase-money, and of all other purchasers, expended so as to give the greatest possible value to the land which he has bought. The buyers of land in New South Wales, on the contrary—some or all of their purchase-money being used for general purposes—are specially taxed for the general benefit. This is the same sort of unfairness as is involved in making some pay and giving to others. Lord HOWICK defends both these infractions of the South Australian principle. A comparison of the sales of land in the two colonies shows how much he is the enemy of New South Wales. The universal voice of that colony (the Governor alone excepted) demands that the entire land-revenue should be devoted to emigration.

The South Australian system is guaranteed by an act of Parliament. Lord HOWICK contends that no such security is required. He says that the system which he set on foot for New South Wales in 1831, has been constantly pursued. This is a mis-

XXV.

To sit on rocks, to muse o'er flood and fall,
To slowly trace the forest's shady scene,
Where things that own not man's dominion dwell,
And mortal foot hath ne'er, or rarely been;
To climb the trackless mountain all unseen,
With the wild flock that never needs a fold;
Alone o'er steeps and foaming falls to lean—
'This is not solitude; 't is but to hold
Converse with Nature's charms, and view her stores
unroll'd.

XXVI.

But 'midst the crowd, the hum, the shock of men,
To hear, to see, to feel, and to possess,
And roam along, the world's tired denizen,
With none who bless us, none whom we can bless;
Minions of splendour shrinking from distress!
None that, with kindred consciousness endued,
If we were not, would seem to smile the less
Of all that flatter'd, follow'd, sought, and sued;
This is to be alone; this, this is solitude!

XXVII.

More blest the life of godly hermit,
Such as on lonely Athos may be seen
Watching at eve upon the giant height,
Which looks o'er waves so blue, skies so serene,
That he who there at such an hour hath been
Will wistful linger on that hallow'd spot;
Then slowly tear him from the 'witching scene,
Sigh forth one wish that such had been his lot,
Then turn to hate a world he had almost forgot.

XXVIII.

Pass we the long, unvarying course, the track
Of trod, that never leaves a trace behind;
Pass we the calm, the gale, the change, the tack,
And each well-known caprice of wave and wind;
Pass we the joys and sorrows sailors find,
Coop'd in their winged sea-girt citadel;
The foul, the fair, the contrary, the kind,
As breezes rise and fall and billows swell,
Till on some jocund morn—lo, land! and all is well.

XXIX.

But not in silence pass Calypso's isles,
The sister tenants of the middle deep;
There for the weary still a haven smiles,
Though the fair goddess long hath ceased to weep,
And o'er her cliffs a fruitless watch to keep
For him who dared prefer a mortal bride:
Here, too, his boy essayed the dreadful leap
Stern Mentor urg'd from high to yonder tide;
While thus of both bereft, the nymph-queen doubly
sigh'd.

XXX.

Her reign is past, her gentle glories gone:
But trust not this; too easy youth, beware!
A mortal sovereign holds her dangerous throne,
And thou may'st find a new Calypso there.
Sweet Florence! could another ever share
This wayward, loveless heart, it would be thine:
But check'd by every tie, I may not dare
To cast a worthless offering at thy shrine,
Nor ask so dear a breast to feel one pang for mine.

XXXI.

Thus Harold deem'd, as on that lady's eye
He look'd, and met its beam without a thought,
Save admiration glancing harmless by:
Love kept aloof, albeit not far remote,
Who knew his votary often lost and caught,
But knew him as his worshipper no more,
And ne'er again the boy his bosom sought:
Since now he vainly urg'd him to adore,
Well deem'd the little god his ancient sway was o'er.

XXXII.

Fair Florence found, in sooth with smooth amaze,
One who, 't was said, still sigh'd to all he saw,
Withstand, unmoved, the lustre of her gaze,
Which others hail'd with real, or mimic awe,
Their hope, their doom, their punishment, their law;
All that gay beauty from her bondsmen claims:
And much she marvell'd that a youth so raw
Nor felt, nor feign'd at least, the oft-told flames,
Which though sometimes they frown, yet rarely anger
dames.

XXXIII.

Little knew she that seeming marble-heart,
Now mask'd in silence, or withheld by pride,
Was not unskilful in the spoiler's art,
And spread its snares licentious far and wide;
Nor from the base pursuit had turn'd aside,
As long as aught was worthy to pursue:
But Harold on such thoughts no more relied;
And had he doted on those eyes so blue,
Yet never would he join the lovers' whining crew.

XXXIV.

Not much he kens, I ween, of woman's breast,
Who thinks that wanton thing is won by sighs;
What careth she for hearts when once possess'd?
Do proper homage to thine idol's eyes;
But not too humbly, or she will despise
Thee and thy suit, though told in moving tropes:
Disguise even tenderness, if thou art wise;
Brisk confidence still best with woman copes;
Pique her and soothe in turn, soon passion crowns thy
hopes.

XXXV.

'T is an old lesson; time approves it true,
And those who know it best, deplore it most;
When all is won that all desire to woo,
The paltry prize is hardly worth the cost;
Youth wasted, minds degraded, honour lost,
These are thy fruits, successful passion! these!
If, kindly cruel, early hope is crost,
Still to the last it rankles, a disease
Not to be cured when love itself forgets to please.

XXXVI.

Away! nor let me loiter in my song,
For we have many a mountain-path to tread,
And many a varied shore to sail along,
By pensive sadness, not by fiction, led—
Climes, fair withal as ever mortal head
Imagined in its little schemes of thought;
Or e'er in new Utopias were read,
To teach man what he might be, or he ought;
If that corrupted thing could ever such be taught.

This imaginative drollery of Smithers is matched in inventiveness by certain stories told by a character who figures in a modern novel called the Naval Officer, and who also is entitled the captain:—"Talking of broiling steaks (so goes the quotation): when I was in Egypt, we used to broil our beefsteaks on the rocks—no occasion for fire—thermometer at 200°—hot as a furnace! I have seen four thousand men at a time cooking for the whole army as much as twenty or thirty thousand pounds of steaks, all hissing and frying at a time—just about noon, of course, you know—not a spark of fire! Some of the soldiers who were brought up as glass-blowers at Lefth, declared they never saw such heat. I used to go to leeward of them for a whiff, and think of Old England. Ay, that's the country after all, where a man may think and say what he pleases. But that sort of work did not last long, as you may suppose; their eyes were all fried out in three or four weeks! I had been ill in my bed, for I was attached to the 72nd regiment, seventeen hundred strong. I had a party of seamen with me; but the ophthalmia made such ravages, that the whole regiment, colonel and all, went stone-blind—all except one corporal. You may stare, gentlemen, but it's very true. Well, this corporal had a precious time of it; he was obliged to lead out the whole regiment to water; he led the way, and two or three took hold of the skirts of his jacket on each side; the skirts of these were seized again by as many more; and double the number to the last, and so all held on by one another, till they all had a drink at the well; and, most unfortunately, there was but one well among us all—so this corporal used to water the regiment just as a groom would water his horses; and all spreading out, you know, just like the tail of a peacock"—"of which the corporal was the rump," interrupted the doctor. The captain looked grave. "You found it warm in that country?" Warns! exclaimed the captain; what do you think of nineteen of my men being killed by the concentrated rays of light falling on the sentinels' bright muskets, and setting fire to the powder? I commanded a mortar battery at Acre, and I did the French desperate mischief with the shells. I used to pitch in among them, when they had sat down to dinner. But how do you think the scoundrels weathered me at last? They trained a parcel of poodle-dogs to watch the shells when they fell, and then to run and pull the fuses out with their teeth. Did you ever hear of such villains? By this means they saved hundreds of men, and only lost half a dozen of dogs." *

* "Capital salmon this," said the captain; "where does the billet get it from? By the bye, talking of that, did you ever hear of the pickled salmon in Scotland?" We

all replied in the affirmative. "Oh, you don't take it. Hang it, I don't mean dead pickled salmon; I mean live pickled salmon, swimming about in tanks, as merry as frigs, and as hungry as rats." We all expressed our astonishment at this, and declared we never heard of it before. "I thought not," said he, for it's only lately they have been introduced in this country by a particular friend of mine. Dr. Mac— I cannot now remember his horrid jaw-breaking Scotch name; he was a great chemist and geologist, and all that sort of thing—a clever fellow, I can tell you, though you may laugh. Well, this fellow, sir, took nature by the heels, and capsized her, as we say. What does he do, but he catches salmon, and puts them into tanks, and every day added more and more salt, till the water was as thick as gruel, and the fish could hardly wag their tails in it. Then he threw in whole peppercorns, half a dozen pounds at a time, till there was enough. Then he began to dilute with vinegar until his pickle was complete. The fish did not half like it at first, but habit is every thing; and when he showed me his tank, they were swimming about as merry as a shoal of dace; he fed them with fennel, chopped small, and black peppercorns. 'Come, doctor,' says I, 'I trust no man upon tick; if I don't taste, I won't believe my own eyes, though I can believe my tongue.' (We looked at each other). 'That you shall do in a minute,' says he; so he whipped one of them out with a landing net, and when I stuck my knife into him, the pickle ran out of his body like wine out of a claret bottle, and I ate at least two pounds of the rascal while he slapped his tail in my face. I never tasted such salmon as that. Worth your while to go to Scotland, if it's only for the sake of eating live pickled salmon. I'll give you a letter, any of you, to my friend. He'll be glad to see you; and then you may convince yourselves. Take my word for it, if once you eat salmon that way, you will never eat it any other."

We have left ourselves little space for any serious remarks on the subject of dishing, but we believe that scarcely any grave reflections will be necessary. The utterly contemptible nature of the practice is too apparent to require any exposition, and we hope that the seemingly light manner in which we have talked of it will not make our true purpose or sentiments be mistaken. If there be any one unfortunate enough to have begun the practice of exaggeration, let him think of Jack Smithers, and stop in time; let him think of an amiable, generous man, for such the captain really was, made the scorn and laughing-stock of all who knew him, by a habit begun in youth, and continued until it became the one ruling passion of his nature,

While thus she mused, her pinions fann'd
The air of that sweet Indian land,
Whose air is balm; whose ocean spreads
O'er coral rocks and amber beds;
Whose mountains, pregnant by the beam
Of the warm sun, with diamonds teem;
Whose rivulets are like rich brides,
Lovely, with gold beneath their tides;
Whose sandal groves and bowers of spice
Might be a Peri's Paradise!

But crimson now her rivers ran

With human blood—the smell of death
Came reeking from those spicy bowers,
And man, the sacrifice of man,

Mingled his taint with every breath
Upwafted from the innocent flowers:
Land of the Sun! what foot invades
Thy pagods and thy pillar'd shades—
Thy cavern shrines and idol stones,
Thy monarchs and their thousand thrones?

'Tis He of Gazna!—fierce in wrath

He comes, and India's diadems
Lie scatter'd in his ruinous path.—

His blood-hounds he adorns with garlands,
Torn from the violated necks

Of many a young and lovely sultana;—
Maidens within their pure Zenana,
Priests in the very fane he slaughters,
And chokes up with the glittering wrecks
Of golden shrines the sacred waters!

Downward the Peri turns her gaze,
And, through the war-field's bloody haze,
Beholds a youthful warrior stand,

Alone, beside his native river,—
The red blade broken in his hand,
And the last arrow in his quiver.

"Live," said the conqueror, "live to share
The trophies and the crowns I bear!"

Silent that youthful warrior stood—
Silent he pointed to the flood

All crimson with his country's blood,
Then sent his last remaining dart,
For answer, to the invader's heart.
False flew the shaft, though pointed well;

The tyrant lived, the hero fell!—
Yet mark'd the Peri where he lay,

And, when the rush of war was past,
Swiftly descending on a ray

Of morning light, she caught the last—
Last glorious drop his heart had shed,
Before its free-born spirit fled!

"Be this," she cried, as she wing'd her flight,

"My welcome gift at the Gates of Light,

Though foul are the drops that oft distil

On the field of warfare, blood like this,

For Liberty shed, so holy is,

It would not stain the purest rill,

That sparkles among the Bowers of Bliss!

Oh! if there be, on this earthly sphere,

A boon, an offering Heaven holds dear,

'Tis the last libation Liberty draws

From the heart that bleeds and breaks in her cause!"

"Sweet," said the Angel, as she gave

The gift into his radiant hand,

"Sweet is our welcome of the brave,

Who die thus for their native land.—

But see—alas!—the crystal bar

Of Eden moves not—holier far

Than even this drop the boon must be,
That opens the gates of heaven for thee!"

Her first fond hope of Eden blighted,

Now among Afric's Lunar Mountains,

Far to the south, the Peri lighted;

And sleek'd her plumage at the fountains

Of that Egyptian tide, whose birth

Is hidden from the sons of earth,

Deep in those solitary woods,

Where oft the Genii of the Floods

Dance round the cradle of their Nile,

And hail the new-born Giant's smile!

Thence, over Egypt's palmy groves,

Her grotts and sepulchres of kings,

The exiled Spirit sighing roves;

And now hangs listening to the doves

In warm Rosetta's vale—now loves

To watch the moonlight on the wings

Of the white pelicans that break

The azure calm of Morris' Lake.

'Twas a fair scene—a land more bright

Never did mortal eye behold!

Who could have thought, that saw this night

Those valleys and their fruits of gold

Basking in heaven's serenest light;—

Those groups of lovely date-trees bending

Languidly their leaf-crown'd heads,

Like youthful maids, when sleep descending

Warns them to their silken beds;—

Those virgin lilies, all the night

Bathing their beauties in the lake,

That they may rise more fresh and bright,

When their beloved sun's awake;—

Those ruin'd shrines and towers that seem

The relics of a splendid dream;

Amid whose fairy loneliness

Nought but the lapwing's cry is heard,

Nought seen but (when the shadows, fitting

Fast from the moon, unsheath its gleam)

Some purple-winged Sultana sitting

Upon a column, motionless

And glittering, like an idol bird!—

Who could have thought that there, e'en there,

Amid those scenes so still and fair,

The Demon of the Plague hath cast

From his hot wing a deadlier blast,

More mortal far than ever came

From the red Desert's sands of flame!

So quick, that every living thing

Of human shape, touch'd by his wing,

Like plants where the Simoom hath past,

At once falls black and withering!

The sun went down on many a brow,

Which, full of bloom and freshness then,

Is rankling in the pest-house now,

And ne'er will feel that sun again!

And oh! to see the unburied heaps

On which the lonely moonlight sleeps—

One night, as Willie and Jamie were performing together in a certain quiet street in the city, a person dressed like a gentleman, and in other respects, to all appearance, really such, came up to them, and after listening for a short time with evident satisfaction to their music, which was indeed very agreeable to hear, he requested them to play a particular air. They complied. The stranger bespoke another and another; and when they had played somewhere about half a dozen tunes, he plunged his hand into his pocket, making a jingling noise with the silver it contained. Then withdrawing his hand—“You play uncommonly well, my good fellows,” he said, in a loud and kindly tone of voice; “there’s half a crown for you.” In the same instant both Willie’s and Jamie’s hands were at their hats in grateful and respectful acknowledgement of the generous donation. Nothing further passed at the moment. The donor departed, and the musicians resumed their occupation.

It is not known whether it was by accident or design—whether it was the natural emanation of a happy frame of mind, or proceeded from a sense of appropriateness; but the first tune Willie and his colleague played after the announcement of “there’s half a crown for you,” was “Money in both Pockets,” and it was remarked that all the tunes they played subsequently that night were of a lively character.

The stranger who had thus made the two street minstrels so happy, had, in the meantime, as already noticed, departed; but it was some little time before the fiddlers ascertained this, and not knowing but he was still present, they refrained from making any remarks to each other on the windfall which had just come their way. On becoming aware of his absence, however, which they shortly did by that sort of intuitive tact for which the blind are remarkable, Jamie sidled towards his colleague, and whispered in his ear, “You’ll stave a gill, the night, Willie, eh?” Willie smiled, and dashed he might, “A liberal gentleman you,” remarked Jamie. “Just uncommon,” said Willie. “A gude judge o’ music,” rejoined the former. “Pays weel for’t, at any rate,” replied the latter. “What wad ye think, then, o’ our drinkin’ his health?” inquired Jamie. “Nae objection

in the world,” replied his colleague; and the two blind musicians slipped their fiddles into their green bags, and taking each other lovingly by the arm, they immediately proceeded to a certain tavern which they were in the habit of frequenting. “Weel, what shall it be?” quoth Jamie. “Oo, I fancy just the auld thing o’ er again, Jamie,” replied Willie; “a gill o’ the best—real Fern-tosh.” “Exactly, so be it,” said his friend, and in a few seconds the liquor was before them.

Delighted with each other, and in high spirits with the good luck of the evening, Jamie proposed what he called a repetition of the dose; that is, another gill. Willie at once assented, and another gill was accordingly ordered, and in due time discussed; the love and kindness of the parties for each other having in the meantime gradually advanced towards a climax.

Having finished the second gill, and some little desultory conversation after it, Willie proposed that they should “be moving.” “It’s full time,” responded Jamie. “We’ve had a lang sederunt, but it’s been a happy ane. I’ll pu’ the bell, and ye’ll settle the reckonin’.”

Willie sniggered and laughed, having reasons of his own for believing that his friend was trying his hand at a joke, and said, “I’m thinkin’ ye’re better able to settle the reckonin’ the night than I am, Jamie.”

Jamie now smiled in turn, for he also had reasons for thinking that his colleague was jesting with him. “I dinna see how that can be, Willie,” he said, “an’ you wi’ half-a-crown in your pouch.” “Me half-a-crown in my pouch!” exclaimed Willie with considerable earnestness, perceiving something serious in the tone of his friend’s last remark; “the dell a half-crown’s in my pouch; but I’m thinkin’,” he added with a smile, “I could fin’ it in yours, Jamie.” “My word, but ye wad be clever if ye could,” said Jamie somewhat dilly; a suspicion, for the first time, of his friend’s perfect integrity crossing his mind.

“Ah, ye’re a cummin’ shaver,” said Willie, laughing. “But come, man, Jamie, settle, for it’s gettin’ late.” “Settle you, Willie,” replied Jamie with decided impatience in his manner; “are na ye the purse-bearer?

THE GIAOUR.

Stern Hassan hath a journey ta'en
With twenty vassals in his train,
Each arm'd, as best becomes a man
With arquebuss and ataghan;
The chief before, as deck'd for war,
Bears in his belt the scimitar
Stain'd with the best of Arnaut blood,
When in the pass the rebels stood,
And few return'd to tell the tale
Of what befell in Parne's vale.
The pistols which his girdle bore
Were those that once a pasha wore,
Which still though gemm'd and boss'd with gold,
Even robbers trembled to behold.
'Tis said he goes to woo a bride
More true than her who left his side;
The faithless slave that broke her bower,
And, worse than faithless, for a Giaour!

The sun's last rays are on the hill,
And sparkle in the fountain rill,
Whose welcome waters, cool and clear,
Draw blessings from the mountaineer:
Here may the loitering merchant Greek
Find that repose 't were vain to seek
In cities lodged too near his lord,
And trembling for his secret hoard—
Here may he rest where none can see,
In crowds a slave, in deserts free;
And with forbidden wine may stain
The bowl a Moslem must not drain.

The foremost Tartar's in the gap,
Conspicuous by his yellow cap;
The rest in lengthening line the while
Wind slowly through the long defile:
Above, the mountain rears a peak,
Where vultures whet the thirsty beak,
And theirs may be a feast to night,
Shall tempt them down ere morrow's light;
Beneath, a river's wintry stream
Has shrunk before the summer beam,
And left a channel bleak and bare,
Save shrubs that spring to perish there:
Each side the mid way path there lay
Small broken crags of granite gray,
By time, or mountain lightning, riven
From summits clad in mists of heaven;
For where is he that hath beheld
The peak of Liakura unveiled?

They reach the grove of pine at last:
"Bismillah! now the peril's past;
For yonder view the open plain,
And there we'll prick our steeds again:"
'The Chiass spake, and as he said,
A bullet whistled o'er his head;
The foremost Tartar bites the ground!
Scarce had they time to check the rein,
Swift from their steeds the riders bound;
But three shall never mount again:

Down the foes that gave the wound,
Lying ask revenge in vain.
Steel unsheath'd, and carbine bent,
Some o'er their courser's harness leant,
Half shelter'd by the steed;
Some fly behind the nearest rock,
And there await the coming shock,
Nor tamely stand to bleed
Beneath the shaft of foes unseen,
Who dare not quit their craggy screen.
Stern Hassan only from his horse
Disdains to light, and keeps his course,
'Till fiery flashes in the van
Proclaim too sure the robber clan
Have well secured the only way
Could now avail the promised prey:
Then curl'd his heavy beard with ire,
And glared his eye with fiercer fire:
"Though far and near the bullets hiss,
I've 'scaped a bloodier hour than this."
And now the foe their covert quit,
And call his vassals to submit;
But Hassan's frown and furious word
Are dreaded more than hostile sword,
Nor of his little band a man
Resign'd carbine or ataghan,
Nor raised the craven cry, Amaun!
In fuller sight, more near and near,
The lately ambush'd foes appear,
And, issuing from the grove, advance
Some who on battle charger prance.
Who leads them on with foreign brand,
Far flashing in his red right hand?
"Tis he! 'tis he! I know him now;
I know him by his pallid brow;
I know him by the evil eye
That aids his envious treachery;
I know him by his jet black barb:
Though now arrayed in Arnaut garb,
Apostate from his own vile faith,
It shall not save him from the death:
'Tis he! well met in any hour,
Lost Lelia's love, accursed Giaour!"

As rolls the river into ocean,
In sable torrent wildly streaming;
As the sea tide's opposing motion,
In azure column proudly gleaming,
Beats back the current many a rood,
In curling foam and mingling flood,
While eddying whirl, and breaking wave,
Roused by the blast of winter rave;
Through sparkling spray, in thundering clash,
The lightnings of the waters flash
In awful whiteness o'er the shore,
That shines and shakes beneath the roar;
Thus—as the stream and ocean greet,
With waves that madden as they meet—
Thus join the bands, whom mutual wrong,
And fate, and fury, drive along.
The bickering sabres' shivering jar;
And pealing wide or ringing near
Its echoes on the throbbing ear,
The deathshot hissing from afar;

The following curious correspondence between the French ambassador and the Spanish minister, took place in consequence of the defeat of the Spanish fleet by Admiral Jervis off Cape St. Vincent:

MEMORIAL presented by the French ambassador, Citizen Permon, to the Spanish minister at Madrid, Don Godoy, relative to the victory obtained by Earl St. Vincent over the fleet off Spain, on the 14th of February, 1797.

"The French Directory having heard, with astonishment and surprise, the unexpected issue of the naval engagement between his Catholic majesty's squadron and the English, I am commanded, by an express just come to my hand, immediately to lay before his majesty the true motives that have contributed to the malign loss which, with remarkable disgrace to its honour, the Spanish flag has experienced.

"I, most excellent Sir, am well persuaded that your Excellency's justice and rectitude will not permit those false reports to reach the king's ears, by which a detestable policy would willingly disguise so shameful an action by confounding virtue and guilt with a view to impunity: but lest under this misfortune the king should incline to receive an impression from the false excuses which, in such circumstances the culpable are industrious in framing, I should not do justice to the confidence with which I am honoured by my nation, if I do not refute, in his majesty's presence, as many as attempt to confound truth with falsehood. Before that moment arrives, the Executive Directory ordered me to give your Excellency this information, that you may carry it up to the king. The arms of Spain have at all times supported the distinguished valour, talent, and military skill, which is peculiar to them; only in the late days have they degenerated, causing all Europe to change its sentiments respecting that superiority which Spain was in possession of for ages. It is the infirmity of governments to be seized with certain cancers, which contaminate and corrupt the state. To save the body politic from perishing, caustics and the knife must extirpate the root of this pernicious weed. The navy, most excellent Sir, has given us an evident proof of this irrefragable truth. In

place of humbling the English pride, which had begun to decline from the high opinion to which she was elevated by her natural haughtiness, it has raised her insolence to a height unparalleled. From this so powerful a cause, commerce, the basis of your monarchy, is going to suffer an irreparable loss. The whole nation detests the vile proceedings of the navy, and weeps with respectful apprehension for the misfortunes that must ensue.

"The squadron would not fight (let us withdraw the veil from treason). They have bartered and compromised the national honour; so it has been made appear to the Directory, by authentic and sure documents. That Directory, ever watchful for the honour of her allies, cannot see with indifference such turpitude, tending to produce the most pernicious and fatal consequences.

"I, most excellent Sir, in the name of the Directory, entreat your Excellency to dispose the mind of the king with indelible resolution to chastise this enormity, standing for a moment the detest of paternal affection.

"The undersigned entertains this hope, and that your Excellency will be pleased to give an answer to this Memorial, that it may be transmitted to the Directory." (Signed) "PYRINON."

ANSWER of the Spanish minister to the Memorial or Remonstrance, presented by the Citizen Permon, French ambassador at Madrid, upon the defeat of the Spanish fleet, off Cape St. Vincent, by the British fleet.

"CITIZEN AMBASSADOR,

"I have, with great reluctance, laid before the king, the heads and purport of the Memorial presented by your Excellency, in the name of the French republic. I say the heads of that Memorial, because the language it contained is couched in terms so offensive, so debasing, and so insolent to the ears of a free people, that I deemed it quite inconsistent with the dignity of my station to present it in the form it stands to an independent sovereign. The king, Sir, laments with great sincerity, the unexpected and severe loss which has befallen his majesty's arms in the late engagement with the British fleet, and is naturally led, in support of his own honour, as well as the honour of the Spanish nation, to make becoming inquiry into the cause of that misfortune;

CATHERINE OF RUSSIA

From the termination of the war with the Turks in 1774 until the recommencement in 1787, the time of Catherine was chiefly occupied in completing the internal reorganisation of her state, in strengthening her influence amongst other powers, and in carrying her plans for the entire subversion of the Turkish empire. The new favourite whom she had raised to dignity and wealth, the celebrated Prince Potemkin, kept her mind incessantly bent on this grand enterprise. She formed a close alliance with Austria, that power agreeing to attack the Turks simultaneously with herself, whenever she was ready to strike the blow. Her triumphal procession from St. Petersburg to Kerson, where she met the Emperor of Germany, and her solemn assumption of the sovereignty of the Crimea, aroused the suspicions and indignation of the sublime Porte, and, agreeably to the expectations of Catherine, it declared war against her. Nothing could exceed the joy with which she and her people entered on this war, the almost avowed purpose of which was to drive the Turks from Europe, and to found for her second grandson, Constantine, a new Greek empire at Constantinople. We need not enter into the history of the war which followed. It was successful on every side. The crowning victory was the carrying Ismail by assault, under Suvaroff, when 30,000 persons are estimated to have been butchered by that general and his barbarians. Notwithstanding these victories, Catherine was for once in her life desirous of being at peace with the Turks, the French revolution having excited apprehensions in her, in common with the other sovereigns of Europe. A treaty was signed between the powers on the 9th January, 1793, at Jassy, by which Russia gained little beyond a pecuniary indemnification of twelve millions of piastres, which the empress had the extraordinary generosity to forego. In the course of this sanguinary war, the Austrians are estimated to have lost 130,000 soldiers, Russia 200,000 and Turkey 350,000.

If the reputation of Catherine suffered for such acts of unbridled ambition in the eyes of the rest of the world, in those of her own people she appeared crowned with glory. The Russians were fond of repeating that all sprang from the empress herself. Though she had favourites, ministers, and generals, yet she was herself the effective ruler in every branch of government. In some respects she lived very simply and methodically, but her private hours were devoted to the foulest vices.

All the projects of this powerful sovereign were at length suddenly arrested. On the 17th November, 1796, Catherine breathed her last, after an illness of only a few hours, in the sixty-eighth year of her age, and thirty-ninth of her reign. In Russia, where the benefits of her improvements were observable, she left behind her a name which was almost adored by the people; but when her conduct through life is examined by the historian and moralist, she is justly ranked among the most worthless and criminal of her species. Her private behaviour was licentious and loathsome to the last degree of villany. She was the cool murderess of her husband, and of his cousin Ivan. She was the despoiler of nations, and the slayer of millions of her fellow-creatures. Since the days of Timur Beg, Europe and Asia had not witnessed the atrocities of such a monster. Her character may be summed up in a few words—she was the greatest female criminal whose life is recorded in the page of history.

She was succeeded on the throne by Paul I., whose vagaries we shall afterwards make the subject of an article.

Miss Bell, who thought that every praise bestowed on her sister conveyed a reproach to her now broke silence, in evident displeasure with all the party.

'She was sure, for her part she did not know what people meant by paying such people so much attention. But she knew well enough it was all to get their good words, but for her part, she scorned such meanness. She scorned to get the good word of any one, by doing what was so improper.'

'And what, my dear Bell, is improper in what I have now done?' said Mary, in a mild tone of expostulation.

'Improper!' returned her sister, 'I don't know what you call improper, if you think it proper to keep company with a servant, and to make as much fuss about her too, as if she were a lady. Improper indeed! And when you know, too, that Captain Mollins was to come here to-day, and that I had hoped my father would ask him to dinner—but my friends are never to be minded—they are to be turned out to make room for every trumpety person you choose to pick up.'

'Indeed, sister, you do me injustice,' said Mary, 'you know I did not bring Mrs. Mason here, but, when I heard her name, I recollected all that our dear mother had often told us of her extraordinary worth and I thought, if it had pleased God to have spared her, how glad she would have been to have seen one she so much esteemed for, though my mother was born in a higher station, and bred to higher views, than we have any right to, she had no pride, and

treated all who were worthy of her notice with kindness.

'Yes,' replied Miss Bell, 'it was her only fault. She was a woman of family and, with her connexions if she had held her head a little higher, and never taken notice of people because of their being good, and such stuff, she might have lived in a rentfeeler style. I am sure she gave as much to poor people every year, as might have given handsome dinners to half the gentry in the country, and to curry favour with my father, you encourage him in the same mean ways. But I see through your mean arts, Miss, and I despise them.'

'Indeed, sister, I have no arts,' said Mary. 'I wish to follow the example that was set us by the best of mothers and I am sure we cannot have a better model for our conduct.'

'Do as you please, Miss,' cried her sister, choking with rage, and, leaving the room, slapped the door after her with a violence which awakened their guest, and brought their father up from his study, to see what was the matter. He found Mary in tears, and instantly conjectured the cause of the uproar. 'I see how it is,' said he.—'Bell has been giving vent to the passion which I saw brewing in her breast, from the moment that I brought this worthy woman into the room. The ridiculous notions that she has got about gentility, seem to have stifled every good feeling in her mind. But it is my own fault. This is the effect of sending her, on account of these accomplishments to that nursery of folly and impertinence, where she learned nothing but

CRABBE'S TALES.

Waved o'er his seat, and soothed his reveries ;
 E'en then he thought of England, nor could sigh,
 But his fond Isabel demanded, " Why ?"
 Grieved by the story, she the sigh repaid,
 And wept in pity for the English maid :
 Thus twenty years were pass'd, and pass'd his views
 Of further bliss, for he had wealth to lose :
 His friend now dead, some foe had dared to paint
 " His faith as tainted : he his spouse would taint ;
 Make all his children infidels, and found
 An English heresy on Christian ground."

" Whilst I was poor," said Allen, " none would care
 What my poor notions of religion were ;
 None ask'd me whom I worshipp'd, how I pray'd,
 If due obedience to the laws were paid :
 My good adviser taught me to be still,
 Nor to make converts had I power or will.
 I preach'd no foreign doctrine to my wife,
 And never mention'd Luther in my life ;
 I, all they said, say what they would, allow'd,
 And when the fathers bade me bow, I bow'd :
 Their forms I follow'd, whether well or sick,
 And was a most obedient Catholic.
 But I had money, and these pastors found
 My notions vague, heretical, unsound :
 A wicked book they seized ; the very Turk
 Could not have read a more pernicious work ;
 To me pernicious, who if it were good
 Or evil question'd not, nor understood :
 Oh ! had I little but the book possess'd,
 I might have read it, and enjoy'd my rest."

Alas ! poor Allen, through his wealth was seen
 Crimes that by poverty conceal'd had been :
 Faults that in dusty pictures rest unknown
 Are in an instant through the varnish shown.

He told their cruel mercy : how at last,
 In Christian kindness for the merits past,
 They spared his forfeit life, but bade him fly,
 Or for his crime and contumacy die ;
 Fly from all scenes, all objects of delight :
 His wife, his children, weeping in his sight,
 All urging him to flee, he fled, and cursed his flight.

He next related how he found a way,
 Guideless and grieving, to Canpeachy Bay :
 There in the woods he wrought, and there, among
 Some lab'ring seamen, heard his native tongue :
 The sound, one moment, broke upon his pain :
 With joyful force : he long'd to hear again :
 Again he heard : he seized an offer'd hand,
 " And when beheld you last our native land ?"
 He cried, " and in what county ? quickly say"—
 The seaman answer'd—strangers all were they :
 One only at his native port had been ;
 He, landing once, the quay and church had seen,
 For that esteem'd ; but nothing more he knew.
 Still more to know, would Allen join the crew,
 Sail where they sail'd, and, many a peril past,
 They at his kinsman's isle their anchor cast ;
 But him they found not, nor could one relate
 Aught of his will, his wish, or his estate.
 This grieved not Allen ; then again he sail'd
 For England's coast, again his fate prevail'd :
 War raged, and he, an active man and strong,
 Was soon impress'd, and served his country long.
 By various shores he pass'd, on various seas,
 Never so happy as when void of ease.—
 And then he told how in a calm distress'd,
 Day after day his soul was sick of rest :
 When, as a log upon the deep they stood,
 Then roved his spirit to the inland wood ;
 Till, while awake, he dream'd, that on the seas
 Were his loved home, the hill, the stream, the trees :

He gazed, he pointed to the scenes :—" There stand
 My wife, my children, 'tis my lovely land :
 See ! this is my dwelling—oh ! delicious scene
 Of my best life—unharm me—are ye men ?"

And thus the frenzy ruled him, till the wind
 Brush'd the fond pictures from the stagnant mind.

He told of bloody fights, and how at length
 The rage of battle gave his spirits strength :
 'Twas in the Indian seas his limb he lost,
 And he was left half dead upon the coast ;
 But living gain'd, 'mid rich aspiring men,
 A fair subsistence by his ready pen.

" Thus," he continued, " pass'd unvaried years,
 Without events producing hopes or fears."
 Augmented pay procured him decent wealth,
 But years advancing undermined his health ;
 Then oft-times in delightful dream he flew
 To England's shore, and scenes his childhood knew :
 He saw his parents, saw his fav'rite maid,
 No feature wrinkled, not a charm decay'd ;
 And thus excited, in his bosom rose
 A wish so strong, it baffled his repose ;
 Anxious he felt on English earth to lie ;
 To view his native soil, and there to die.

He then described the gloom, the dread he found,
 When first he landed on the chosen ground,
 Where undefined was all he hoped and fear'd,
 And how confused and troubled all appear'd ;
 His thoughts in past and present scenes employ'd,
 All views in future blighted and destroy'd :
 His were a medley of bewild'ring themes,
 Sad as realities, and wild as dreams.

Here his relation closes, but his mind
 Flies back again some resting-place to find ;
 Thus silent, musing through the day, he sees
 His children sporting by those lofty trees,
 Their mother singing in the shady scene,
 Where the fresh springs burst o'er the lively green :—
 So strong his eager fancy, he affrights
 The faithful widow by its powerful fights ;
 For what disturbs him he aloud will tell,
 And cry—" 'Tis she, my wife ! my Isabel !
 Where are my children ?"—Judith grieves to hear
 How the soul works in sorrows so severe ;
 Assiduous all his wishes to attend,
 Deprived of much, he yet may boast a friend ;
 Watch'd by her care, in sleep, his spirit takes
 Its flight, and watchful finds her when he wakes.

'Tis now her office ; her attention see !
 While her friend sleeps beneath that shading tree,
 Careful she guards him from the glowing heat,
 And pensive muses at her Allen's feet.

And where is he ? Ah ! doubtless in those scenes
 Of his best days, amid the vivid greens,
 Fresh with unnumber'd rills, where ev'ry gale
 Breathes the rich fragrance of the neighb'ring vale ;
 Smiles not his wife, and listens as there comes
 The night-bird's music from the thick'ning glooms ?
 And as he sits with all these treasures nigh,
 Blaze not with fairy light the phosphor-fly,
 When like a sparkling gem it wheels illumined by ?
 This is the joy that now so plainly speaks
 In the warp'd transient flushing of his cheeks ;
 For he is list'ning to the fancied noise
 Of his own children, eager in their joys :
 All this he feels, a dream's delusive bliss
 Aives the expression, and the glow like this.
 And now his Judith lays her knitting by,
 These strong emotions in her friend to spy :
 For she can fully of their nature deem—
 But see ! he breaks the long-protracted theme,
 And wakes and cries—" My God ! 'twas but a dream."

"The hall of Eilean Doman was that night crowded beyond all former precedent. The feast was already over, and Lord Kintail was then presiding over the long board, where flowing goblets were circulating among the numerous guests, who were all his friends or allies, (or who at least feared to declare themselves to be otherwise. But fully aware of the uncertain materials of which this great assemblage was composed, the chief of the Mac Kennies had most prudently intermingled the stoutest and bravest individuals of his own clan among these strangers; and, as was customary in these rude times, each man sat with his drawn dirk sticking upright in the board before him, ready for immediate use, in case of its services being required; and this precaution was the more naturally adopted upon the present occasion, because every one at that table was jealous and doubtful of those sitting to the right and left of him.

On a sudden the door of the hall was thrown open, and a huge man strode slowly and erectly into the middle of it. He was muffled up in a large dark plaid of some nameless tartan, and it was so folded over the under part of his face, as completely to conceal it; whilst the upper part of his features was shrouded by the extreme breadth of the hood which he wore. His appearance produced a sudden lull in the loud talk that was then arising from every mouth, the din of which had been making the vaulted roof to ring again. The name of 'Mac Leod' ran in whispers around, and Lord Kintail himself having for a moment taken up the notion that had at first so generally seized the company, he signed to his seneschal to usher the stranger towards the upper end of the table where he himself sat, and where a vacant chair on his right hand had been left for the chief of Dunvegan. The stranger obeyed the invitation indeed; but he sat not down. He stood erect and motionless for a moment, with all eyes fixed upon him.

'Mac Leod!' said the Lord Kintail, half rising to acknowledge his presence by a bow. 'Thou art late. We tarried for thee till our stomachs overmarched our courtesy. But stay, art thou right? art thou Mac Leod or not? Come, if thou art Mac Leod, why standest thou with thy face concealed? Unfold thyself and be seated; for there are none but friends here.' 'I am not Mac Leod,' said the stranger, speaking distinctly and deliberately, but in a hollow tone, from within the folds of his plaid. 'Who art thou, then, in God's name?' demanded Kintail, with some degree of confusion of manner.

'I am an outlawed Mac Donnell,' replied the stranger. And then, after a short pause, he made one bold step forward, and throwing wide his plaid, and standing openly confessed before them all, he exclaimed in a voice like thunder, 'I am Glengarry!'

There was one moment of fearful silence, during which all eyes were turned upon the chief of the Mac Donnells,

with the fixed stare of people who were utterly confounded. Then was every dirk plucked from the board by the right hand of its owner, and the clash which was thus made among the breakers and flagons was terrific; and the savage looks which each man darted upon his neighbour, in his apprehension of treachery, where each almost fancied that the saving of his own life might depend on the quick dispatching of him who sat next to him, presented a spectacle which might have frozen the blood of the stoutest heart that witnessed it. But ere a stroke was struck, or a single man could leave his place, Glengarry sprang on Kintail with the swiftness of a falcon on its quarry; and ere he could arm himself, he seized his victim with the vice-like gripe of his left hand, and pinned him motionless into his chair, whilst the dirk which he had concealed under his plaid, now gleamed in his right hand, with its point within an inch of the Mac Kenzie's throat. 'Strike away, gentlemen,' said Glengarry, calmly; 'but if that be your game, I have the first cock.'

The Mac Kenzie's had all seen, it is true. Nay, some of them had even miscalculated the step forward in defence of their chief. But they marked the gigantic figure of Glengarry; and seeing that the iron strength he possessed gave him as much power over Lord Kintail as an ordinary man has over a mere child, and that any movement on their part must instantly seal his doom, each man of them stepped back and paused, and an awful and motionless silence once more reigned for some moments throughout the hall. 'Let any man but stir a finger,' said Glengarry in a calm, slow, yet tremendous voice; 'and the fountain of Lord Kintail's life-blood shall spout forth, till it replenish the goblet of him who sits in the lowest seat at this board! Let not a finger be stirred, and Kintail shall be safe.' 'What wouldst thou with me, Mac Donnell?' demanded Kintail, with half-choked utterance, that gave sufficient evidence of the rudeness of that gripe by which his throat was held. 'Thou hast gotten letters of outlawry and of fire and sword against me and against my clan,' said Glengarry.

'I have,' said Kintail. 'They were sent me because of thy rescue of certain men of the Mac Craws, declared rebels to the king.' 'I ask not how or whence thou hast them,' said Glengarry; 'but I would have them instantly produced.' 'How shall I produce them, when thou wilt not suffer me nor any one to move?' said Kintail. 'Let thy chaplain then—that unarmed man of peace—let him produce them,' said Glengarry. 'Go then, good Colin,' said Kintail to the chaplain. 'Go to your cabinet, thou knowest where they lie. Bring them hither.' 'This is well!' said Glengarry, clenching the parchment with his armed hand from the trembling ecclesiastic, and thrusting them hastily into his bosom; 'so far this is well. Now sit thee down, reverend sir, and forthwith write out a letter from thy lord to the king, fully

THE GARLAND.

THE DESTUR.

Children of affluence, hear a poor man's prayer!
O hate, and free me from this dungeon's gloom!
Let not the hand of comfortless despair
Sink my grey hairs with sorrow to the tomb!

Unus'd Compassion's tribute to demand,
With clamorous din wake Charity's dull ear;
Wring the slow aid from Pity's loitering hand,
Weave the feign'd tale, or drop the ready tear:

Far different thoughts employ'd my early hours,
To views of bliss, to scenes of affluence born;
The hand of Pleasure strew'd my path with flowers,
And every blessing hail'd my youthful morn.

But ah! how quick the change! the Morning gleam,
That cheer'd my fancy with her sunny ray,
Fled like the garish pageant of a dream,
And sorrow clos'd the evening of my day.

Such is the lot of human bliss below:
Fond Hope awhile the trembling floweret rears;
Till, unforeseen, descends the blight of woe,
And withers in an hour the pride of years.

In evil hour, to specious wiles a prey,
I trusted: (who from fault is ever free?)
And the short progress of one fatal day
Was all the space 'twixt wealth and poverty.

Where could I seek for comfort or for aid?
To whom the ruins of my state commend?
Left to myself, abandon'd, and betray'd,
Too late I found the wretched have no friend!

Even he, amidst the rest, the favour'd youth,
Whose vows had met the tenderest warm return,
Forgot his oaths of constancy and truth,
And left my child in solitude to mourn.

Pity in vain stretch'd forth her feeble hand,
To guard the secret wreath that Hygeia wove;
While pale-eyed Avarice, from his sordid stand,
Scowl'd o'er the ruins of neglected Love.

Tho' deeply hurt, yet sway'd by decent pride,
She hush'd her sorrows, with becoming art;
And faintly strove, with sickly smiles, to hide
The canker-worm, that prey'd upon her heart:

Nor blam'd his cruelty, nor wish'd to hate
Whom once she lov'd, but pitied and forgave;
Then, unrequiring, yielded to her fate,
And sunk, in silent anguish, to the grave.

Children of affluence, hear a poor man's prayer!
O hate, and free me from this dungeon's gloom!
Let not the hand of comfortless despair
Sink my grey hairs with sorrow to the tomb!

MOORE.

THE MOUSE'S PETITION.

FOUND IN A TRAP WHERE HE HAD BEEN CONFINED
ALL NIGHT.

O! HEAR a pensive prisoner's prayer,
For liberty that sighs;
And never let thine heart be shut
Against the wretch's cries!

For here's freedom and sad I sit,
Within the wirey grate;
And tremble at the approaching morn,
Which brings impending fate.

If o'er thy breast with freedom glow'd,
And spurn'd a tyrant's chain,
Let not thy strong oppressive force
A free-born mouse detain.

O! do not stain with guiltless blood
Thy hospitable hearth;
Nor triumph, that thy wiles betray'd
A prize so little worth.

The scatter'd gleanings of a feast
My frugal meals supply;
But if thine unrelenting heart
That slender boon deny,

The cheerful light, the vital air,
Are blessings widely given;
Let Nature's commoners enjoy
The common gifts of Heaven.

The well-taught philosophic mind
To all compassion gives,
Casts round the world an equal eye,
And feels for all that lives.

If mind, as ancient sages taught,
A never-dying flame,
Still shifts thro' matter's various forms,
In every form the same;

Beware, lest in the worm you crush,
A brother's soul you find;
And tremble, lest thy luckless hand
Dislodge a kindred mind.

Or, if this transient gleam of day
Be all of life we share;
Let pity plead within thy breast,
That little all to spare.

So may thy hospitable board
With health and peace be crown'd,
And every charm of heart-felt ease
Beneath thy roof be found!

So, when destruction lurks unseen,
Which men like mice may share,
May some kind angel clear thy path,
And break the hidden snare!

MRS. BARBAULD.

FRIENDSHIP.

DIAMOND amidst the gloom of night,
Dark hangs the dew-drop on the thorn;
Till, notic'd by approaching light,
It glitters in the smile of morn.

Morn soon retires, her feeble power
The sun outbeams with genial day,
And gently, in benignant hour,
Exhales the liquid pearl away.

Thus on Affliction's sable bed
Deep sorrows rise of saddest hue;
Condensing round the mourner's head,
They bathe the cheek with chilly dew.

Tho' pity shows her dawn from heaven,
When kind and potent assistance near,
To Friendship's sun alone 'tis given
To soothe and dry the mourner's tear.

PENNOCK.

ODE TO TRUTH.

TAURUS, fairest virgin of the sky,
With robes of light, and beaming eye,
And temples crown'd with day!
O thou, of all the cherub choir,
Best skill'd to wake the sweetest lyre,
And chaunt the softest lay!

By him, who, midst his country's tear
Undaunted, heard warm Friendship's fear
And smil'd at rank and death;
By Perseus's turban'd heroes bold,
By all the Spartan chiefs of old,
That bow'd thy shrine beneath

By holy Virtue's vestal flame,
By laurel'd Honour's splendid name
And cheek beguiled Love,
O lift from thy majestic head
The roll that, o'er its tresses spread,
Thy fairy fingers wave!

Then, chaste Religion's virgin breast
And Hope with fair unruffled vest,
Their lovely sister hail;
Simplicity, with illud crown'd,
And Innocence, untaint to crown
And Peace that loves the vale.

The demon that usurps thy day,
And teats upon its bloomish'd ray
The poison of his tongue

Man possesses three eminent powers: the power of knowing, of loving, and of acting.

We conceive very clearly that these powers are capable of indefinite improvement. We observe them in their development, their progress, and their different effects. We contemplate with astonishment the admirable inventions to which they have given birth, and which demonstrate, in so striking a manner, the supreme elevation of man above all terrestrial beings.

It is, it seems, of the nature of goodness, as well as of wisdom, to perfect every thing that is capable of being perfect, but especially to perfect beings who, possessing sentiment and intelligence, can taste the pleasure which accompanies the increase of their perfection.

By studying with some care the faculties of man; by observing their natural dependence, or that subordination which subjects them to one another, and to the action of their objects, we easily come to discover the natural means by which they unfold and perfect themselves here below. We may conceive, therefore, means more analogous and more efficacious, which may carry these faculties to a higher degree of perfection.

The degree of perfection to which man can attain upon earth, has a direct relation to the means of knowing and acting which are given him; these means themselves have a direct relation to the world which he inhabits.

A more elevated state, therefore, of human faculties, would not have relation to this world, in which man was to pass his first moments of existence. But these faculties are capable of indefinite perfection, and we can easily conceive that some of the natural means which will one day perfect them, may exist in man even at present.

Thus, since man was called successively to inhabit two different worlds, his original constitution must include things relative to these two worlds, the animal body must have a direct relation to the first world, the spiritual body to the second.

Two principal means may perfect, in the world to come, all the faculties of man, viz. senses more exquisite, and new senses.

The senses are the first source of all our knowledge. Our most refined and most abstract ideas, are always derived from our sensible ideas. The mind creates nothing, but it operates incessantly upon the simplest infinite multitude of different perceptions, which it acquires by the ministry of the senses.

From these operations of the mind, which always consist in comparisons, combinations, abstractions, proceed, by a natural generation, all the sciences and all the arts.

The senses appointed to transmit to the mind the impressions of objects, have a relation to objects, the eye has a relation to light, the ear to sound.

The relations which the senses have with their objects, the more perfect, numerous, and various they are, the more do they discover to the mind the qualities of objects, and the more are its perceptions of these qualities clear, lively, and complete. The more the sensible idea which the mind acquires of an object is lively and complete, the more distinct is the reflex idea which is formed from it.

We conceive, without difficulty, that our present senses are susceptible of a degree of perfection much superior to what we know

them to have here, and which astonishes us on certain subjects. We can even form to ourselves a pretty distinct idea of this increase of perfection, by the prodigious effects of optical, and such instruments as assist the hearing.

Let us suppose Aristotle observing a mite with our microscope, or contemplating with our telescope Jupiter and his moons, what surprise and delight would he not have felt! What shall we not expect, when clothed in a spiritual body, our senses shall have acquired all the perfection which they can receive from the beneficent author of our being?

We can imagine, if we please, that our eyes will then unite in themselves, the qualities of microscope and telescope, and that they will accommodate themselves exactly to all distances, and how much superior will the pleasures of these new perspectives be to those of which are boasts so much?

One may apply to other senses what I have said of the sight. But perceiving the taste, which has so direct a relation to nutritious, will be appropriated or converted into some other sense of more extensive and elevated use.

How rapid would be the progress of our mathematical sciences, if we were enabled to discover the first principles of bodies fluid or solid. We should then see by intuition, what we endeavour to forestall by the aid of reasoning and calculation; the more uncertain as our direct knowledge is more imperfect. What a numberless multitude of relations escape us, only because we cannot perceive the figure, the proportions, the arrangement of these minutely small particles, upon which, however, depends the whole edifice of nature!

Neither is it very difficult for us to conceive, that the germ of the spiritual body may contain at present the organic elements of new senses which will not be unfolded till the Resurrection.

These new senses will then discover to us, in bodies, the properties of which must always remain unknown to us here; how many estimable qualities which we are yet ignorant of, and which we shall discover with astonishment! We know the different powers of sense, only by means of their relation to the different senses upon which they exert their action. How many powers are there of which we don't even suspect the existence, because there is no relation between the ideas which we acquire by our five senses, and those which we shall be able to acquire by other senses? Let us imagine a man who should be born with a perfect galaxy upon three or four principal senses, and let us suppose natural causes which should give life and motion to these senses, and put them all into a proper state; what a crowd of perceptions, new, various, and unforeseen, would such a man acquire in a little time! What a prodigious increase of improvement would be gained in all his faculties! These new senses, the infinitely small miniatures of which are enshroued in the seat of the soul, have a relation to that future world, our true country.

Let us raise our thoughts to the domain of heaven, let us contemplate that immense collection of suns and worlds that are scattered through space, and consider that this little worm that bears the name of man, has a faculty of reason capable of discovering these worlds, and of directing itself into the extremities of creation!

But this reason, endued with sight so penetrating, with curiosity so

COWPER'S TASK.

As one, who long in thickets and in brakes
Entangled, winds now this way and now that
His devious course uncertain, seeking home;
Or, having long in many ways been full'd
And sore discomfited, from slough to slough
Plunging, and half-despairing of escape;
If chance at length he find a greenward smooth
And faithful to the foot, his spirits rise,
He chirups brisk his ear-erecting steed,
And winds his way with pleasure and with ease;
So I, designing other themes, and call'd
To adorn the *Napa* with eulogium due,
To tell its slumbers and to paint its dreams,
Have rambled wide, in country, city, seat
Of academic fame (however deserv'd),
Long held, and scarcely disengaged at last.
But now with pleasant pace a cleaner road
I mean to tread: I feel myself at large,
Courageous, and refresh'd for future toil,
If toil await me, or if dangers new.

Since pulpits fall, and sounding boards reflect
Most part an empty, ineffectual sound,
What chance that I to fame so little known,
Nor conversant with men or manners much,
Should speak to purpose, or with better hope
Crack the sacred thing? 'Twere wiser far
For me enamour'd of sequester'd scenes,
And charm'd with rural beauty, to repose,
Where chance may throw me, beneath elm or vine,
My languid limbs, when summer sears the plains,
Or when rough winter rages, on the soft
And shelter'd sofa, while the vitreous air
Feeds a blue flame, and makes a cheerful hearth.
There undisturb'd by Folly, and apprized
How great the danger of disturbing her,
To muse in silence, or, at least, confine
Remarks, that gail so many, to the few
My partners in retreat. Disguist conceal'd
Is oft-times proof of wisdom, when the fault
Is obstinate, and rare beyond our reach.

Domestic Happiness, thou only bliss
Of paradise, that hast survived the fall!
Though few now taste thee unimpair'd and pure,
Or tasting long enjoy thee! too infirm,
Or too incautious to preserve thy sweets
Unmix'd with drops of bitter, which neglect,
Or temper, shudd into thy crystal cup.
Thou art the nurse of Virtue, in thine arms
She smiles, appearing, as in truth she is,
Heav'n-born, and destined to the skies again.
Thou art not known where Pleasure is adored,
That reeling goddess with the zoneless waist
And wandering eyes, still leaning on the arm
Of Novelty, her fickle, frail support;
For thou art meek and constant, hating change,
And finding in the calm of truth-tried love
Joys that her stormy raptures never yield.
Forsaking thee, what shipwreck have we made
Of honour, dignity, and fair renown!
Till prostitution elbows us aside
In all our crowded streets: and senators seem
Convened for purposes of empire loss,
Than to release the adulteress from her bond.
The adulteress! what a theme for angry verse!
What provocation to the indignant heart,
That feels for injured love! but I disdain
The nauseous task to paint her as she is,
Cruel, abandon'd, glorying in her shame!
No! let her pass, and charioted along
In guilty splendour, shake the public ways;

The frequency of crimes has wash'd them white,
And vice of mine shall never brand the wretch,
Whom untrons now of character unsurch'd,
And chaste themselves are not ashamed to own.
Virtue and vice had boundaries in old time,
Not to be pass'd: and she, that had renounced
Her sex's honour, was renounced herself
By all that prized it; not for prudery's sake,
But dignity's, resentful of the wrong.
'Twas hard perhaps on here and there a wail,
Desirous to return, and not received:
But 'twas a wholesome sign in the main,
And taught the unblemish'd to preserve with care
That parity, whose loss was loss of all.
Men too were nice in honour in those days,
And judg'd offenders well. Then he that sharp'd,
And pocketed a prize by fraud obtain'd,
Was mark'd and shunn'd as odious. He that sold
His country, or was slack when she required
His every nerve in action and at stretch,
Paid with the blood that he had basely spared,
The price of his default. But now—yes, now
We are become so candid and so fair,
So liberal in construction, and so rich
In Christian charity, (good natured age!)
That they are safe, sinners of either sex, [breed,
Transgress what laws they may. Well dress'd, well
Well equipped is ticket good enough
To pass us readily through every door.
Hypocrisy, defeat her as we may
(And no man's hatred ever wronged her yet),
May claim this merit still—that she admits
The worth of what she mimics with such care,
And thus gives virtue indirect applause;
But she has burnt her mask, not needed here,
Where vice has such allowance, that her shifts
And specious semblances have lost their use.

I was a stricken deer, that left the herd
Long since. With many an arrow deep infix'd
My panting side was charged, when I withdrew
To seek a tranquil death in distant shades.
There was I found by one who had himself
Been hurt by the archers. In his side he bore,
And in his hands and feet the cruel scars.
With gentle force soliciting the darts,
He drew them forth, and heal'd, and bade me live.
Since then, with few associates, in remote
And silent woods I wander, far from those
My former partners of the peopled scene;
With few associates, and not wishing more.
Here much I raminate, as much I may,
With other views of men and manners now
Than once, and others of a life to come.
I see that all are wanderers, gone astray
Each in his own delusions; they are lost
In chance of fancied happiness, still won'd
And never won. Dream after dream ensues;
And still they dream that they shall still succeed,
And still are disappointed. Rings the world
With the vain stir. I turn up half mankind,
And add two-thirds of the remaining half,
And find the total of their hopes and fears
Dreams, empty dreams. The million flit as gay
As if created only like the fly,
That spreads his motley wings in the eye of noon,
To sport their season, and be seen no more.
The rest are sober dreamers grave and wise,
And pregnant with discoveries new and rare.
Some write a narrative of wars, and feats
Of heroes little known; and call the rant
A history: describe the man, of whom
His own coevals took but little note,
And paint his person, character and views,
As they had known him from his mother's womb.
They disentangle from the puzzled skein,

It was an affecting circumstance, that on the morning of the day of her husband's funeral, Mrs. Burns was undergoing the pains of labour, and that, during the solemn service we have just been describing, the posthumous son of our poet was born. This infant boy, who received the name of Maxwell, was not destined to a long life. He has already become an inhabitant of the same grave with his celebrated father. The four other children of our poet, all sons (the eldest at that time about ten years of age) yet survive, and give every promise of prudence and virtue that can be expected from their tender years. They remain under the care of their affectionate mother in Dumfries, and are enjoying the means of education which the excellent schools of that town afford; the teachers of which, in their conduct to the children of Burns, do themselves great honour. On this occasion, the name of Mr. Whyte deserves to be particularly mentioned, himself a poet as well as a man of science.

Burns died in great poverty; but the independence of his spirit, and the exemplary prudence of his wife, had preserved him from debt. He had received from his poems a clear profit of about nine hundred pounds. Of this sum, the part expended on his library (which was far from extensive) and in the humble furniture of his house, remained; and obligations were found for two hundred pounds advanced by him to the assistance of those to whom he was united by the ties of blood, and still more by those of esteem and affection. When it is considered, that his expenses in Edinburgh, and on his various journeys, could not be inconsiderable; that his agricultural undertaking was unsuccessful; that his income from the Excise was for some time as low as fifty, and never rose to above seventy pounds a year; that his family was large, and his spirit liberal—no one will be surprised that his circumstances were so poor, or that, as his health decayed, his proud and feeling heart sunk under the secret consciousness of indigence, and the apprehensions of absolute want. Yet poverty never bent the spirit of Burns to any pecuniary meanness. Neither chicanery nor sordidness ever appeared in his conduct. He carried his disregard of money to a blameable excess. Even in the midst of distress he bore himself loftily to the world, and received with a jealous reluctance every offer of friendly assistance. His printed poems had procured him great celebrity, and a just

and fair recompense for the latter offerings of his pen might have procured him considerable emolument. In the year 1785, the editor of a London newspaper, high in its character for literature, and independence of sentiment, made a proposal to him that he should furnish them, once a week, with an article for their poetical department, and receive from them a recompense of fifty two guineas per annum; an offer which the pride of genius disdained to accept. Yet he had for several years furnished, and was at that time furnishing, the *Musæus* of Johnson with his beautiful lyrics, without fee or reward, and was obstinately refusing all recompense for his assistance to the greater work of Mr. Thomson, which the justice and generosity of that gentleman was pressing upon him.

The sense of his poverty, and of the approaching distress of his infant family pressed heavily on Burns as he lay on the bed of death. Yet he alluded to his indigence, at times, with something approaching to his wonted gaiety. "What business," said he to Dr. Maxwell, who attended him with the utmost zeal, "has a physician to waste his time on me? I am a poor pigeon, not worth plucking. Alas! I have not feathers enough upon me to carry me to my grave." And when his reason was lost in delirium, his ideas ran in the same melancholy train; the horrors of a jail were continually present to his troubled imagination, and produced the most affecting exclamations.

As for some months previous to his death he had been incapable of the duties of his office, Burns had imagined that his salary was reduced one half, as is usual in such cases. The Board, however, to their honour, continued his full emolument; and Mr. Graham of Fintra, hearing of his illness, though unacquainted with its dangerous nature, made an offer of his assistance towards procuring him the means of preserving his health. Whatever might be the faults of Burns, ingratitude was not of the number. Amongst his manuscripts, various proofs are found of the sense he entertained of Mr. Graham's friendship, which delicacy towards that gentleman has induced us to suppress; and on the last occasion there is no doubt that his heart overflowed towards him, though he had no longer the power of expressing his feelings.

On the death of Burns, the inhabitants of Dumfries and its neighbourhood opened a subscription for the

CHARITY.

God, working ever on a social plan,
By various ties attaches man to man;
He made at first, though free and unconfined,
One man the common father of the kind;
That every tribe, though placed as he sees best,
Where seas or deserts part them from the rest,
Differing in language, manners, or in face,
Might feel themselves allied to all the race.
When Cook—lamented, and with tears as just
As ever mingled with heroic dust—
Steer'd Britain's oak into a world unknown,
And in his country's glory sought his own,
Where'er he found man to nature true,
The rights of man were sacred in his view;
He soothed with gifts, and greeted with a smile,
The simple native of the new-found isle;
He spurn'd the wretch, that slighted or withstood
The tender argument of kindred blood,
Nor would endure, that any should control
His free-born brethren of the southern pole.
But though some nobler minds a law respect,
That none shall with impunity neglect,
In baser souls unnumbered evils meet,
To thwart its influence, and its end defeat.
While Cook is loved for savage lives he saved,
See Cortez odious for a world enslaved!
Where wast thou then, sweet Charity? where then,
Thou tutelary friend of helpless men?
Wast thou in monkish cells, and nunneries found,
Or building hospitals on English ground?
No—Mammon lures the world his legatee
Through fear, not love: and Heaven abhors the fee
Wherever found (and all men need thy care),
Nor age nor infancy could find thee there.
The hand, that slew till it could slay no more,
Was glued to the sword-hilt with Indian gore.
Their prince, as justly seated on his throne
As vain imperial Philip on his own,
Trick'd out of all his royalty by art,
That strip'd him bare, and broke his honest heart,
Died by the sentence of a slaven priest,
For scorning what they taught him to detest.
How dark the veil that intercepts the blaze
Of Heaven's mysterious purposes and ways!
God stood not, though he seem'd to stand aloof;
And at this hour the conqueror feels the proof:
The wreath he won drew down an instant curse,
The fretting plague is in the public purse,
The canker'd spoil corrodes the pining state,
Starv'd by that indolence their mines create.
Oh! could their ancient Ineas rise again,
How would they take up Israel's taunting strain:
Art thou too fallen, Iberia? Do we see
The robber and the murderer weak as we?
Then, that hast wasted earth, and dared despise,
Alike the wrath and mercy of the skies,
Thy pomp is in the grave, thy glory laid
Low in the pits thine avarice has made.
We come with joy from our eternal rest,
To see the oppressor in his turn oppress'd,
Art thou the God, the thunder of whose hand
Roll'd over all our desolate land,
Shook principalities and kingdoms down,
And made the mountains tremble at his frown?
The sword shall light upon thy boasted powers,
And waste them, as thy sword has wasted ours.
Thy thus Omnipotence his law fulfils,
And Vengeance executes what Justice wills.

Again—the band of commerce was design'd
To associate all the branches of mankind;
And if a boundless plenty be the robe,
Trade is the golden girdle of the globe.
Wise to promote whatever end he means,
God opens fruitful nature's various scenes:
Each climate needs what other climates produce,
And offers something to the general use;
No land but listens to the common call,
And in return receives supply from all.
This genial intercourse, and mutual aid,
Cheers what were else an universal shade,
Calls Nature from her ivy-mantled den,
And softens human rock-work into men.
Ingenuous Art, with her expressive face,
Steps forth to fashion and refine the race;
Not only fills Necessity's demand,
But overcharges her capacious hand;
Capricious Taste itself can crave no more,
Than she supplies from her abounding store;
She strikes out all that luxury can ask,
And gains new vigour at her endless task.
Here is the spacious arch, the shapely spire,
The painter's pencil, and the poet's lyre;
From her the canvas borrows light and shade,
And verse, more lasting, lines that never fade.
She guides the finger o'er the dancing keys,
Gives difficulty all the grace of ease,
And pours a torrent of sweet notes around,
Fast as the thirsting ear can drink the sound.
These are the gifts of Art, and Art thrives most
Where commerce has enrich'd the busy coast;
He catches all improvements in his flight,
Spreads foreign wonders in his country's sight,
Imports what others have invented well,
And stirs his own to match them, or excel.
'Tis thus reciprocating, each with each,
Alternately the nations learn and teach;
While Providence enjoins to every soul
An union with the vast terraqueous whole.
Heaven speed the canvas, gallantly unfurl'd
To furnish and accommodate a world,
To give the pole the produce of the sun,
And knit the unsocial climates into one.—
Soft airs and gentle heavings of the wave
Impel the fleet, whose errand is to save,
To succour wasted regions, and replace
The smile of Opulence in Sorrow's face.—
Let nothing adverse, nothing unforeseen,
Impede the bark, that ploughs the deep serene,
Charg'd with a freight transcending in its worth
The gems of India, Nature's rarest birth,
That flies, like Gabriel on his Lord's commands,
A herald of God's love to pagan lands.
But ah! what wish can prosper, or what prayer,
For merchants rise in cargoes of despair,
Who drive a loathsome traffic, guage, and span,
And buy the muscles and the bones of man!
The tender ties of father, husband, friend,
All bonds of nature in that moment end;
And each endures, while yet he draws his breath,
A stroke as fatal as the scythe of Death.
The sable warrior, frantic with regret,
Of her he loves, and never can forget,
Loses in tears the far-receding shore,
But not the thought that they must meet no more:
Depriv'd of her and freedom at a blow,
What has he left that he can yet forego?

SCI

Scio, a cruel robber, who tied men to the boughs of trees which he had forcibly brought together, and, by immediately loosing them, their limbs were in an instant torn from their bodies.

Scipio, the name of a celebrated family at Rome, who obtained the highest honours in the republic. The most illustrious were—1. *Scenus Scipio*, surnamed *Astus*; he was father of *Publius* and *Cneus Scipio*. *Publius*, in the beginning of the second Punic war, was sent with an army to Spain to oppose *Annibal*, by whom he was conquered near the *Treinus*, and would have lost his life, had not his son, who was afterwards called *Africanus*, courageously defended him. He again passed into Spain, and gained some memorable victories over the Carthaginians. His brother *Cneus* shared the supreme command with him; but their confidence proved their ruin. They separated their armies; and, soon afterwards, *Publius* was furiously attacked by the two *Adrubales* and *Mago*, who commanded the Carthaginian forces. The Romans were cut to pieces, and their commander left dead on the field. Flushed with this success, the Carthaginians immediately marched against *Cneus*, whom the revolt of 30,000 Celtiberians had weakened and alarmed. The general, who was already apprised of his brother's death, secured an entrenchment, where he was soon surrounded on all sides. After desperate acts of valour, he was also defeated, and left amongst the slain.

—2. *Publius Cornelius*, surnamed *Africanus*, was son of *Publius Scipio*, who was killed in Spain. He first distinguished himself at the battle of *Treinus*, where he saved his father's life by deeds of unexampled valour and boldness. In his 21st year, he was made an *edile*; an honourable office, and never given but to such as had reached their 27th year. Some time afterwards, the Romans were alarmed by the intelligence that the commanders of their forces in Spain, *Publius* and *Cneus Scipio*, had been slaughtered; and young *Scipio* was immediately appointed to avenge the death of his father and uncle, and to vindicate the military honour of the republic. *Cornelius* soon proved how qualified he was to be at the head of an army: the various nations of Spain were conquered; in four years, the Carthaginians were banished from that part of the continent, and the whole province became tributary to Rome. After these signal victories, *Scipio* was recalled to Rome, which still trembled at the continual alarms of *Annibal*, who was then at her gates. (See *Perseus Bellus*.) The battle of *Zama* was decisive of the fate of Carthage; and the conqueror returned to Rome, where he was received with most unbounded applause, honoured with a triumph, and dignified by the appellation of *Africanus*. He afterwards, in the capacity of lieutenant, accompanied his brother to *Antiochus*, king of Syria. In this expedition his arms were attended with his usual success, and the Asiatic monarch submitted to the conditions of the conqueror. At his return to Rome, *Cato*, his inveterate rival, raised seditions against him; and the *Petilli*, two tribunes of the people, accused him of extortion in the provinces of Asia, and of living in an indolent and luxurious manner. *Scipio* condescended to answer his calumniators: the first day was occupied in hearing the different charges; but, when he again appeared

SCI

on the second day, he interrupted his judges, and exclaimed, "Tribunes and fellow-citizens, on this day, this very day, did I conquer *Annibal* and the Carthaginians. Come, therefore, with me, Romans; let us go to the capitol, and there return our thanks to the immortal gods for the victories which have attended our arms." These words had an electric effect: the tribes and all the assembly followed *Scipio*, the court was deserted, and the tribunes were left alone in the seat of judgment. Yet, when this memorable day was forgotten, *Africanus* was a third time summoned to appear; but he had fled from the impending storm, to his country house at *Liternum*. Some time afterwards, *Scipio* died, in his 46th year; and so great an aversion did he express, as he expired, for the depravity of his countrymen and the ingratitude of their senators, that he desired his bones might not be conveyed to Rome. They were accordingly inhumated at *Liternum*; and his wife, *Emilia*, raised a monument, and placed upon it his statue.

3. *Lucius Cornelius Scipio* was brother to *Africanus*, and accompanied him in his expeditions to Spain and Africa. He was rewarded with the consulship for his services to the state, and, after the defeat of *Antiochus*, king of Syria, surnamed *Asiaticus*. After the death of *Africanus*, *Cato* and the two *Petilli*, his devoted favourites, and the inveterate enemies of the family of the *Scipios*, turned their fury against *Asiaticus*, whom they charged with having received 6000 pounds' weight of gold, and 450 of silver, from the monarch against whom, in the name of the Roman people, they were enjoined to make war. *Scipio* was condemned, and ordered to pay an immense fine; he was also his two lieutenants and his quaestor, who were included in the charge. Some time afterwards, he was appointed to settle the disputes between *Eumenes* and *Seleucus*; and, at his return, the Romans, ashamed of their severity towards him, rewarded his merit with such uncommon liberality, that *Asiaticus* was enabled to celebrate games in honour of his victory over *Antiochus*, for ten successive days, at his own expense.—4. *Nasica Scipio* was son of *Cneus Scipio*, and cousin to *Scipio Africanus*. He obtained the consulship after the death of his cousin; in which honourable office he conquered the *Belli*, and gained a triumph. He was also successful in an expedition which he undertook to Spain. *Nasica* also distinguished himself by the active part he took in confuting the accusations against the two *Scipios*, *Africanus* and *Asiaticus*.—5. *Publius Emilianus*, son of *Paulus*, the conqueror of *Perseus*, was adopted by the son of *Scipio Africanus*. He received the same surname as his grandfather, and was called *Africanus the Younger*, on account of his victories over Carthage. *Emilianus* first appeared in the Roman armies under his father, and afterwards distinguished himself as a legionary tribune in the Spanish provinces. He passed into Africa to demand a reinforcement from king *Masiniha*, the ally of Rome; and was a spectator of the long and bloody battle fought between that monarch and the Carthaginians, and which produced the third Punic war. Shortly afterwards, *Emilianus* was made *edile*, and next appointed consul, though under the age required for that important office. The surname he had received from his grandfather he was doomed lawfully

Inhuman'ity, *s.* cruelty, savageness.
 Inhu'manly, *ad.* cruelly, barbarously.
 Inhu'mate, inhu'mous, *v. a.* to hurt; *inter.*
 Inhumation, *s.* a burying; sepulture.
 Injace't *v. a.* to throw in or up; dart in.
 Injection, *s.* the act of injecting.
 Inimical, *s.* hostile, adverse, unkind.
 Inimitable, *s.* above imitation.
 Inim'itahly, *ad.* very excellently.
 Iniquitous, *s.* unjust, wicked, sinful.
 Iniqu'ity, *s.* injustice, wickedness, sin.
 Initial, *s.* placed at the beginning.
 Initiate, *v. a.* to admit, to instruct.
 Institution, *s.* the act of admitting a person into any order or faculty.
 Initiatory, *s.* introductory.
 Injudicial, *s.* not according to law.
 Injudicious, *s.* void of judgment.
 Injun'ction, *s.* a command, a precept.
 Injure, *v. a.* to wrong, to hurt unjustly.
 Inju'rious, *s.* unjust, harmful, destructive.
 Injury, *s.* mischief, outrage, annoyance.
 Injustice, *s.* unfair dealing, iniquity.
 Ink, *s.* a black liquid for writing, &c.
 In'kie, *s.* a kind of narrow fillet, a tape.
 In'king, *s.* a hint, a whisper.
 Inky, *s.* black as ink, resembling ink.
 In'land, *s.* remote from the sea, interior.
 Inlap'idate, *v. a.* to turn to stone.
 Inlase' *v. a.* to clear of outlavery.
 Inlay, *v. a.* to variegate wood, &c.
 In'let, *s.* an entrance, a passage into.
 In'ty, *ad.* internally, secretly, in the heart.
 In'mate, *s.* a lodger, an indweller.
 In'most, in'nermost, *s.* deepest within.
 Inu, *s.* a house of entertainment for travellers, a college for students, &c.
 Inua'te, *s.* inborn, ingenuous, natural.
 Inua'gible, *s.* not navigable.
 In'var, *s.* interior, more inward.
 In'holder, in'keeper, *s.* one who keeps a house of entertainment for travellers.
 In'nocence, *s.* purity, simplicity.
 In'nocent, *s.* pure, harmless, innocuous.
 In'nocently, *ad.* without guilt, harmlessly.
 Inno'cuus, *s.* harmless in efforts.
 In'novate, *v. a.* to introduce novelties.
 Inno'vation, *s.* introduction of novelty.
 In'novator, *s.* who introduces novelties.
 Inno'vious, *s.* not harmful, harmless.
 Innuen'do, *s.* an oblique hint.
 Innu'merable, *s.* not to be numbered.
 Inobser'vable, *s.* unworthy of observation.
 Inoculate, *v. a.* to propagate by insertion.
 Inoculation, *s.* grafting in the bud; method of giving the small-pox, by infusing matter into the veins.
 Ino'dorant, *s.* having no scent.
 Inoffen'sive, *s.* harmless, innocent.
 Inoffen'sively, *ad.* innocently, harmlessly.
 Inop'inate, *s.* not expected, sudden.
 Inop'ortune, *s.* unseasonable.
 Inor'dinate, *s.* irregular, disorderly.
 Inorgan'ical, *s.* without proper organs.
 Inos'culate *v. a.* to unite by contact.
 Inos'culation, *s.* a union; a kiss.

In'quest, *s.* a judicial inquiry.
 Inqui'etude, *s.* uneasiness, disquiet.
 Inqui'etate, *v. a.* to pollute, corrupt, defile.
 Inquisition, *s.* a pollution, a corruption.
 Inqui're, *v. a.* to ask about, to seek out.
 Inqui'ry, *s.* an examination, a search.
 Inquisition, *s.* a judicial inquiry; a court in Spain, &c., to detect heresy.
 Inquisitive, *s.* prying, curious, &c.
 Inquisitor, *s.* a judge of the inquisition.
 In'road, *s.* an incursion, a sudden invasion.
 Insalu'rious, *s.* unhealthy, bad.
 Insa'tiable, *s.* insatiable, insomendable.
 Insa'ty, *s.* mad, raving mad.
 Insa'tness, insa'ty, *s.* madness.
 Insa'tiable, insa'tiate, *s.* not to be satisfied.
 Insa'tisfaction, *s.* an unsatisfied state.
 Insa'trable, *s.* that cannot be gladdened.
 Inscribe, *v. a.* to write upon; to dedicate.
 Inscr'iption, *s.* a name or character, written or engraved upon any thing.
 Inscr'iptive, *s.* bearing inscription.
 Inscrutable, *s.* unsearchable, hidden.
 Inseal'p, *v. a.* to engrave, to cut on.
 Inseal'pate, *s.* any thing engraved.
 Inseam, *v. a.* to mark by a seam or scar.
 In'sect, *s.* a small creeping or flying animal.
 Insection, *s.* the act of cutting into.
 Insecur'e, *s.* not secure, not safe.
 Insecur'ity, *s.* unsafety, hazard, danger.
 Insen'sate, *s.* stupid, wanting thought.
 Insensibility, *s.* stupidity, torpor.
 Insen'sible, *s.* void of sense, imperceptible.
 Insep'arable, *s.* not to be disjoined.
 Insep'arably, *ad.* with indissoluble union.
 Inse't, *v. a.* to place among other things.
 Inse'tion, *s.* the act of inserting.
 Inse'vent, *s.* conducive to some end.
 Inship, *v. a.* to shut or stow in a ship.
 Inshut, *v. a.* to enclose in a shroud.
 In'siccation, *s.* the act of drying in.
 In'side, *s.* the inward or internal part.
 Insid'ious, *s.* treacherous, sly, deceitful.
 Insid'iously, *ad.* treacherously, slyly.
 Insid'iousness, *s.* craftiness, deceit.
 In'sight, *s.* an inspection; a deep view.
 In'sing'le, *s.* works of office or honour.
 Insignificance, *s.* want of meaning.
 Insignificant, *s.* unimportant, trifling.
 Insin'uate, *s.* not hearty, unfriendly.
 Insin'city, *s.* dissimulation, want of truth.
 Insin'ow, *v. a.* to strengthen, to confirm.
 Insin'uant, *s.* able to gain favour.
 Insin'uate, *v. a.* to hint carefully, to wheedle.
 Insinuation, *s.* the act of insinuating.
 In'sip'id, *s.* without taste; flat, dull.
 In'sip'idity, *s.* want of taste or spirit.
 In'sip'ience, *s.* silliness, foolishness.
 Insist, *v. n.* to persist in, to urge.
 Insistent, *s.* standing or resting upon.
 Insist'ency, *s.* an exemption from thirst.
 Ins'titue, *s.* the act of ingrafting, a graft.
 Ins'titue, *s.* grafted; not natural.
 Insu're, *v. a.* to entrap, to inveigle.
 Insob're'ty, *s.* drunkenness, intemperance.

PICA SAXON.

Forðy me dýncð betre. gif ior gpa dýncð. þæt pe eac sum bec. ða pe niðbeðýrfeſta rien eallum monnum to ritanne. ꝥ pe þa on ðæt geðeode pen- den þe pe ealle gecnapan mægen. 7 geðon gpa pe gpiðe eaðe mazon mið Godeſ fultume. gif pe þa ſtilneſſe habbað. ðætte eal rio gioruð þe nu iſ on Anzel kýnne gmuora monna. þara þe þa gpeða hæbben ꝥ hie ðæm befeolan mægen. rien to leornunga oðſæſte. þa hpile þe hi to nanne oðerpe

SMALL PICA SAXON

Forðy me dýncð betre. gif ior gpa dýncð. þæt pe eac sum bec. ða pe niðbeðýrfeſta rien eallum monnum to ri- tanne. ꝥ pe þa on ðæt geðeode penben þe pe ealle gecnapan mægen. 7 geðon gpa pe gpiðe eaðe mazon mið Godeſ ful- tume. gif pe þa ſtilneſſe habbað. ðætte eal rio gioruð þe nu iſ on Anzel kýnne gmuora monna. þara þe þa gpeða hæbben ꝥ hie ðæm befeolan mægen. rien to leornunga oðſæſte. þa hpile þe hi to nanne oðerpe note ne mægen. oð ðone riſt ꝥ hie pel cunnen Enghſe geppit aſæðan.

LONG PRIMER, SAXON.

Forðy me dýncð betre. gif ior gpa dýncð. þæt pe eac sum bec. ða pe niðbeðýrfeſta rien eallum monnum to ritanne. ꝥ pe þa on ðæt geðeode penben þe pe ealle gecnapan mægen. 7 geðon gpa pe gpiðe eaðe mazon mið Godeſ fultume. gif pe þa ſtilneſſe habbað. ðætte eal rio gioruð þe nu iſ on Anzel kýnne gmuora monna. þara þe þa gpeða hæbben ꝥ hie ðæm befeolan mægen. rien to leornunga oðſæſte. þa hpile þe hi to nanne oðerpe note ne mægen. oð ðone riſt ꝥ hie pel cunnen Enghſe geppit aſæðan. Læpe mon riððan riſiður Læben geðeode þa þe mon riſiður læpan pille 7 to hierpan hæbe ðon pille. Ða ic þa gemunde hu rio la Læben

BREVIER, SAXON.

Forðy me dýncð betre. gif ior gpa dýncð. þæt pe eac sum bec. ða þe niðbeðýrfeſta rien eallum monnum to ritanne. ꝥ pe þa on ðæt geðeode penben þe pe ealle gecnapan mægen. 7 geðon gpa pe gpiðe eaðe mazon mið Godeſ fultume. gif pe þa ſtilneſſe habbað. ðætte eal rio gioruð þe nu iſ on Anzel kýnne gmuora monna. þara þe þa gpeða hæbben ꝥ hie ðæm be- feolan mægen. rien to leornunga oðſæſte. þa hpile þe hi to nanne oðerpe note ne mægen. oð ðone riſt ꝥ hie pel cunnen Enghſe geppit aſæðan. Læpe mon riððan riſiður on Læben geðeode þa þe mon riſiður læpan pille 7 to hierpan hæbe ðon pille. Ða ic þa gemunde hu rio lap Læben geðeodeſ ær ðýrum oðſællen pæſ geonð Anzel kýnne. 7 ðeah monge cu-

ENGLISH GREEK, No. 2.

ΧΟ τίς ὧδε τλησικάρδιος •στροφὴ β
θεῶν, ὅτφ τὰδ' ἐπιχαρῆ;
τίς οὐ συνασκαλᾷ κακοῖς
τεοῖσι, δίχα γε Διός; ὁ δ' ἐπικότως ἀει
θέμενος ἄγναμπτον νόον
δάμναται οὐρανίαν
γένναν· οὐδὲ λή-
ξει πρὶν ἂν ἡ κορέση κέαρ, ἡ παλάμα τινὶ

ΑΒΓΔΕΖΗΘΙΚΑΜΝΞΟΠΡΣΤΥΧΩ

SMALL PICA GREEK, No. 2.

HN δι' ἄνθρωπος ἐκ τῶν Φαρισαίων, Νικόδημος ὄνομα αὐτῷ
ἄρχων τῶν Ἰουδαίων. Οὗτος ἦλθε πρὸς τὸν Ἰησοῦν νυκτὸς
καὶ εἶπεν αὐτῷ· 'Ραββί, οἶδαμεν ὅτι ἀπὸ Θεοῦ ἐλήλυθας
διδάσκαλος· οὐδεὶς γὰρ ταῦτα τὰ σημεῖα δύναται ποιεῖν ἢ σὺ
ποιεῖς, ἐὰν μὴ ἡ ὁ Θεὸς μετ' αὐτοῦ. Ἀπεκρίθη ὁ Ἰησοῦς,
καὶ εἶπεν αὐτῷ· Ἀμὴν ἀμὴν λέγω σοι, ἐὰν μὴ τις γεννηθῇ
ἄνωθεν, οὐ δύναται ἰδεῖν τὴν βασιλείαν τοῦ Θεοῦ. Λέγει
πρὸς αὐτὸν ὁ Νικόδημος· Πῶς δύναται ἄνθρωπος γεννηθῆναι
γέρον ὦν; μὴ δύναται εἰς τὴν κοιλίαν τῆς μητρὸς αὐτοῦ δεύτ

ΑΒΓΔΕΖΗΘΙΚΑΜΝΞΟΠΡΣΤΥΤΦΧΨΩ

ΑΒΓΔΕΖΗΘΙΚΑΜΝΞΟΠΡΣΤΤΦΧΨΩ

BOURGEOIS, GREEK.

HN δὲ ἄνθρωπος ἐκ τῶν Φαρισαίων, Νικόδημος ὄνομα αὐτῷ, ἄρχων τῶν
Ἰουδαίων. Οὗτος ἦλθε πρὸς τὸν Ἰησοῦν νυκτὸς, καὶ εἶπεν αὐτῷ· 'Ραββί
οἶδαμεν ὅτι ἀπὸ Θεοῦ ἐλήλυθας διδάσκαλος· οὐδεὶς γὰρ ταῦτα τὰ σημεῖα
δύναται ποιεῖν ἢ σὺ ποιεῖς, ἐὰν μὴ ἡ ὁ Θεὸς μετ' αὐτοῦ. Ἀπεκρίθη ὁ
Ἰησοῦς, καὶ εἶπεν αὐτῷ· Ἀμὴν ἀμὴν λέγω σοι, ἐὰν μὴ τις γεννηθῇ ἄνωθεν,
οὐ δύναται ἰδεῖν τὴν βασιλείαν τοῦ Θεοῦ. Λέγει πρὸς αὐτὸν ὁ Νικόδημος·
Πῶς δύναται ἄνθρωπος γεννηθῆναι γέρον ὦν; μὴ δύναται εἰς τὴν κοιλίαν
τῆς μητρὸς αὐτοῦ δεύτερον εἰσελθεῖν, καὶ γεννηθῆναι; Ἀπεκρίθη ὁ Ἰησοῦς·
Ἀμὴν ἀμὴν λέγω σοι, ἐὰν μὴ τις γεννηθῇ ἐξ ὕδατος καὶ Πνεύματος, οὐ δύ-

ΑΒΓΔΕΖΗΘΙΚΑΜΝΞΟΠΡΣΤΥΤΦΧΨΩ

BREVIER GREEK, No. 2.

ΕΔΕΙ μὲν, ὁ ἄνθρωπος Ἀθηναῖος, τοὺς, γέγοντας ἅπαντας ἐν ὑμῖν, μήτε πρὸς ἐχθ
ραν ποιεῖσθαι λόγον μήτε πρὸς χάριν. ἀλλ' ὁ βέλτερον ἵκατος ἦγετο, τοῦτ' ἀπ
οφαινεσθαι. ἄλλως τε καὶ περὶ κοινῶν πραγμάτων καὶ μεγάλων ὁμῶν βουλευο
μένων, ἐπειδὴ δὲ νοοῖν τὰ μὲν, φιλοσοφία, τὰ δὲ ἡ τινὶ δῆπου· αἰτία, προϊόντα
λέγουσι, ὅτι, ὁ ἄνθρωπος Ἀθηναῖος, τοὺς, πολλοὺς δεῖ, πάντα πᾶσι ἀφέντας, ὁ
ἐν τῷ κόσμῳ κομίζεσθαι, ταῦτ' καὶ ψηφίζεσθαι καὶ πράττειν. ἡ μὲν οὖν σπ
ρατική, περὶ τῶν ἐν κοινῇ πράξεων πραγμάτων ἐστὶ, καὶ τῆς κρατείας, ἡγεμονίας
μὲν καὶ τῆς φιλοσοφίας ἐν ὁρμῇ ποιεῖται. τῶν δὲ λόγων οἱ πλείους, περὶ ὧν δια
κρίσις ἀπὸ τῆς κοινῆς ἀλλοιᾶς ποιεῖται, εἰρηναῖα. τῶν δὲ, ὅσα μὲν τις αἰτιάται ἵνα το
ῦτο, εἰς, κατὰ τοὺς νόμους, ἐφ' ὑμῖν ἐστὶ, ὅταν βούλησθε, κολλᾷτε, κἂν ἦεν

ΑΒΓΔΕΖΗΘΙΚΑΜΝΞΟΠΡΣΤΤΦΧΨΩ

PICA GREEK, No. 1.

ΕΔΕΙ μέν ὦ ἄνδρες Ἀθηναῖοι, τῆς λέγοντας ἅπαντας ἐν ὑμῖν, μήτε πρὸς ἐχθρὸν ποιεῖσθαι λόγον μηδένα, μήτε πρὸς χάριν. ἀλλ' ὁ βέλτιστον ἑκάστος ἡγεῖτο, τοῦτ' ἀποφαίνεσθαι. ἄλλως τε καὶ περὶ κοινῶν πραγμάτων καὶ μεγάλων ὑμῶν βουλευομένων, ἐπειδὴ δὲ νεοὶν τὰ μὲν, φιλονεικία, τὰ δὲ ἥ τινι δῆποτ' αἰτία, προάγονται λέγει, ὑμᾶς, ὦ ἄνδρες Ἀθηναῖοι, τῆς, πολλὰς δεῖ, πάντα τὰλλ ἀφέντας, ἃ τῇ πόλει νομίζετε συμφέρειν, ταῦτ κα

ΑΒΓΔΕΖΗΘΙΚΑΜΝΞΟΠΡΣΤΤΦΧΨΩ
ΑΒΓΔΕΖΗΘΙΚΑΜΝΞΟΠΡΣΤΤΦΧΨΩ

SMALL PICA GREEK, No. 1.

ΕΔΕΙ μέν, ὦ ἄνδρες Ἀθηναῖοι, τῆς λέγοντας ἅπαντας ἐν ὑμῖν, μήτε πρὸς ἐχθρὸν ποιεῖσθαι λόγον μηδένα, μήτε πρὸς χάριν. ἀλλ' ὁ βέλτιστον ἑκάστος ἡγεῖτο, τοῦτ' ἀποφαίνεσθαι. ἄλλως τε καὶ περὶ κοινῶν πραγμάτων καὶ μεγάλων ὑμῶν βουλευομένων, ἐπειδὴ δὲ νεοὶν τὰ μὲν, φιλονεικία, τὰ δὲ ἥ τινι δῆποτ' αἰτία, προάγονται λέγει, ὑμᾶς, ὦ ἄνδρες Ἀθηναῖοι, τῆς, πολλὰς δεῖ, πάντα τὰλλ ἀφέντας, ἃ τῇ πόλει νομίζετε συμφέρειν, ταῦτ κα. ψηφίζεσθαι καὶ πράττειν. ἡ μὲν οὖν σπυδῇ, περὶ τῶν ἐν Χερρόνησῳ πραγμάτων ἐστὶ, καὶ τῆς στρατείας, ἣν ἐνδέκατον μῆνα τούτον,

ΑΒΓΔΕΖΗΘΙΚΑΜΝΞΟΠΡΣΤΤΦΧΨΩ
ΑΒΓΔΕΖΗΘΙΚΑΜΝΞΟΠΡΣΤΤΦΧΤΩ

LONG PRIMER GREEK, No. 2.

ΕΔΕΙ μέν ὦ ἄνδρες Ἀθηναῖοι, τῆς λέγοντας ἅπαντας ἐν ὑμῖν, μήτε πρὸς ἐχθρὸν ποιεῖσθαι λόγον μηδένα, μήτε πρὸς χάριν. ἀλλ' ὁ βέλτιστον ἑκάστος ἡγεῖτο, τοῦτ' ἀποφαίνεσθαι. ἄλλως τε καὶ περὶ κοινῶν πραγμάτων καὶ μεγάλων ὑμῶν βουλευομένων, ἐπειδὴ δὲ νεοὶν τὰ μὲν, φιλονεικία, τὰ δὲ ἥ τινι δῆποτ' αἰτία, προάγονται λέγει, ὑμᾶς, ὦ ἄνδρες Ἀθηναῖοι, τῆς, πολλὰς δεῖ, πάντα τὰλλ ἀφέντας, ἃ τῇ πόλει νομίζετε συμφέρειν, ταῦτ καὶ ψηφίζεσθαι καὶ πράττειν. ἡ μὲν οὖν σπυδῇ, περὶ τῶν ἐν Χερρόνησῳ πραγμάτων ἐστὶ, καὶ τῆς στρατείας, ἣν ἐνδέκατον μῆνα τούτον, φίλιππος ἐν Θράκῃ ποιεῖται. τῶν δὲ λόγων

ΑΒΓΔΕΖΗΘΙΚΑΜΝΞΟΠΡΣΤΤΦΧΨΩ

BREVIER GREEK, No. 1.

ΕΔΕΙ μέν, ὦ ἄνδρες Ἀθηναῖοι, τῆς, λέγοντας ἅπαντας ἐν ὑμῖν, μήτε πρὸς ἐχθρὸν ποιεῖσθαι λόγον μηδένα, μήτε πρὸς χάριν. ἀλλ' ὁ βέλτιστον ἑκάστος ἡγεῖτο, τοῦτ' ἀποφαίνεσθαι. ἄλλως τε καὶ περὶ κοινῶν πραγμάτων καὶ μεγάλων ὑμῶν βουλευομένων, ἐπειδὴ δὲ νεοὶν τὰ μὲν, φιλονεικία, τὰ δὲ ἥ τινι δῆποτ' αἰτία, προάγονται λέγει, ὑμᾶς, ὦ ἄνδρες Ἀθηναῖοι, τῆς, πολλὰς δεῖ, πάντα τὰλλ ἀφέντας, ἃ τῇ πόλει νομίζετε συμφέρειν, ταῦτ καὶ ψηφίζεσθαι καὶ πράττειν. ἡ μὲν οὖν σπυδῇ, περὶ τῶν ἐν Χερρόνησῳ πραγμάτων ἐστὶ, καὶ τῆς στρατείας, ἣν ἐνδέκατον μῆνα τούτον, φίλιππος ἐν Θράκῃ ποιεῖται. τῶν δὲ λόγων αἱ πλείους, περὶ ὧν διοπίθης πράττει καὶ μέλλει ποιεῖν, ἱερῶνται ἰσὺ δὲ ὅσα μὲν τις αἰτιάται τινὰ τούτων, ὥς κατὰ Θῆς νόμος, ἐφ' ὑμῖν ἐστίν, ὅτα

ΑΒΓΔΕΖΗΘΙΚΑΜΝΞΟΠΡΣΤΤΦΧΨΩ

GREAT PRIMER

ΕΔΕΙ μέν ὁ ἄνδρες Ἀθηναῖοι, τοὺς λέγον-
τας ἅπαντας ἐν ὑμῖν, μήτε πρὸς ἐχθρῶν
ποιεῖσθαι λόγον μηδένα, λήτε πρὸς χάριν.
ἀλλ' ὁ βέλτιστον ἕκαστος ἡγεῖτο, τοῦτ'
ἀποφαίνεσθαι. ἄλλως τε καὶ περὶ κοινῶν
πραγμάτων καὶ μεγάλων ὑμῶν βουλευομέ-
νων, ἐπειδὴ δὲ νεοὶν ταμὲν, φιλονεικία,
τὰ δὲ ἢ τινι δήποτ' αἰτία, προάγονται λέ-

PICA GREEK, No. 3.

ΕΔΕΙ μέν ὁ ἄνδρες Ἀθηναῖοι, τοὺς λέγοντας ἅπαντας ἐν
ὑμῖν, μήτε πρὸς ἐχθρῶν ποιεῖσθαι λόγον μηδένα, λήτε
πρὸς χάριν. ἀλλ' ὁ βέλτιστον ἕκαστος ἡγεῖτο, τοῦτ' ἀπο-
φαίνεσθαι. ἄλλως τε καὶ περὶ κοινῶν πραγμάτων καὶ
μεγάλων ὑμῶν βουλευομένων, ἐπειδὴ δὲ νεοὶν ταμὲν, φι-
λονεικία, τὰ δὲ ἢ τινι δήποτ' αἰτία, προάγονται λέγειν,
ὑμᾶς, ὁ ἄνδρες Ἀθηναῖοι, τοὺς, πολλοὺς δεῖ, πάντα τὰλλ
ἀφέντας, ἃ τῇ πόλει τομίζετε συμφέρειν, ταῦτ καὶ ψηφι-
ζεσθαι καὶ πράττειν. ἢ μὲν οὖν σπουδῇ, περὶ τῶν ἐν χερ-
σὶν πραγμάτων ἐστὶ, καὶ τῆς στρατείας, ἢν ἐνδεκατον

LONG PRIMER GREEK, No. 3.

Ἐπεὶ οὖν ἐξελεύνη σταθμοὶ τρεῖς παρασάγγας ἔσταιν εἰς Ἰαόνιον,
τῆς Φρυγίας πόλιν ἐσχάτην ἐνταῦθα ἔμεινε τρεῖς ἡμέρας ἐντεύθεν
ἐξελεύνη διὰ τῆς Λυκαονίας σταθμοὺς πέντε παρασάγγας τριάκοντα
ταύτην τὴν χώραν ἐπὶ τῇ διόρισται τοῖς Ἑλλήσιν ὡς πλεονέχεια οὐσαν.
ἐντεύθεν Κύρος τὴν περὶ τὴν πόλιν ἀποστείλει τὴν ταχίστην
ἀδὴν καὶ ἀνέμελλεν αὐτῇ στρατιάντας ἀπὸ Μιάνου ἔχει καὶ αὐτόν. Κύρος
δὲ μετὰ τῶν ἄλλων ἐξελεύνη διὰ Καππυδοκίας σταθμοὺς τέτταρας
παρασάγγας εἰκοσι καὶ πέντε πρὸς Ἀθήνας, ἔστιν ἀντικείμενη, μεγάλην καὶ
ἐυδαίμονα ἐνταῦθα ἔμειναν ἡμέρας τρεῖς ἐν τῇ καίρῳ ἀπέστειλεν ἀδρα
Πέρσῃν ἰσχυροτάτην, φρονικιστὴν ἀντιπάλῃ καὶ ἐπὶ τὴν τῶν ἀν-
ταρχῶν δύνασιν, αἰτιασάμενος ἀντιβουλόμενος, οὗτος ἐντεύθεν ἐπὶ τὴν πόλιν

DIAMOND GREEK

ΕΔΕΙ μέν ὁ ἄνδρες Ἀθηναῖοι, τοὺς λέγοντας ἅπαντας ἐν ὑμῖν, μήτε πρὸς ἐχθρῶν ποιεῖσθαι λόγον μηδένα, λήτε πρὸς χάριν. ἀλλ' ὁ βέλτιστον ἕκαστος ἡγεῖτο, τοῦτ' ἀποφαίνεσθαι. ἄλλως τε καὶ περὶ κοινῶν πραγμάτων καὶ μεγάλων ὑμῶν βουλευομένων, ἐπειδὴ δὲ νεοὶν ταμὲν, φιλονεικία, τὰ δὲ ἢ τινι δήποτ' αἰτία, προάγονται λέγειν, ὑμᾶς, ὁ ἄνδρες Ἀθηναῖοι, τοὺς, πολλοὺς δεῖ, πάντα τὰλλ ἀφέντας, ἃ τῇ πόλει τομίζετε συμφέρειν, ταῦτ καὶ ψηφιζεσθαι καὶ πράττειν. ἢ μὲν οὖν σπουδῇ, περὶ τῶν ἐν χερσὶν πραγμάτων ἐστὶ, καὶ τῆς στρατείας, ἢν ἐνδεκατον

ΑΕΓΑΕΒΗΘΙΚΑΝΘΕΡΕΤΥΝΧΗ

DOUBLE PICA, GREEK.

ΕΔΕΙ μέν ὧ ἄνδρες Αθηναῖοι, τοὺς λέγοντας ἅπαντας ἐν ὑμῖν, μήτε πρὸς ἔχθραν ποιεῖσθαι λόγον μηδένα, λήτε πρὸς χάριν. ἀλλ' ὁ βέλτιστον ἕκαστος
ΑΒΓΖΗΘΙΚΑΜΝΞΟΠΡΣΤΤΦΧΨΩ

ENGLISH GREEK, No. 1.

ΕΔΕΙ μέν ὧ ἄνδρες Αθηναῖοι, τὸς λέγοντας ἅπαντας ἐν ὑμῖν, μήτε πρὸς ἔχθραν ποιεῖσθαι λόγον μηδένα, λήτε πρὸς χάριν. ἀλλ' ὁ βέλτιστον ἕκαστος ἤγειτο, τοῦτ' ἀποφαίνεσθαι. ἄλλως τε καὶ περὶ κοινῶν πραγμάτων καὶ μεγάλων ὑμῶν βεβηλομένων, ἐπειδὴ δὲ νεοὶν τα μέν, φιλονεικία, τὰ δὲ ἢ τινι δῆποτ' αἰτία, προάγονται λέγει, ὑμᾶς, ὧ
ΑΒΓΔΕΖΗΘΙΚΑΜΝΞΟΠΡΣΤΤΦΧΨΩ

SMALL PICA, GREEK, No. 3.

ΕΔΕΙ μέν ὧ ἄνδρες Αθηναῖοι, τοὺς λέγοντας ἅπαντας ἐν ὑμῖν. μήτε πρὸς ἔχθραν ποιεῖσθαι λόγον μηδένα, λήτε πρὸς χάριν. ἀλλ' ὁ βέλτιστον ἕκαστος ἤγειτο, τοῦτ' ἀποφαίνεσθαι. ἄλλως τε καὶ περὶ κοινῶν πραγμάτων καὶ μεγάλων ὑμῶν βουλευομένων, ἐπειδὴ δὲ νεοὶν τα μέν, φιλονεικία, τὰ δὲ ἢ τινι δῆποτ, αἰτία, προάγονται λέγει, ὑμᾶς, ὧ ἄνδρες Αθηναῖοι, τοὺς, πολλοὺς δεῖ, πάντα τὰλλ ἀφέντας, ἃ τῇ πόλει νομίζετε συμφέρειν, ταῦτ καὶ ψηφίσεσθαι καὶ πρῶττειν. ἢ μὲν οὖν σπουδῇ, περὶ
ΑΒΓΔΕΖΗΘΙΚΑΜΝΞΟΠΡΣΤΤΦΧΨΩ

SMALL PICA, IRISH.

Copied from the Engravings in VALANCEY's Irish Grammar.

Ἀν κεκληρίκηκδδ Ckibedel
deas, do chead Epiat
nkoimh Poil chum nā Jcorin
tlneskeh.

The fourteenth Chapter of St.
Paul's first Epistle to the
Corinthians.

1. Ieknuidd An Jkakdh, Asur
bioidh mian nā neichenn rthiorā
daitā orāib: kcht zo mādh
mo zo ndeakādh rth rāidhēd
oirēcht.

1. Follow after charity, and
desire spiritual gifts, but ra-
ther that ye may prophesy.

The Abbreviations are complete.

ENGLISH, HEBREW.

בראשית ברא אלהים את השמים ואת הארץ: והארץ
היתה תהו ובהו וחסך על פני תהום ורוח אלהים מרחפת
על פני המים: ויאמר אלהים יהי אור ויהי אור: וירא
אלהים את האור כי טוב ויבדל אלהים בין האור ובין
החשך: ויקרא אלהים לאור יום ולחשך קרא לילה ויהי
ערב ויהי בקר יום אחד: פ ויאמר אלהים יהי
רקיע בתוך המים ויהי מבדיל בין מים למים: ויעש
אלהים את הרקיע ויבדל בין המים אשר מתחת לרקיע
ובין המים אשר מעל לרקיע ויהי כן: ויקרא אלהים
לרקיע שמים ויהי ערב ויהי בקר יום שני: פ ויאמר

LONG PRIMER HEBREW.

בראשית כרא אלהים את השמים ואת הארץ: והארץ היתה תהו ובהו והשדך על־פני תהום ורוח אלהים מרחפת על־פני המים: ויאמר אלהים יהי אור ויהי־אור: וירא אלהים את־האור כרשום ויבדל אלהים בין האור ובין החשך: ויקרא אלהים לאור יום ולחשך כרא לילה ויהי־ערב ויהי־בקר ויום אחד: פ ויאמר אלהים יהי רקיע בחזק המים ויהי מבודל בין מים למים: ויצא אלהים את־הרקיע ויבדל בין המים אשר מתחת לרקיע ובין המים אשר מעל לרקיע ויהי־כן: ויקרא אלהים לרקיע שמים ויהי־ערב ויהי בקר יום שני: פ ויאמר אלהים יקוו המים מתחת השמים אל־מקום אחד ותראה היבשה ויהי־כן: ויקרא אלהים ליבשה ארץ ולמקרה המים קרא ימים וירא אלהים בר־מוב: ויאמר אלהים תרשא הארץ קשא עשב

BOURGEOIS HEBREW.

בראשית ברא אלהים את השמים ואת הארץ והארץ היתה תהו ובהו ורוח עילפני תהום ויורה אלהים מרחפת קלפני הפי השמים: ויאמר אלהים יהי אור ויהי אור: וירא אלהים את האור כי טוב ויברל אלהים בין האור ובין ההושך: ויקרא אלהים לאור יום ולהושך קורא לילה ויהי ערב ויהי בקר: יום אחד: **ב** ויאמר אלהים יהי רקיע בתוך המים ויהי מובדל בין מים למים: וינעש אלהים אתהרקיע ויברל בין המים אשר מתחת ויברל ויבד המים אשר מעל להרקיע ויהי: ויקרא אלהים להרקיע שמים ויהי ערב ויהי בקר: יום שני: **ב**

SMALL PICA HEBREW, WITH POINTS.

[illegible]

. PERSIAN, .
ON PAROGAN BODY.

و بلامشارکت غیري در تصرف مالکانه من بود
بعوض مبلغ یک هزار روپيه شاه جهانہ رايج
الوقت بوزن يازده ماث بدست خواجہ محمد ولد
خواجہ بايزيد فروختم و مبلغ مذکور در قبض و تصرف
ش خود اوردم ہمسايہ باسم رجبہ و فتو کواہ دادند
کہ ان خانہ ملکہ ما موروثہ بايع بمذکور بود و
شيخ عبداللہ ولد شيخ عبدالکریم عہدہ نمود کہ
اگر ثاني اسحال وارث ديگر پيدا شود و دعوي
کند او از عہدہ جواب ان برايہ اين چند کتب

PICA BENGALEE.

পৃথিবী বারি ভাগে বিভক্ত আছে ইউরোপ ও আসিয়া
ও আফ্রিকা ও আমেরিকা। ইউরোপ ও আসিয়া ও আফ্রিকা
এই তিন ভাগ এক মহাদ্বীপে আছে ইহারা কোন সমুদ্রদ্বারা
পরস্পর বিভক্ত নয় কিন্তু আমেরিকা পৃথক এক দ্বীপে পৃথক
দ্বীপহইতে দুই হাজার কোশ অন্তর। তিন শত ছাব্বিশ
বৎসর ইহল এক হাজার চারি শত বিরানবই ইংগলীয়
সনে ও আট শত আট নবই বাদশাহ সালে আমেরিকা
পৃথক জানা গেল তাহার পরে আমেরিকা কোন লোককর্তৃক
জানা ছিল না তাহার পৃথক দর্শনের অল্প বিবরণ এখন লিখি।
যহেতক পৃথিবীর মধ্যে যে২ অন্তত কয় হইয়াছে তাহার

DOUBLE PICA SYRIAC.

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ENGLISH SYRIAC.

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LONG PRIMER SYRIAC, No. 1.

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No. 2.

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28 And God blessed them, and God said unto them, Be fruitful, and multiply, and replenish the earth, and subdue it: and have dominion over the fish of the sea, and over the fowl of the air, and over every living thing that moveth upon the earth.

29 ¶ And God said, Behold, I have given you every herb bearing seed, which is upon the face of all the earth, and every tree, in the which is the fruit of a tree yielding seed; to you it shall be for meat.

30 And to every beast of the earth, and to every fowl of the air, and to every thing that creepeth upon the earth, wherein *there is* life, I have given every green herb for meat: and it was so.

31 And God saw every thing that he had made, and, behold *it was* very good. And the evening and the morning were the sixth day.

CHAP. II.

1 *The first sabbath.* 4 *The manner of the creation.* 8 *The planting of the garden of Eden, 10 and the river thereof.* 17 *The tree of knowledge only forbidden.* 19, 20 *The naming of the creatures.* 21 *The making of woman, and institution of marriage.*

THUS the heavens and the earth were finished, and all the host of them.

work which he had made; and he rested on the seventh day from all his work which he had made.

3 And God blessed the seventh day, and sanctified it: because that in it he had rested from all his work which God created and made.

4 ¶ These *are* the generations of the heavens and of the earth when they were created, in the day that the Lord God made the earth and the heavens,

5 And every plant of the field before it was in the earth, and every herb of the field before it grew: for the Lord God had not caused it to rain upon the earth, and *there was* not a man to till the ground.

6 But there went up a mist from the earth, and watered the whole face of the ground.

7 And the Lord God formed man of the dust of the ground, and breathed into his nostrils the breath of life; and man became a living soul.

8 ¶ And the Lord God planted a garden eastward in Eden; and there he put the man whom he had formed.

2 Then David the king stood up upon his feet, and said, Hear me, my brethren, and my people: *As for me*, I had in mine heart to build an house of rest for the ark of the covenant of the LORD, and for the footstool of our God, and had made ready for the building:

3 But God said unto me, Thou shalt not build an house for my name, because thou hast been a man of war, and hast shed blood.

4 Howbeit the LORD God of Israel chose me before all the house of my father; to be king over Israel for ever: for he hath chosen Judah to be the ruler; and of the house of Judah, the house of my father; and among the sons of my father he liked me to make me king over all Israel.

5 And of all my sons, (for the LORD hath given me many sons,) he hath chosen Solomon my son to sit upon the throne of the kingdom of the LORD over Israel.

6 And he said unto me, Solomon thy son, he shall build my house and my courts: for I have chosen him to be my son, and I will be his father.

7 Moreover I will establish his kingdom for ever, if he be constant to do my commandments and my judgments, as at this day.

8 Now therefore in the sight of all Israel the congregation of the LORD, and and in the audience of our God, keep and seek for all the commandments of the LORD your God: that ye may possess this good land, and leave it for an inheritance for your children after you for ever.

9 ¶ And thou, Solomon my son, know thou the God of thy father, and serve him with a perfect heart and with a willing mind: for the LORD searcheth all hearts, and understandeth all the imagi-

nations of the thoughts: if thou seek him he will be found of thee; but if thou forsake him, he will cast thee off for ever.

10 Take heed now; for the LORD hath chosen thee to build an house for the sanctuary; be strong, and do it.

11 Then David gave to Solomon his son the pattern of the porch, and of the houses thereof, and of the treasuries thereof, and of the upper chambers thereof, and of the inner parlours thereof, and of the place of the mercy seat,

12 And the pattern of all that he had by the spirit, of the courts of the house of the LORD, and of all the chambers round about, of the treasuries of the house of God, and of the treasuries of the dedicated things:

13 Also for the courses of the priests and the Levites, and for all the work of the service of the house of the LORD, and for all the vessels of service in the house of the LORD.

14 He gave of gold by weight for things of gold, for all instruments of all manner of service; silver also for all instruments of silver by weight, for all instruments of every kind of service:

15 Even the weight for the candlesticks of gold, and for their lamps of gold by weight for every candlestick, and for the lamps thereof: and for the candlesticks of silver by weight, both for the candlestick, and also for the lamps thereof, according to the use of every candlestick.

16 And by weight he gave gold for the tables of shewbread, for every table; and likewise silver for the tables of silver:

17 Also pure gold for the fleshhooks, and the bowls and the cups: and for the golden basons he gave gold by weight for every bason; and likewise silver by weight for every bason of silver:

B. C. 1012.

^a See Ezek. 41.
1. &c.

2 And ^athe house which king Solomon built for the LORD, the length thereof was threescore cubits, and the breadth thereof twenty cubits, and the height thereof thirty cubits.

3 And the porch before the temple of the house, twenty cubits was the length thereof, according to the breadth of the house; and ten cubits was the breadth thereof before the house.

4 And for the house he made ^b|| windows of narrow lights.

5 ¶ And ||against the wall of the house he built ^c†chambers round about, against the walls of the house round about, *both* of the temple ^dand of the oracle: and he made ^e†chambers round about:

6 The nethermost chamber was five cubits broad, and the middle was six cubits broad, and the third was seven cubits broad: for without in the wall of the house he made ^f†narrowed rests round about, that *the beams* should not be fastened in the walls of the house.

7 And ^gthe house, when it was in building, was built of stone made ready before it was brought thither: so that there was neither hammer nor axe nor any tool of iron heard in the house, while it was in building.

8 The door for the middle chamber was in the right ^h†side of the house: and they went up with winding stairs into the middle *chamber*, and out of the middle into the third.

9 ⁱSo he built the house, and finished it; and covered the house || with beams and boards of cedar.

10 And *then* he built chambers against all the house, five cubits high: and they rested on the house with timber of cedar.

11 ¶ And the word of the LORD came to Solomon, saying,

12 Concerning this house which thou art in building, ^jif thou wilt walk in my statutes, and execute my judgments, and keep all my commandments to walk in them; then will I perform my word with thee, ^kwhich I spake unto David, thy father.

13 And ^lI will dwell among the chil-

dren of Israel, and will not ^mforsake my people Israel.

14 ⁿSo Solomon built the house, and ^ofinished it.

15 And he built the walls of the house within with boards of cedar, || both the floor of the house, and the walls of the ceiling: and he covered them on the inside with wood, and covered the floor of the house with planks of fir.

16 And he built twenty cubits on the sides of the house, both the floor and the walls with boards of cedar: he even built them for it within, *even* for the oracle, even for the ^pmost holy place.

17 And the house, that is, the temple before it, was forty cubits long.

18 And the cedar of the house within was carved with || knops and ^q†open flowers: all was cedar; there was no stone seen.

19 And the oracle he prepared in the house within, to set there the ark of the covenant of the LORD.

20 And the oracle in the forepart was twenty cubits in length, and twenty cubits in breadth, and twenty cubits in the height thereof: and he overlaid it with ^r†pure gold; and so covered the altar ^swhich was of cedar.

21 So Solomon overlaid the house within with pure gold: and he made a partition by the chains of gold before the oracle; and he overlaid it with gold.

22 And the whole house he overlaid with gold until he had finished all the house: also ^tthe whole altar that was by the oracle he overlaid with gold.

23 ¶ And within the oracle ^uhe made two cherubims of olive || ^v†trees, each ten cubits high.

24 And five cubits *was* the one wing of the cherub, and five cubits the other wing of the cherub: from the uttermost part of the one wing unto the uttermost part of the other *were* ten cubits.

25 And the other cherub was ten cubits: both the cherubims were of one measure and one size.

26 The height of the one cherub was ten cubits, and so *was it* of the other cherub.

^b See Ezek. 40.
16. & 41. 16.

^c Or, windows broad within, and narrow without: or skewed and closed.

^d Or, upon, or joining to.

^e See Ezek. 41.
6.

^f Heb. floors.

^g ver. 16, 19, 20,
21, 31.

^h Heb. ribs.

ⁱ Heb. narrowings, or, rebatements.

^j See Deut. 27. 5,
6. ch. 5. 19.

^k Heb. shoulder.

1005.
^l ver. 14, 38.

^m Or, the vault-beams and the ceilings with cedar.

ⁿ ch. 2. 4. & 9.
4.

^o 2 Sam. 7. 13.
1 Chr. 22. 10.

^p Ex. 25. 8. Lev. 26. 11. 2 Cor. 6. 16. Rev. 21. 3.

^q Den

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thrones, judging the twelve tribes of Israel.

29 And every one that hath forsaken houses, or brethren, or sisters, or father, or mother, or wife, or children, or lands, for my name's sake, shall receive an hundred-fold, and shall inherit everlasting life.

30 But many *that are* first shall be last; and the last *shall be* first.

CHAP. XX.

The Labourers in the Vineyard.

FOR the kingdom of heaven is like unto a man *that is* an house-holder, which went out early in the morning to hire labourers into his vineyard.

2 And when he had agreed with the labourers for a penny a day, he sent them into his vineyard.

3 And he went out about the third hour, and saw others standing idle in the market-place.

4 And said unto them; Go ye also into the vineyard; and whatsoever is right, I will give you. And they went in their way.

5 Again he went out about the sixth and ninth hour, and did likewise.

6 And about the eleventh hour he went out, and found others standing idle, and said unto them, Why stand ye here all the day idle?

7 They say unto him, Because no man hath hired us. He saith unto them, Go ye also into the vineyard; and whatsoever is right, *that* shall ye receive.

8 So when even was come, the lord of the vineyard saith unto his steward, Call the labourers, and give them *their* hire, beginning from the last unto the first.

9 And when they came that *were* hired about the eleventh hour, they received every man a penny.

10 But when the first came, they supposed that they should have received more; and they likewise received every man a penny.

11 And when they had received *it*, they murmured against the good man of the house,

12 Saying, These last have wrought *but* one hour, and thou hast made them equal unto us, which have borne the burden and heat of the day.

13 But he answered one of them, and said, Friend, I do thee no wrong: didst not thou agree with me for a penny?

14 Take *that* thine is, and go thy way: I will give unto this last even as unto thee.

15 Is it not lawful for me to do what I will with mine own? Is thine eye evil, because mine is good?

16 So the last shall be first, and the first last: for many be called, but few chosen.

17 And Jesus going up to Jerusalem, took the twelve disciples apart in the way, and said unto them,

18 Behold, we go up to Jerusalem; and the Son of man shall be betrayed unto the chief priests and unto the scribes, and they shall condemn him to death.

19 And shall deliver him to the Gentiles to mock, and to scourge, and to crucify *him*: and the third day he shall rise again.

20 Then came to him the mother of Zebedee's children with her sons, worshipping *him*, and desiring a certain thing of him.

21 And he said unto her, What wilt thou? She saith unto him, Grant that these my two sons may sit, the one on thy right hand, and the other on the left, in thy kingdom.

22 But Jesus answered and said, Ye know not what ye ask. Are ye able to drink of the cup that I shall drink of, and be baptized with the baptism that I am baptized with? They say unto him, we are able.

SMALL PICA No. 8.

AND it came to pass, when Jesus had finished all these sayings, he said unto his disciples,

2 Ye know that after two days is the feast of the Passover, and the Son of man is betrayed to be crucified.

3 Then assembled together the Chief Priests, and the Scribes, and the elders of the people, unto the palace of the High Priest, who was called Caiaphas,

4 And consulted that they might take Jesus by subtilty, and kill him.

5 But they said, Not on the feast day, lest there be an uproar among the people.

6 Now when Jesus was in Bethany, in the house of Simon the leper,

7 There came unto him a woman having an alabaster box of very precious ointment, and poured it on his head as he sat at meat.

8 But when his disciples saw it, they had indignation, saying, To what purpose is this waste?

9 For this ointment might have been sold for much, and given to the poor.

10 When Jesus understood it, he said unto them, Why trouble ye the woman? for she hath wrought a good work upon me.

11 For ye have the poor always with you: but me ye have not always.

12 For in that she hath poured this ointment on my body, she did it for my burial.

13 Verily I say unto you, Wheresoever this Gospel shall be preached in the whole world, there shall also this, that this woman hath done, be told for a memorial of her.

14 Then one of the twelve, called Judas Iscariot, went to the Chief Priests,

15 And said unto them, What will ye give me, and I will deliver him unto you? And they covenanted with him for thirty pieces of silver.

16 And from that time he sought opportunity to betray him.

17 Now the first day of the feast of unleavened bread the disciples came to Jesus, saying unto him, Where wilt thou that we prepare for thee to eat the Passover?

18 And he said, Go into the city to such a man, and say unto him, the Master saith, My time is at hand, I will keep the passover at thy house with my disciples.

19 And the disciples did as Jesus had appointed them, and they made ready the Passover.

20 Now when the even was come, he sat down with the twelve.

21 And as they did eat, he said, Verily I say unto you, that one of you shall betray me.

22 And they were exceeding sorrowful, and began every one of them to say unto him, Lord, is it I?

23 And he answered and said, He that dippeth his hand with me in the dish, the same shall betray me.

24 The Son of man goeth as it is written of him, but woe unto that man by whom the Son of man is betrayed? it had been good for that man if he had not been born.

25 Then Judas, which betrayed him, answered and said Master is it I? He said unto him

38. And forasmuch as Lydda was nigh to Joppa, and the disciples had heard that Peter was there, they sent unto him two men, desiring *him* that he would not delay to come to them.

39. Then Peter arose and went with them. When he was come, they brought him into the upper chamber: and all the widows stood by him weeping, and shewing the coats and garments which Dorcas made, while she was with them.

40. But Peter put them all forth, and kneeled down, and prayed; and turning *him* to the body said, Tabitha, arise. And she opened her eyes: and when she saw Peter, she sat up.

41. And he gave her *his* hand, and lifted her up, and when he had called the saints and widows, he presented her alive.

42. And it was known throughout all Joppa; and many believed in the Lord.

43. And it came to pass, that he tarried many days in Joppa with one Simon a tanner.

CHAP. X.

Peter's Vision, &c.

THERE was a certain man in Cesarea called Cornelius, a centurion of the band called the Italian *band*.

2. A devout *man*, and one that feared God with all his house, which gave much alms to the people, and prayed to God alway.

3. He saw in a vision evidently about the ninth hour of the day an angel of God coming in to him, and saying unto him, Cornelius.

4. And when he looked on him, he was afraid, and said, What is it, Lord? And he said unto him, Thy prayers and thine alms are come up for a memorial before God.

5. And now send men to Joppa, and call for *one* Simon, whose surname is Peter:

6. He lodgeth with one Simon a tanner, whose house is by the seaside: he shall tell thee what thou oughtest to do.

7. And when the angel which

spake unto Cornelius was departed, he called two of his household servants, and a devout soldier of them that waited on him continually;

8. And when he had declared all *these* things unto them, he sent them to Joppa.

9. On the morrow, as they went on their journey, and drew nigh unto the city, Peter went up upon the house-top to pray about the sixth hour:

10. And he became very hungry, and would have eaten: but while they made ready, he fell into a trance.

11. And saw heaven opened, and a certain vessel descending unto him, as it had been a great sheet knit at the four corners, and let down to the earth:

12. Wherein were all manner of four-footed beasts of the earth, and wild beasts, and creeping things, and fowls of the air.

13. And there came a voice to him, Rise, Peter; kill, and eat.

14. But Peter said, Not so, Lord; for I have never eaten any thing that is common or unclean.

15. And the voice *spake* unto him again the second time, What God hath cleansed, *that* call not thou common.

16. This was done thrice: and the vessel was received up again into heaven.

17. Now while Peter doubted in himself what this vision which he had seen should mean, behold, the men which were sent from Cornelius had made enquiry for Simon's house, and stood before the gate.

18. And called, and asked whether Simon, which was surnamed Peter, were lodged there.

19. While Peter thought on the vision, the Spirit said unto him, Behold, three men seek thee.

20. Arise therefore, and get thee down, and go with them, doubting nothing; for I have sent them.

21. Then Peter went down to the men which were sent unto him from Cornelius; and said, Behold, I am he whom ye seek: what *is* the cause

BOURGEOIS, No. 1.

Christ preacheth against S. LUKE. *hypocrisy, covetousness.*

insomuch that they trode one upon another, he began to say unto his disciples first of all. Beware ye of the leaven of the Pharisees, which is hypocrisy.

2 For there is nothing covered, that shall not be revealed, neither hid, that shall not be known.

3 Therefore whatsoever ye have spoken in darkness shall be heard in the light; and that which ye have spoken in the ear in closets shall be proclaimed upon the housetops.

4 And I say unto you my friends, Be not afraid of them that kill the body, and after that have no more that they can do.

5 But I will forewarn you whom ye shall fear: Fear him, which after he hath killed hath power to cast into hell; yea, I say unto you, Fear him.

6 Are not five sparrows sold for two farthings, and not one of them is forgotten before God?

7 But even the very hairs of your head are all numbered. Fear not therefore: ye are of more value than many sparrows.

8 Also I say unto you. Whosoever shall confess me before men, him shall the Son of man also confess before the angels of God:

9 But he that denieth me before men shall be denied before the angels of God.

10 And whosoever shall speak a word against the Son of man, it shall be forgiven him: but unto him that blasphemeth against the Holy Ghost, it shall not be forgiven.

11 And when they bring you unto the synagogues, and unto magistrates, and powers, take ye no thought how or what thing ye shall answer, or what ye shall say:

12 For the Holy Ghost shall teach you in the same hour what ye ought to say.

13 ¶ And one of the company

said unto him, Master, speak to my brother, that he divide the inheritance with me.

14 And he said unto him, Man, who made me a judge or a divider over you?

15 And he said unto them, Take heed, and beware of covetousness: for a man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things which he possesseth.

16 And he spake a parable unto them, saying, The ground of a certain rich man brought forth plentifully:

17 And he thought within himself, saying, What shall I do, because I have no room where to bestow my fruits?

18 And he said, This will I do: I will pull down my barns, and build greater; and there will I bestow all my fruits and my goods.

19 And I will say to my soul, Soul, thou hast much goods laid up for many years; take thine ease, eat, drink, and be merry.

20 But God said unto him, Thou fool, this night thy soul shall be required of thee: then whose shall those things be, which thou hast provided?

21 So is he that layeth up treasure for himself, and is not rich toward God.

22 ¶ And he said unto his disciples, Therefore I say unto you, Take no thought for your life, what ye shall eat; neither for the body, what ye shall put on.

23 The life is more than meat, and the body is more than raiment.

24 Consider the ravens: for they neither sow nor reap; which neither have storehouse nor barn; and God feedeth them: how much more are ye better than the fowls?

25 And which of you with taking thought can add to his stature one cubit?

26 And if ye then be not able to do that thing which is least, why

The passover prepared.

LUKE. *The Lord's Supper instituted.*

33. Heaven and earth shall pass away: but my words shall not pass away.

34. And take heed to yourselves, lest at any time your hearts be overcharged with surfeiting, and drunkenness, and cares of this life, and so that day come upon you unawares.

35. For as a snare shall it come on all them that dwell on the face of the whole earth.

36. Watch ye therefore, and pray always, that ye may be accounted worthy to escape all these things that shall come to pass, and to stand before the Son of man.

37. And in the day-time he was teaching in the temple; and at night he went out, and abode in the mount that is called the mount of Olives.

38. And all the people came early in the morning to him in the temple, for to hear him.

CHAP. XXII.

The Jews conspire against Christ.

NOW the feast of unleavened bread drew nigh, which is called the Passover.

2. And the chief priests and scribes sought how they might kill him; for they feared the people.

3. Then entered Satan into Judas surnamed Iscariot, being of the number of the twelve.

4. And he went his way, and communed with the chief priests and captains, how he might betray him unto them.

5. And they were glad, and covenanted to give him money.

6. And he promised, and sought opportunity to betray him unto them in the absence of the multitude.

7. Then came the day of unleavened bread, when the passover must be killed.

8. And he sent Peter and John, saying, Go and prepare us the passover, that we may eat.

9. And they said unto him, Where wilt thou that we prepare?

10. And he said unto them, Behold, when ye are entered into the city, there shall a man meet you, bearing a pitcher of water; follow him into the house where he entereth in.

11. And ye shall say unto the good man of the house, The Master saith unto thee, Where is the guest-chamber, where I shall eat the passover with my disciples?

12. And he shall shew you a large upper room furnished: there make ready.

13. And they went, and found as he had said unto them: and they made ready the passover.

14. And when the hour was come, he sat down, and the twelve apostles with him.

15. And he said unto them, With desire I have desired to eat this passover with you before I suffer:

16. For I say unto you, I will not any more eat thereof, until it be fulfilled in the kingdom of God.

17. And he took the cup, and gave thanks, and said, Take this, and divide it among yourselves:

18. For I say unto you, I will not drink of the fruit of the vine, until the kingdom of God shall come.

19. And he took bread, and gave thanks, and brake it, and gave unto them, saying, This is my body which is given for you: this do in remembrance of me.

20. Likewise also the cup after supper, saying, This cup is the new testament in my blood, which is shed for you.

21. But, behold, the hand of him that betrayeth me is with me

Danger of apostacy.

HEBREWS,

The fruits of faith

32 But call to remembrance the former days, in which, after ye were illuminated, ye endured a great fight of afflictions ;

33 Partly, whilst ye were made a gazing stock both by reproaches and afflictions ; and partly, whilst ye became companions of them that were so used.

34 For ye had compassion of me in my bonds, and took joyfully the spoiling of your goods, knowing in yourselves that ye have in heaven a better and an enduring substance.

35 Cast not away therefore your confidence, which hath great recompence of reward.

36 For ye have need of patience, that, after ye have done the will of God, ye might receive the promise.

37 For yet a little while, and he that shall come will come, and will not tarry.

38 Now the just shall live by faith ; but if *any man* draw back, my soul shall have no pleasure in him.

39 But we are not of them who draw back unto perdition ; but of them that believe to the saving of the soul.

CHAP. XI.

Of Faith and its Fruits.

NOW faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen.

2 For by it the elders obtained a good report.

3 Through faith we understand that the worlds were framed by the word of God, so that things which are seen were not made of things which do appear.

4 By faith Abel offered unto God a more excellent sacrifice than Cain, by which he obtained witness that he was righteous, God testifying of his gifts : and by it he being dead yet speaketh.

5 By faith Enoch was translated, that he should not see death ; and was not found, because God had

translated him : for before his translation he had this testimony, that he pleased God.

6 But without faith *it is* impossible to please *him* : for he that cometh to God must believe that he is, and *that* he is a rewarder of them that diligently seek him.

7 By faith Noah, being warned of God of things not seen as yet, moved with fear, prepared an ark to the saving of his house ; by the which he condemned the world, and became heir of the righteousness which is by faith.

8 By faith Abraham, when he was called to go out into a place which he should after receive for an inheritance, obeyed ; and he went out, not knowing whither he went.

9 By faith he sojourned in the land of promise, as in a strange country, dwelling in tabernacles with Isaac and Jacob, the heirs with him of the same promise :

10 For he looked for a city which hath foundations, whose builder and maker *is* God.

11 Through faith also Sarah herself received strength to conceive seed, and was delivered of a child when she was past age, because she judged him faithful who had promised.

12 Therefore sprang there even of one, and him as good as dead, *so many* as the stars of the sky in multitude, and as the sand which is by the sea-shore innumerable.

13 These all died in faith, not having received the promises, but having seen them afar off, and were persuaded of *them*, and embraced *them*, and confessed that they were strangers and pilgrims on the earth.

14 ~~For~~ they that say such things declare plainly that they seek a country.

15 And truly, if they had been mindful of that *country* from whence they came out, they might have had

Paul declareth

THE ACTS.

his conversion.

33 Then the chief captain came near, and took him, and commanded *him* to be bound with two chains; and demanded who he was, and what he had done.

34 And some cried one thing, some another, among the multitude: and when he could not know the certainty for the tumult, he commanded him to be carried into the castle.

35 And when he came upon the stairs, so it was that he was borne of the soldiers for the violence of the people.

36 For the multitude of the people followed after, crying, Away with him.

37 And as Paul was to be led into the castle, he said unto the chief captain, May I speak unto thee? Who said, Canst thou speak Greek?

38 Art not thou that Egyptian, which before these days madest an uproar, and leddest out into the wilderness four thousand men that were murderers?

39 But Paul said, I am a man *which am* a Jew of Tarsus, a city in Cilicia, a citizen of no mean city: and I beseech thee, suffer me to speak unto the people.

40 And when he had given him licence, Paul stood on the stairs, and beckoned with the hand unto the people. And when there was made a great silence, he spake unto *them* in the Hebrew tongue, saying,

CHAP. XXII.

Paul declareth his conversion.

MEN, brethren, and fathers, hear ye my defence *which I make* now unto you.

2 (And when they heard that he spake in the Hebrew tongue to them, they kept the more silence: and he saith,)

3 I am verily a man *which am* a Jew, born in Tarsus, a city in Cilicia, yet brought up in this city at the feet of Gamaliel, and taught according to the perfect manner of the law of the fathers, and was zealous toward God, as ye are all this day,

4 And I persecuted this way unto the death, binding and delivering into prisons both men and women.

5 As also the high priest doth bear me witness, and all the estate of the elders: from whom also I received letters unto the brethren, and went to Damascus, to bring them which were there bound unto Jerusalem, for to be punished.

6 And it came to pass, that, as I made my journey, and was come nigh unto Damascus about noon, suddenly there shone from heaven a great light round about me.

7 And I fell unto the ground, and heard a voice saying unto me, Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou me?

8 And I answered, Who art thou Lord? And he said unto me, I am Jesus of Nazareth whom thou persecutest.

9 And they that were with me saw indeed the light, and were afraid; but they heard not the voice of him ~~that~~ spake to me.

10 And I said what shall I do, Lord? And the Lord said unto me, Arise, and go into Damascus; and there it shall be told thee of all things which are appointed for thee to do.

11 And when I could not see for the glory of that light, being led by the hand of them that were with me, I came unto Damascus.

12 And one Ananias, a devout man according to the law, having a good report of all the Jews who dwelt *there*,

13 Came unto me, and stood and said unto me, Brother Saul, receive thy sight. And the same hour I looked up upon him.

14 And he said, The God of our fathers hath chosen thee, that thou shouldest know his will, and see that Just One, and shouldest hear the voice of his mouth.

15 For thou shalt be his witness unto all men of what thou hast seen and heard.

16 And now why tarriest thou? arise, and be baptized, and wash away thy sins, calling on the name of the Lord.

17 And it came to pass, that, when I was come again to Jerusalem, even while I prayed in the temple, I was in a trance;

18 And saw him saying unto me, Make haste, and get thee quickly out of Jerusalem: for they will not receive thy testimony concerning me.

19 And I said, Lord, they know that I imprisoned and beat in every synagogue them that believed on thee:

20 And when the blood of thy martyr Stephen was shed, I also was standing by, and consenting to his death, and kept the raiment of them that slew him.

21 And he said unto me, Depart: for I will send thee far hence unto the gentiles.

22 And they gave him audience unto this word, and *then* lifted up their voices and said, Away with such a fellow from the earth: for it is not fit that he should live.

23 And as they cried out, and cast off *their* clothes, and threw dust into the air,

24 The chief captain commanded him to be brought into the castle, and bade that he should be examined by scourging; that he might know wherefore they cried so against him.

25 And as they bound him with thongs, Paul said unto the centurion that stood by, Is it lawful for you to scourge a man that is a Roman, and uncondemned?

26 When the centurion heard *that*, he went and told the chief captain, saying, Take heed what thou doest: for this man is a Roman.

27 Then the chief captain came and said unto him, Tell me, art thou a Roman? He

22 Having therefore obtained help of God, I continue unto this day, witnessing both to small and great, saying none other things than those which the prophets and Moses did say should come:

23 That Christ should suffer, *and* that he should be the first that should rise from the dead, and should shew light unto the people, and to the Gentiles.

24 And as he thus spake for himself, Festus said with a loud voice, Paul, thou art beside thyself; much learning doth make thee mad.

25 But he said, I am not mad, most noble Festus; but speak forth the words of truth and soberness.

26 For the king knoweth of these things, before whom also I speak freely: for I am persuaded that none of these things are hidden from him; for this thing was not done in a corner.

27 King Agrippa, believest thou the prophets? I know that thou believest.

28 Then Agrippa said unto Paul, Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian.

29 And Paul said, I would to God, that not only thou, but also all that hear me this day, were both almost, and altogether such as I am, except these bonds.

30 And when he had thus spoken, the king rose up, and the governor, and Bernice, and they that sat with them:

31 And when they were gone aside, they talked between themselves, saying, This man doeth nothing worthy of death, or of bonds.

32 Then said Agrippa unto Festus, This man might have been set at liberty, if he had not appealed unto Caesar.

CHAP. XXVII.

Paul's dangerous voyage.

AND when it was determined that we should sail unto Italy, they delivered Paul and certain other prisoners unto one named Julius, a centurion of Augustus' band.

2 And entering into a ship of Adramyttium, we launched, meaning to sail by the coasts of Asia; one Aristarchus, a Macedonian of Thessalonica, being with us.

3 And the next day we touched at Sidon. And Julius courteously entreated Paul, and gave him liberty

to go unto his friends to refresh himself.

4 And when he had launched from thence, we sailed unto Cyprus, because the winds were contrary.

5 And when he had sailed over the sea of Cilicia and Pamphylia, we came to Myra, a city of Lycia.

6 And there the centurion found a ship of Alexandria sailing into Italy; and he put us therein.

7 And when we had sailed slowly many days and scarce were come over against Cnidus, the wind not suffering us, we sailed under Crete, over against Salmone;

8 And hardly passing it, came unto a place which is called The fair havens; nigh whereunto was the city of Lasea.

9 Now when much time was spent, and when sailing was now dangerous, because the fast was now already past, Paul admonished them,

10 And said unto them, Sirs, I perceive that this voyage will be with hurt and much damage, not only of the lading and ship, but also of our lives.

11 Nevertheless the centurion believed the master and the owner of the ship, more than those things which were spoken by Paul.

12 And because the haven was not commodious to winter in, the more part advised to depart thence also, if by any means they might attain to Phenice, *and there* to winter; *which is* an haven of Crete, and lieth toward the south west and north west.

13 And when the south wind blew softly, supposing that they had obtained *their* purpose, loosing *thence*, they sailed close by Crete.

14 But not long after there arose against it a tempestuous wind, called Euroclydon.

15 And when the ship was caught, and could not bear up into the wind, we let *her* drive.

16 And running under a certain island, which is called Claua, we had much work to come by the boat;

17 Which when they had taken up, they used helps, undergirding the ship; and fearing lest they should fall into the quicksands, strake sail, and so were driven.

18 And we being exceedingly toss-

The serpent deceiveth Eve.

GENESIS.

Man is cast out of paradise.

B. C. 4009.	8 ¶ And the Lord God planted	his father and his mother, and shall	B. C. 4004.
ch. 13.	a garden: " eastward in " Eden;	cleave unto his wife: and they shall	
10. Is. 51.	and there ¶ he put the man whom	be one flesh.	
5. Ezek. 28.	he had formed.	25 " And they were both naked,	ch. 9. 7.
13. Joel 2.		the man and his wife, and were not	10. 11.
3.		" ashamed.	Ex. 32.
ch. 3. 24.	9 And out of the ground made the	CHAP. III.	25. Is. 47.
ch. 4. 15.	Lord God to grow every tree that	1 The serpent deceiveth Eve. 6	
2 Kin. 19.	is pleasant to the sight and good for	Man's shameful fall. 9 God ar-	
12. Ezek.	food: ¶ the tree of life also in the	raigneth them. 14 The serpent	
27. 25.	midst of the garden, " and the tree	is cursed. 15 The promised seed.	
¶ ver. 15.	of knowledge of good and evil.	16 The punishment of mankind.	
2. Ecd. 8. 6.	10 And a river went out of Eden	21 Their first clothing. 22 Their	
¶ Ezek. 31.	into four heads.	casting out of paradise.	
ch. 3. 22.	11 The name of the first is	NOW the serpent was more	Rev. 12. 9.
Prov. 3. 18.	" Pison: that is it which compasseth	subtil than any beast of the	20. 2.
Is. 11. 20.	" the whole land of Havilah, where	field which the Lord God had	Mat. 10.
Rev. 2. 7. &	there is gold;	made. And he said unto the woman,	16. 2 Cor.
22. 2. 14.	12 And the gold of that land is	¶ Yea, hath God said, Ye shall not	11. 3.
2. ver. 17.	good: " there is bdellium and the	eat of every tree of the garden?	¶ Heb. Ya,
¶ Ecd. 24.	onyx stone.	2 And the woman said unto the	because ye.
ch. 25. 18.	13 And the name of the second	serpent, We may eat of the fruit of	
Nun. 31.	river is Gilhon: the same is it that	the trees of the garden:	
¶ Heb. Cuch.	compasseth the whole land of ¶	3 ¶ But of the fruit of the tree	ch. 2. 17.
	Ethiopia.	which is in the midst of the garden,	
Dan. 10.	14 And the name of the third	God hath said, Ye shall not eat of	
¶ Or, east-	river is " Hiddekel: that is it which	it, neither shall ye touch it, lest ye	
ward to Is-	goeth ¶ toward the east of Assyria,	die.	
rahan.	and the fourth river is Euphrates.	4 ¶ And the serpent said unto the	ver. 13.
¶ Or, Aram.	15 And the Lord God took ¶ the	woman, Ye shall not surely die:	2 Cor. 11. 3.
¶ ver. 15.	man, and ¶ put him into the garden	5 For God doth know that in the	¶ Tim. 2.
	of Eden to dress it and to keep it.	day ye eat thereof, then " your eyes	11.
¶ Heb. eat-	16 And the Lord God com-	shall be opened, and ye shall be as	¶ ver. 7.
ing thou	manded the man, saying, Of every	gods, knowing good and evil.	Acta 26. 18.
shall eat.	tree of the garden ¶ thou mayest	6 And when the woman saw that	
¶ ver. 9.	freely eat:	the tree was good for food, and that	¶ Heb.
ch. 3. 1. 3.	17 ¶ But of the tree of the know-	it was ¶ pleasant to the eyes, and a	desire.
11. 17.	ledge of good and evil, " thou shalt	tree to be desired to make one wise,	
2. Ecd. 3. 7.	not eat of it: for in the day that	she took of the fruit thereof, ¶ and	¶ Ecd. 25.
¶ ch. 3. 3.	thou eatest thereof ¶ thou shalt	did eat, and gave also unto her	24.
13. Rom. 6.	surely die.	husband with her; " and he did eat.	¶ Tim. 2.
23. 1 Cor.	18 ¶ And the Lord God said,	7 And ¶ the eyes of them both	14.
15. 56 Jam.	It is not good that the man should	were opened, ¶ and they knew that	¶ ver. 12.
1. 19.	be alone: ¶ I will make ¶ him an	they were naked; and they sewed	17.
John. 5. 16.	help ¶ meet for him.	fig leaves together, and made them-	¶ ver. 3.
¶ Heb. dy-	19 ¶ And out of the ground the	selves ¶ aprons.	ch. 2. 23.
ing thou	Lord God formed every beast of	8 And they heard ¶ the voice of	¶ Or, things
shall die.	the field, and every fowl of the air;	the Lord God walking in the gar-	regard
¶ ch. 3. 12.	and ¶ brought them unto ¶ Adam to	den in the ¶ cool of the day: and	¶ Jon. 38. 1.
1 Cor. 11.	see what he would call them: and	Adam and his wife ¶ hid themselves	
9. 1 Tim. 9.	whatsoever Adam called every living	from the presence of the Lord God	¶ Heb. mind.
15.	creature, that was the name thereof.	amongst the trees of the garden.	¶ Job. 31.
¶ Ecd. 30.	20 And Adam ¶ gave names ¶	9 And the Lord God called unto	33. Jer. 23.
¶ Heb. as	all cattle, and to the fowl of the air,	Adam, and said unto him, Where	24. Amos 9.
before him.	and to every beast of the field; but	art thou?	3.
¶ ch. 1. 20.	for Adam there was not found an	10 And he said, I heard thy voice	
24.	help meet for him.	in the garden, " and I was afraid,	ch. 3. 25.
¶ Isa. 8. 8.	21 And the Lord God caused a	because I was naked; and I hid	Ex. 3. 6.
¶ See ch. 6.	deep sleep to fall upon Adam, and	myself.	¶ John 5.
20.	he slept: and he took one of his	11 And he said, Who told thee	20.
¶ Or, the	ribs, and closed up the flesh in-	that thou wast naked? Hast thou	
man.	stead thereof;	eaten of the tree, whereof I com-	
¶ Heb. call-	22 And the rib, which the Lord	manded thee that thou shouldest	
ed.	God had taken from man, ¶ made	not eat?	
¶ ch. 17. 12.	he a woman, and ¶ brought her	12 And the man said, " The wo-	ch. 2. 18.
¶ Gen. 20.	unto the man.	man whom thou gavest to be with	Job 31. 33.
12.	23 And Adam said, This is now	me, she gave me of the tree, and I	¶ Prov. 28.
¶ Heb. called	" bone of my bones, and flesh of my	did eat. •	13.
¶ Heb. 13.	flesh: she shall be called ¶ Woman,	13 And the Lord God said unto	
4.	because she was ¶ taken out of ¶	the woman, What is this that thou	¶ ver. 4.
¶ ch. 29. 14.	man.	hast done? And the woman said,	2 Cor. 11. 3.
Judg. 9. 2.	24 ¶ Therefore shall a man leave	" The serpent beguiled me, and I	¶ Tim. 2.
2 Sam. 5. 1.			15.
¶ 18. 15.			
Rph. 5. 30.			
¶ Heb. John.			
¶ 1 Cor. 11.			
¶ Heb. Job.			
¶ ch. 31. 15.			
¶ Ex. 40. 10.			
Mat. 19. 5.			
Mark. 10. 7.			
1 Cor. 6. 16.			
Rph. 5. 31.			

which all your adversaries shall not be able to gainsay nor resist

16 And ye shall be betrayed both by parents, and brethren, and kinsfolks, and friends, and some of you shall they cause to be put to death.

17 And ye shall be hated of all men, for my name's sake

18 But there shall not be an hair of your head perished,

19 In your patience possess ye your souls.

20 And when ye shall see Jerusalem compassed with armies, then know that the desolation thereof is nigh

21 Then let them which are in Judea flee to the mountains; and let them which are in the midst of it depart out, and let not them that are in the countries enter thereinto

22 For these be the days of vengeance, that all things which are written may be fulfilled.

23 But woe unto them that are with child, and to them that give suck in those days! for there shall be great distress in the land, and wrath upon this people

24 And they shall fall by the edge of the sword, and shall be led away captive into all nations: and Jerusalem shall be trodden down of the Gentiles, until the times of the Gentiles be fulfilled

25 And there shall be signs in the sun, and in the moon, and in the stars, and upon the earth distress of nations, with perplexity; the sea and the waves roaring;

26 Men's hearts failing them for fear, and for looking after those things which are coming on the earth, for the powers of heaven shall be shaken

27 And then shall they see the Son of man coming in a cloud with power and great glory.

28 And when these things begin to come to pass, then look up, and lift up your heads; for your redemption draweth nigh

29 And he saith to them a parable; Behold the fig-tree, and all the trees

30 When they now shoot forth, ye see and know of your own selves that summer is now nigh at hand.

31 So likewise ye, when ye see these things come to pass, know ye that the kingdom of God is nigh at hand.

32 Verily I say unto you, This generation shall not pass away, till all be fulfilled.

33 Heaven and earth shall pass away, but my words shall not pass away.

34 And take heed to yourselves, lest at any time your hearts be overcharged with surfeiting, drunken-

ness, and cares of this life, and so that day come upon you unawares.

35 For as a snare shall it come on all them that dwell on the face of the whole earth

36 Watch ye therefore, and pray always, that ye may be accounted worthy to escape all these things that shall come to pass, and to stand before the Son of man.

37 And in the day time he was teaching in the temple, and at night he went out, and abode in the mount that is called the mount of Olives.

38 And all the people came early in the morning to him in the temple, for to hear him.

CHAP. XXII

The Jews conspire against Christ.
1 For the feast of unleavened bread drew nigh, which is called the Passover.

2 And the chief priests and scribes sought how they might kill him; for they feared the people

3 Then entered Satan into Judas surnamed Iscariot, being of the number of the twelve

4 And he went his way, and communed with the chief priests and elders, how he might betray him into them.

5 And they were glad, and covenanted to give him money

6 And he promised, and sought opportunity to betray him unto them in the absence of the multitude

7 Then came the day of unleavened bread, when the passover must be killed.

8 And he sent Peter and John, saying, Go and prepare us the passover, that we may eat.

9 And they said unto him, Where wilt thou that we prepare?

10 And he said unto them, Behold when ye are entered into the city, there shall a man meet you, bearing a pithier of wax; follow him into the house where he entereth in.

11 And ye shall say unto the good man of the house, The Master saith unto thee, Where is the guest-chamber, where I shall eat the passover with my disciples?

12 And he shall shew you a large upper room furnished: there make ready.

13 And they went, and found as he had said unto them: and they made ready the passover

14 And when the hour was come, he sat down, and the twelve apostles sat with him

15 And he said unto them, With desire I have desired to eat this passover with you before I suffer

16 For I say unto you, I will not any more eat thereof, until it be fulfilled in the kingdom of God

S. MATTHEW.

them diligently what time the star appeared.

8 And he sent them to Bethlehem, and said, Go and search diligently for the young child; and when ye have found him, bring me word again, that I may come and worship him also.

9 When they had heard the king, they departed; and, lo, the star, which they saw in the east, went before them, till it came and stood over where the young child was.

10 When they saw the star, they rejoiced with exceeding great joy.

11 ¶ And when they were come into the house, they saw the young child with Mary his mother, and fell down, and worshipped him: and when they had opened their treasures, they presented unto him gifts; gold, and frankincense, and myrrh.

12 And being warned of God in a dream, that they should not return to Herod, they departed into their own country another way.

13 And when they were departed, behold, the angel of the Lord appeared to Joseph in a dream, saying, Arise, and take the young child and his mother, and flee into Egypt, and be thou there until I bring thee word: for Herod will seek the young child to destroy him.

14 When he arose, he took the young child and his mother by night, and departed into Egypt:

15 And was there until the death of Herod: that it might be fulfilled which was spoken of the Lord by the prophet, saying, Out of Egypt have I called my son.

16 ¶ Then Herod, when he saw that he was mocked of the wise men, was exceeding wroth, and sent forth, and slew all the children that were in Bethlehem, and in all the coasts thereof, from two years old and under, according to the time which he had diligently enquired of the wise men.

17 Then was fulfilled that which was spoken by Jeremy the prophet, saying,

18 In Rama was there a voice heard, lamentation, and weeping, and great mourning, Rachel weeping for her children, and would not be comforted, because they are not.

19 ¶ But when Herod was dead, behold, an angel of the Lord appeared in a dream to Joseph in Egypt,

20 Saying, Arise, and take the young child and his mother, and go into the land of Israel: for they are dead which sought the young child's life.

21 And he arose, and took the young child and his mother, and came into the land of Israel.

22 But when he heard that Archelaus did reign in Judaea in the room of his father Herod, he was afraid to go thither: notwithstanding, being warned of God in a dream, he turned aside into the parts of Galilee:

23 And he came and dwelt in a city called Nazareth: that it might be fulfilled which was spoken by the prophets, He shall be called a Nazarene.

CHAP. III.

1 John preacheth: his offer; life, and baptism. 7 He reprehendeth the Pharisees, 18 and baptiseth Christ in Jordan.

IN those days came John the Baptist, preaching in the wilderness of Judaea,

2 And saying, Repent ye: for the kingdom of heaven is at hand.

3 For this is he that was spoken of by the prophet Esaias, saying, The voice of one crying in the wilderness, Prepare ye the way of the Lord, make his paths straight.

4 And the same John had his raiment of camel's hair, and a leathern girdle about his loins; and his meat was locusts and wild honey.

5 Then went out to him Jerusalem, and all Judaea, and all the region round about Jordan.

6 And were baptized of him in Jordan, confessing their sins.

7 ¶ But when he saw many of the Pharisees and Sadducees come to his baptism, he said unto them, O generation of vipers, who hath warned you to flee from the wrath to come?

8 Bring forth therefore fruits meet for repentance:

9 And think not to say within yourselves, We have Abraham to our father: for I say unto you, that God is able of these stones to raise up children unto Abraham.

10 And now also the ax is laid unto the root of the trees: therefore every tree which bringeth not forth good fruit is hewn down, and cast into the fire.

11 I indeed baptise you with water unto repentance: but he

Legion of devils cast out.

MARK.

Issue of blood healed.

which, when it is sown in the earth, is less than all the seeds that be in the earth.

32 But when it is sown, it groweth up, and becometh greater than all herbs, and shooteth out great branches; so that the fowls of the air may lodge under the shadow of it.

33 And with many such parables spake he the word unto them, as they were able to hear it.

34 But without a parable spake he not unto them: and when they were alone, he expounded all things to his disciples.

35 And the same day, when the even was come, he said unto them, Let us pass over unto the other side.

36 And when they had sent away the multitude, they took him even as he was in the ship. And there were also with him other little ships.

37 And there arose a great storm of wind, and the waves beat into the ship, so that it was now full.

38 And he was in the hinder part of the ship, asleep on a pillow: and they awake him, and say unto him, Master, carest thou not that we perish?

39 And he arose, and rebuked the wind, and said unto the sea, Peace, be still. And the wind ceased, and there was a great calm.

40 And he said unto them, Why are ye so fearful? how is it that ye have no faith?

41 And they feared exceedingly, and said one to another, What manner of man is this, that even the wind and the sea obey him?

CHAP. V.

A Legion of Devils cast out.

1 And they came over unto the other side of the sea, into the country of the Gadarenes.

2 And when he was come out of the ship, immediately there met him out of the tombs a man with an unclean spirit.

3 Who had his dwelling among the tombs; and no man could bind him, no, not with chains:

4 Because that he had been often bound with fetters and chains, and the chains had been plucked asunder by him, and the fetters broken in pieces: neither could any man tame him.

5 And always, night and day, he was in the mountains, and in the tombs, crying, and cutting himself with stones.

6 But when he saw Jesus afar off, he ran and worshipped him.

7 And cried with a loud voice, and said, What have I to do with thee, Jesus, thou Son of the most high God? I adjure thee by God, that thou torment me not.

8 For he said unto him, Come out of the man, thou unclean spirit.

9 And he asked him, What is thy name? And he answered, saying, My name is Legion: for we are many.

10 And he besought him much that he would not send them away out of the country.

11 Now there was there nigh unto the mountains a great herd of swine feeding.

12 And all the devils besought him, saying, Send us into the swine, that we may enter into them.

13 And forthwith Jesus gave them leave. And the unclean spirits went out, and entered into the swine: and the herd ran violently down a steep place into the sea, (they were about two thousand;) and were choked in the sea.

14 And they that fed the swine fled, and told it in the city, and in the country. And they went out to see what it was that was done.

15 And they came to Jesus, and see him that was possessed with the devil, and had the legion, sitting, and clothed, and in his right mind: and they were afraid.

16 And they that saw it told them how it befell to him that was possessed with the devil, and also concerning the swine.

17 And they began to pray him to depart out of their coasts.

18 And when he was come into the ship, he that had been possessed with the devil prayed him that he might be with him.

19 Howbeit Jesus suffered him not, but saith unto him, Go home to thy friends, and tell them how great things the Lord hath done for thee, and hath had compassion on thee.

20 And he departed, and began to publish in Decapolis how great things Jesus had done for him: and all men did marvel.

21 And when Jesus was passed over again by ship unto the other side, much people gathered unto him: and he was nigh unto the sea.

22 And, behold, there cometh one of the rulers of the synagogue, Jairus by name; and when he saw him, he fell at his feet.

23 And besought him greatly, saying, My little daughter lieth at the point of death: I pray thee, come and lay thy hands on her, that she may be healed; and she shall live.

24 And Jesus went with him; and much people followed him, and thronged him.

25 And a certain woman, which had an issue of blood twelve years,

26 And had suffered many things

Destruction of the temple foretold, LUKE.

adversaries shall not be able to gain-
say nor resist.

16. And ye shall be betrayed both
by parents and brethren, and kins-
folks, and friends; and *some* of you
shall they cause to be put to death.

17. And ye shall be hated of all
men for my name's sake.

18. But there shall not an hair of
your head perish.

19. In your patience possess ye
your souls.

20. And when ye shall see Jerusa-
lem compassed with armies, then
know that the desolation thereof is
nigh.

21. Then let them which are in
Judah flee to the mountains; and let
them which are in the midst of it
depart out; and let not them that
are in the countries enter therinto.

22. For these be the days of ven-
geance, that all things which are
written may be fulfilled.

23. But woe unto them that are
with child, and to them that give
suck, in those days! for there shall
be great distress in the land, and
wrath upon this people.

24. And they shall fall by the edge
of the sword, and shall be led away
captive into all nations; and Jeru-
salem shall be trodden down of the
Gentiles, until the time of the Gen-
tiles be fulfilled.

25. And there shall be signs in the
sun, and in the moon, and in the
stars; and upon the earth distress of
nations, with perplexity; the sea
and the waves roaring;

26. Men's hearts failing them for
fear, and for looking after those
things which are coming on the
earth; for the powers of heaven
shall be shaken.

27. And then they shall see the
Son of man coming in a cloud with
power and great glory.

28. And when these things begin
to come to pass, then look up, and
lift up your heads; for your redemp-
tion draweth nigh.

29. And he spake to them a para-
ble; Behold the fig-tree, and all the
trees;

30. When they now shoot forth,
ye see and know of your own selves
that summer is now nigh at hand.

31. So likewise ye, when ye see
these things come to pass, know ye
that the kingdom of God is now nigh
at hand.

32. Verily I say unto you, This
generation shall not pass away, till
all be fulfilled.

33. Heaven and earth shall pass
away; but my words shall not pass
away.

The Passover prepared.

34. And take heed to yourselves,
lest at any time your hearts be over-
charged with surfeiting, and drink-
ennes, and cares of this life, and so
that day come upon you unawares.

35. For as a snare shall it come on
all them that dwell on the face of
the whole earth.

36. Watch ye therefore, and pray
always, that ye may be accounted
worthy to escape all these things
that shall come to pass, and to stand
before the Son of man.

37. And in the day-time he was
teaching in the temple; and at night
he went out, and abode in the mount
that is called the mount of Olives.

38. And all the people came early
in the morning to him in the tem-
ple, for to hear him.

CHAP. XXII.

The Jews conspire against Christ.

NOW the feast of unleavened
bread drew nigh, which is
called the Passover.

2. And the chief priests and
scribes sought how they might kill
him; for they feared the people.

3. Then entered Satan into Judas
surnamed Iscariot, being of the
number of the twelve.

4. And he went his way, and com-
muned with the chief priests and
captains, how he might betray him
unto them.

5. And they were glad, and cove-
nanted to give him money.

6. And he promised, and sought
opportunity to betray him unto
them in the absence of the multi-
tude.

7. Then came the day of unlea-
vened bread, when the passover
must be killed.

8. And he sent Peter and John,
saying, go and prepare us the pass-
over, that we may eat.

9. And they said unto him, Where
wilt thou that we prepare?

10. And he said unto them, Be-
hold, when ye are entered into the
city, there shall a man meet you,
bearing a pitcher of water; follow
him into the house where he enter-
eth in.

11. And ye shall say unto the good
man of the house, The Master saith
unto thee, Where is the guest-cham-
ber, where I shall eat the passover
with my disciples?

12. And he shall shew you a large
upper room furnished, there make
ready.

13. And they went, and found as
he had said unto them; and they
made ready the passover.

14. And when the hour was come,
he sat down, and the twelve apostles

Herod's cruelty.

8. MATTHEW.

John's preaching.

7 Then Herod, when he had privily called the wise men, enquired of them diligently what time the star appeared.
8 And he sent them to Bethlehem, and said, Go and search diligently for the young child; and when ye have found him, bring me word again, that I may come and worship him also.
9 When they had heard the king, they departed; and, in the night, which they saw in the east, went before them, till it came and stood over where the young child was.
10 When they saw the star, they rejoiced with exceeding great joy.
11 ¶ And when they were come into the house, they saw the young child with Mary his mother, and fell down, and worshipped him: and when they had opened their treasures, they presented unto him gifts; gold, and frankincense, and myrrh.
12 And being warned of God in a dream that they should not return to Herod, they departed into their own country another way.
13 And when they were departed, behold, the angel of the Lord appeareth to Joseph in a dream, saying, Arise, and take the young child and his mother, and flee into Egypt, and be thou there until I bring thee word: for Herod will seek the young child to destroy him.
14 When he arose, he took the young child and his mother by night, and departed into Egypt.
15 And was there until the death of Herod: that it might be fulfilled which was spoken in the Lord by the prophet, saying, Out of Egypt have I called my son.
16 ¶ Then Herod, when he saw that he was mocked of the wise men, was exceeding wrath, and sent forth, and slew all the children that were in Bethlehem, and in all the coasts thereof, from two years old and under, according to the time which he had diligently enquired of the wise men.
17 Then was fulfilled that which was spoken by Jeremy the prophet, saying,
18 In Rama was there a voice heard, lamentation, and weeping, and great mourning, Rachel weeping for her children and would not be comforted, because they are not.
19 ¶ But when Herod was dead, behold, an angel of the Lord appeareth in a dream to Joseph in Egypt,
20 Saying, Arise, and take the young child and his mother, and go into the land of Israel: for they are dead which sought the young child's life.
21 And he arose, and took the young child and his mother, and came into the land of Israel.
22 But when he heard that Archelaus did reign in Judaea in the room of his father Herod, he was afraid to go thither: notwithstanding being warned

of God in a dream, he turned aside in to the parts of Galilee.
23 And he came and dwelt in a city called Nazareth: that it might be fulfilled which was spoken by the prophets, He shall be called a Nazarene.
CHAP. III.
The preaching of John Baptist.
1 IN those days came John the Baptist, preaching in the wilderness of Judaea,
2 And saying, Repent ye: for the kingdom of heaven is at hand.
3 For this is he that was spoken of by the prophet Esaias, saying, The voice of one crying in the wilderness, Prepare ye the way of the Lord, make his paths straight.
4 And the same John had his raiment of camel's hair, and a leathern girdle about his loins; and his meat was locusts and wild honey.
5 Then went out to him Jerusalem, and all Judaea, and all the region round about Jordan.
6 And were baptized of him in Jordan, confessing their sins.
7 ¶ But when he saw many of the Pharisees and Sadducees come to his baptism, he said unto them, O generation of vipers, who hath warned you to flee from the wrath to come?
8 Bring forth therefore fruits meet for repentance:
9 And think not to say within yourselves, We have Abraham to our father: for I say unto you, that God is able of these stones to raise up children unto Abraham.
10 And now also the ax is laid unto the root of the trees: therefore every tree which bringeth not forth good fruit is hewn down, and cast into the fire.
11 I indeed baptize you with water unto repentance: but he that cometh after me is mightier than I, whose shoes I am not worthy to bear: he shall baptize you with the Holy Ghost, and with fire:
12 Whose fan is in his hand, and he will thoroughly purge his floor, and gather his wheat into the garner: but he will burn up the chaff with unquenchable fire.
13 ¶ Then cometh Jesus from Galilee to Jordan unto John, to be baptized of him.
14 But John forbad him, saying, I have need to be baptized of thee, and comest thou to me?
15 And Jesus answering said unto him, Suffer it to be so now: for thus it becometh us to fulfil all righteousness. Then he suffered him.
16 And Jesus, when he was baptized, went up straightway out of the water: and, lo, the heavens were opened unto him, and he saw the Spirit of God descending like a dove, and lighting upon him:

TWO-LINE LETTERS, No. 1.

PICA.

ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOPQRSTUVWXYZ

SMALL PICA.

ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOPQRSTUVWXYZÆ

LONG PRIMER.

ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOPQRSTUVWXYZÆ

BOURGEOIS.

ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOPQRSTUVWXYZÆ

BREVIER.

ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOPQRSTUVWXYZÆ

MINION.

ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOPQRSTUVWXYZÆ

NONPAREIL.

ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOPQRSTUVWXYZÆ

V. & J. FIGGINS.

TWO-LINE LETTERS, No. 2.

FICA.

A B C D E F G H I J K L M N O P Q R S T

SMALL FICA.

A B C D E F G H I J K L M N O P Q R S T U V W X Y Z

LONG PRIMER.

A B C D E F G H I J K L M N O P Q R S T U V W X Y Z A

BOURGEOIS.

A B C D E F G H I J K L M N O P Q R S T U V W X Y Z A E

HER.

A B C D E F G H I J K L M N O P Q R S T U V W X Y Z A E

NONPAREIL.

A B C D E F G H I J K L M N O P Q R S T U V W X Y Z A E

PEARL.

A B C D E F G H I J K L M N O P Q R S T U V W X Y Z A

V. & J. FIGGINS.

TWO-LINE LETTERS, No. 3.

GREAT PRIMER.

A B C D E F G H I J K L M N O P R

ENGLISH.

A B C D E F G H I J K L M N O P Q R S T

LONG PRIMER.

A B C D E F G H I J K L M N O P Q R S T U V W X Y Z A E O E

BOURGEOIS.

A B C D E F G H I J K L M N O P Q R S T U V W X Y Z A E O E

BREVIEW.

A B C D E F G H I J K L M N O P Q R S T U V W X Y Z A E O E

V. & J. FIGGINS.

FIVE-LINE LETTERS.

A B C D E F G H I J L

TWO-LINE GREAT PRIMER, No. 4.

A B C D E F G H I J K L M N O P Q R S T U V

TWO-LINE ENGLISH, No. 4.

A B C D E F G H I J K L M N O P Q R S T U V W X Y Z

TWO-LINE SMALL PICA, No. 4.

A B C D E F G H I J K L M N O P Q R S T U V W X Y Z A E , ; : . - ' ,

V. & J. FIGGINS.

TWO-LINE LETTERS No. 5.

PICA

ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOPQRSTUVWXYZ&,:;-'

LONG PRIMER

ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOPQRSTUVWXYZ&,:;-'

BREVIER

ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOPQRSTUVWXYZ&,:;-'

MINION

ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOPQRSTUVWXYZ&,:;-'

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ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOPQRSTUVWXYZ&,:;-'

PEARL

ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOPQRSTUVWXYZ&,:;-'

DIAMOND

ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOPQRSTUVWXYZ&,:;-'

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BELGIUM.

Of the various countries, foreign to Britain, which are animated with the desire for moral and intellectual improvement, two appear to take the lead, Belgium and the United States of America. France, Prussia, and some other kingdoms, are improving, but their system is based upon or associated with military and police domination—the law of physical force—and no good can possibly come of any country till it centre its energies on qualities of a very different nature. Considering that Belgium has only, within the last few years, risen from a civil war, and only begun the business of self-government, its present flourishing condition is matter of considerable surprise. The principal reason for the advancement of the Belgians appears to be the satisfaction which prevails with respect to their civil institutions. There is little or nothing to dispute about; and the people, not being affected, like the French, with a military frenzy, are busy contriving all possible means of improving the national resources, manufactures, and social institutions.

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CAPTURE OF TWO SLAYERS OFF THE COAST OF THE CAPE OF GOOD HOPE.—Letters having been received from the Cape of Good Hope, stating that his Majesty's brig-of-war Dolphin had captured two slavers. The following are the particulars as described in the advices:—The Dolphin had arrived at the Cape about the 20th of January, from England, with nearly 20,000*l.* on government account, bringing also along with her the crew of a Brazilian slaver. She had, it appears, captured two vessels of this description: first, the schooner Androlina, with 254 slaves on board, evidently Brazilian, though sailing under Portuguese colours. The other vessel was recognised to be the Brazilian corvette Incomprehensible, French built, of 560 tons, and pierced for 18 guns, with 700 slaves on board, from Mozambique to Angola and Lisbon. The scene on board this vessel, it is said, was truly heartrending. There were about 100 slaves lying almost lifeless on the deck, with the remaining 600 in the most abject misery, being in a state of nudity, and so closely packed together, that they lay as one lifeless mass, in consequence of the heat they had experienced in

CORN EXCHANGE, LONDON, JUNE 19.

The supplies of all descriptions of grain fresh up for to-day's market were only moderate; but the continuance of fine growing weather checks any advance which might take place from arrivals. The finest qualities of wheat met a steady but not a brisk demand at last week's prices, but the damp and inferior parcels barely support previous rates. Flour was in fair request, and the fine descriptions obtained a trifling advance. Grinding barley met with some inquiry at the rates of this day so might; but malting and distilling sorts were very unsaleable. Malt continues dull at former prices. Fine dry English and Scotch oats meet a fair steady demand at last Monday's quotations—but all light and inferior qualities hang heavily on hand, although offered at somewhat lower prices.

BRITISH.

		Per Imperial Quarter.	
Wheat,	Essex, Kent and Suffolk, Red	54s 60s	White, 54s 62s
	Norfolk and Lincolnshire, Do	53s 58s	Do, 53s 61s
	Derbyshire & West Country, Do	—	Do, —
	Irish, Do	—	Do, —
Rye,	English, Do	36s 38s	Scotch, —
Barley,	Making, Do	36s 38s	Grinding, 34s 37s
Malt,	Brewing, Do	48s 56s	Pat., 50s 52s
Oats,	Scotch Feed, Do	28s 28s	Poddy, 30s 33s
	English Feed, Do	23s 27s	Do, 25s 31s
	Irish, Do	—	Do, —
Beans,	English, Tick, 34s 36s	Harrow, 35s 37s	Small, 36s 40s
	Scotch, 6s 6s	Do, —	Do, —
Peas,	English, Marple, 38s 40s	Griff, 38s 41s	Scotch, —
	Blue, 42s 47s	White, 40s 41s	Bobber, 40s 42s
Seed,	Canary, 30s 40s	Hemp, 25s 25s	per quarter.
			25s 25s per last.
	Turnip, White, 10s 11s	Sweet-b, 10s 11s	per bushel.
	Tares, New, 11s 12s	Winter, 11s 12s	per bushel.
	Clover, Red, 50s 56s	White, 50s 56s	per cwt.
Cake,	Linseed, —	—	25s 12s per ton.
	Rape, —	—	25s 6s per ton.
	Town-made, 45s 50s	Essex & Kent, 41s 43s	per sack.
Flour,	Norfolk and Lincolnshire, —	—	40s 42s per sack.
	Irish, —	—	38s 40s per sack.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 21.—With the exception of a few cargoes of oats which have been received from Ireland, the arrivals of all other descriptions fresh up for to-day's market were very quiet; and in consequence of the ceremony of proclaiming the Queen having been performed during market hours, there was an unusually thin attendance of buyers, and only a very limited extent of business transacted. The finest descriptions of wheat sold slowly at Monday's quotations. In flour there was little request at previous rates. The demand for meal was quite of a retail character, and only the finest samples saleable at Monday's prices. Beans and peas were each in slow request, and barely supported previous rates.

The following are the arrivals of grain up to last night:—

	English.		Irish.		Foreign.	
	Qrs.	Qrs.	Qrs.	Qrs.	Qrs.	Qrs.
Wheat	1400	—	186	—	660	—
Barley	770	—	8560	—	—	—
Oats	700	—	—	717	—	—
Wheat Barley Oats Rye Beans Peas.						
Imports from June 12 to June 17, both inclusive	Qrs.	Qrs.	Qrs.	Qrs.	Qrs.	Qrs.
English	486J	676	1033	—	776	207
Irish	27	—	1169	—	—	—
Foreign	—	—	1027	—	245	—
Total	513	677	13114	—	1021	207

NEWSPAPER FOUNTS.

BOURGEOIS, No. 1.

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BREVIEW, No. 5. MINION, No. 9.

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NONPAREIL, No. 1.

CORN EXCHANGE, LONDON, JUNE 19.

The supplies of all descriptions of grain fresh up for to-day's market were only moderate but the continuance of fine growing weather checks any advance which might take place from arrivals. The finest qualities of wheat met a steady but not a brisk demand at last week's prices, but the damp and inferior parcels barely supported previous rates. Flour was in fair request, and fine descriptions obtained a trifling advance. Grinding barley met with some inquiry at the rates of this day's market; but malting and distilling sorts were very unsaleable. Malt continues dull at former prices. Some dry English and Scotch oats meet a fair steady demand at last Monday's quotations—but all light and inferior qualities hang heavily on hand, although offered at somewhat lower prices. Beans and peas were in fair request at former rates. In bonnet corn there was but little passing, and prices remain nominally without alteration.

BRITISH.

Wheat, Essex, Kent, and Suffolk, Red, .. 54s 60s	White, .. 54s 60s
Norfolk and Lincolnshire, Do. 52s 58s	Do. 53s 61s
Devonshire & West Country Do. 51s 57s	Do. 52s 58s
Scotch, Do. 50s 56s	Do. 51s 57s
Irish, Do. 49s 55s	Do. 50s 56s
Rye, English, .. 36s 38s	Scotch, .. 37s 39s
Barley, Malting, .. 36s 38s	Grinding 24s 27s
Malt, Brown, .. 49s 50s	Fale .. 55s 61s
Oats, Scotch Feed, .. 30s 32s	Potato, 30s 33s
English Feed, .. 28s 27s	Do. 29s 31s
Irish, .. 27s 26s	White, .. 28s 27s
Beans, English, .. Tick, 31s 30s	Harrow, 31s 30s
Peas, Scotch, 6s 6s	Do. 38s 41s
Blue, 42s 47s	White, .. 40s 41s
Seed, Canary, 36s 40s	Hemp, .. 40s 47s
Rape, .. 29s 23s	per last.
Turnip, White, 10s 11s	Sweedish 10s 11s
Tares, New, 11s 12s	Winter, 11s 12s
Clover, Red, .. 50s 50s	White, .. 50s 54s
Cake, Linsced .. 29s 12s	per 100 <i>l.</i>
Rape, .. 25s 6s	per ton.
Flour, Town-made, 45s 50s	Essex & Kent 41s 42s
Norfolk and Lincolnshire, .. 40s 42s	per sack.
Irish, .. 38s 40s	per sack.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 21.—With the exception of a few cargoes of oats which have been received from Ireland, the arrivals of all other descriptions fresh up for to-day's market were quite trifling; and in consequence of the ceremony of proclaiming the Queen having been performed during market hours, there was an unusually thin attendance of buyers and only a very limited extent of business transacted. The finest descriptions of wheat sold slowly at Monday's quotations. In flour there was little passing, but former prices were fully supported. Barley was in slow request at previous rates. The demand for oats was quite of a retail character, and only the finest samples saleable at Monday's prices. Beans and peas were each in slow request, and barely supported previous rates.

The following are the arrivals of grain up to last night:—

Wheat, .. 1400	Irish, .. 156	Foreign, .. 660
Barley, .. 770	Irish, .. 8900	Foreign, .. 717
Oats, .. 790	Irish, .. 717	Foreign, .. 717

Imports (English)	Imports (Scotch)	Imports (Irish)	Imports (Foreign)
from June 12, 4982	1033	1169	10277
to June 17, 27	—	—	635
both inclusive, 4965	676	13114	1921
Total, .. 4965	676	13114	1921

Quantity sold in Market.

NEWSPAPER FOUNTS.

BOURGEON, No. 1. MINION, No. 9. & RUBY, No. 1.

V. & J. FIGGINS,
LONDON.

BELGIUM.

Of the various countries foreign to Britain, which are animated with the desire for moral and intellectual improvement, two appear to take the lead, Belgium and the United States of America. France, Prussia, and some other kingdoms, are improving; but their system is based upon or associated with military and police domination—the law of physical force—and no good can possibly come of any country till it centre its energies on qualities of a very different nature. Considering that Belgium has only, within the last few years, risen from a civil war, and only begun the business of self-government, its present flourishing condition is matter of considerable surprise. The principal reason for the advancement of the Belgians appears to be the satisfaction which prevails with respect to their civil institutions. There is little or nothing to dispute about; and the people not being affected like the French, with a military frenzy, are busy contriving all possible means of improving the national resources, manufactures, and social institutions.

Belgium has followed the example of England in different arrangements, while in others, particularly as relates to popular education, it has taken a step in advance. In Belgium, all denominations of religious, Christians and Jews, endeavour to promote a system of national education, in such a manner as to give no offence to any sect or party. A society is established at Brussels for the promotion of primary and popular instruction, which has issued a considerable number of treatises, at a price inconceivably low; the charge per volume being not more than from two-pence to seven pence halfpenny each. The last published of these useful productions has just reached us, and is entitled, “Almanach Belge pour 1837.” This is an exceedingly instructive work. Instead of being, like some of our British almanacks, chiefly a list of office bearers in local institutions, it comprehends a pretty extensive range of statistical information on matters of national importance, as they stood at the beginning of the present year. For the entertainment and education of our readers, we shall

THE HIPPODROME.

One of the most spirited undertakings of the day, the one best calculated to advance the pleasure and promote the health of the inhabitants of London and the suburbs, is the Hippodrome, a newly-formed race-course at Notting-hill, within the short distance of one mile and a half from where once stood the turnpike-gate of famous Tyburn. Had the kingdom been sought over it would have been difficult to select a spot of ground better suited to the purpose for which it is intended than this at Notting-hill; and none certainly could have been chosen so immediately within the reach of every inhabitant of London. It possesses many natural advantages that no art could have supplied; but, wherever an improvement appeared practicable no pains nor cost have been spared to effect it. But let us place before our readers as good a picture as we can draw of this same Hippodrome which is to give to the metropolis a new amusement, and to the citizens a taste of the surpassing pleasure of a gallop upon the greensward. When you turn out of the Bayswater-road into the Portobello-lane you approach a gateway which admits you into the ground; advancing straight-forward you gradually attain the summit of a hill, where the attention is at first arrested by the beauty of an extensive landscape stretching far away to the west, and over which the breeze comes undisturbed: allowing your eyes to drop a little, you perceive you are standing within an enclosure, having a circumference of about two miles, and comprehending three distinct race-courses, which appear to girdle the hill on which you are standing. You will ask, what on earth three courses can be required for? The attendant tells you that the one nearest the fence is intended for steeple chases, and then, with a sort of jealous care, points out the many brooks and fences by which it is intersected; the next, he says, is for races of the first class, and he bids you observe the even smoothness of the turf; and the third he informs you is exclusively reserved for the exercise of horses and the training of racers. With this we must suppose you to be satisfied: but if you wish to learn more, you will be told that the fine flat meadow at the foot of the hill is to be converted into a cricketing ground; and that in the sheltered hollow to the south, butts will be put up for the practice of archery. For our own part, we confess we have derived much pleasure from a sight of this delightful place, and when the promised sports begin, we expect to receive a great deal more. The first meeting will take place on Saturday, the 3d of June, when two plates of 100 sovereigns each, and another of 50 sovereigns, will be given by the proprietor, to be run for by horses of all ages, the £50 plate being over the steeple-chase course. It would almost appear that the originator of the Hippodrome had acted upon the suggestion of the select committee of the House of Commons on public walks, who, in their report, express a conviction “that some open places reserved for the amusement (under due regulation & preserve order) of the humbler classes would assist to wean them from low and debasing pleasures. Great complaint is made of drinking-houses, dog-fights, and boxing-matches; yet, unless some opportunity for their recreation is afforded to workmen they are driven to such pursuits. The spring to industry, which occasional relaxation gives, seems quite as necessary to the poor as to the rich. It is probable that if some such places were opened on payment of a small sum enough would be received to defray the expense, which either a company of

LECTURES on the PHILOSOPHY of the HUMAN MIND, BY the late THOMAS BROWN, M.D. Professor of Mental Philosophy in the University of Edinburgh. With a Portrait; and a Memoir of the Author by the Reverend DAVID WELSH, Professor of Church History in the University of Edinburgh.

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THE GENIUS of a TRUE PHILOSOPHER.

THE LATE DR. THOMAS BROWN. Neither Bacon, nor Hobbes, nor Berkeley, nor Locke, possessed powers of mind so splendid, and so various, as those with which it pleased nature to endow Dr. Brown. Brown is, beyond comparison, the most eloquent of philosophical writers. Of the force and comprehensiveness of his understanding, it is impossible to speak in terms which shall be intelligible to those who have never united in one individual. His mind clothed with new colours every part of nature which reflects its influence. What others declare to be all farreness, he proves to be teeming with life and beauty. Like the Dervise, in the eastern tale, he animates the eyes of those around him, and arranges all the riches of the intellectual world are revealed. We exult in perusing his lectures, and did not we know that these revelations of metaphysical truth which constitute their highest value, the tenderness of Dr. Brown is, however, perhaps his most admirable, as it undoubtedly is his most attractive, quality. What a deep devotion to the highest interests of humanity do his writings evince! How elevating and cheering is their influence! The duller reader of Brown's Lectures cannot but be struck and extended. Trial he will the text with which we are familiar, Dr. Brown appears to us the most wonderful man to whom later times have given birth.

THE LATE REV. DR. BRASSE'S LIBRARY.

BY AUCTION, BY BUTTERWORTH AND SON,

At their House, Wellington Street, Strand.

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THE THEOLOGICAL, HISTORICAL, CLASSICAL, and MATHEMATICAL LIBRARY of the late REV. DR. THOMAS BRASSE, of Trinity College, Camb. Yards of the said Dr. Brasse's Collection, and a few other volumes, in excellent condition. Also, Three Capital Malacany Bookcases, with Glass Gothic Doors, and French polished.

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WEAK; strong, dark and bright; free yet pure as aystal:

In colour chastic, in brilliancy celestial;

Apparently dull; but on closer inspection,

The really producer of vivid reflection;

It is a most valuable talent unfold;

But I have never seen a more perfect one!

At 36, THE STRAND, ROBERT WARREN'S, you'll find me.

Of rising by contact the visions so bland

And chaste, of reflection, yes, such my ability,

The rustic I change to the man of gentility!

At home, add some time to each far distant land,

Mr. Birch-nice in Warren's House, 11, the Strand.

NEWSPAPER FOUNTS.

BOURGEOIS, No. 1. BREVIEW, No. 2. & NONPAREIL, No. 5.

V. & J. FIGGINS,
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BELGIUM

Of the various countries, foreign to Britain, which are animated with the desire for moral and intellectual improvement, two appear to take the lead, Belgium and the United States of America. France, Prussia, and some other kingdoms, are improving, but their system is based upon or associated with military and police domination—the law of physical force—and no good can possibly come of any country till it centre its energies on qualities of a very different nature. Considering that Belgium has only, within the last few years risen from a civil war, and only begun the business of self-government, its present flourishing condition is matter of considerable surprise. The principal reason for the advancement of the Belgians appears to be the satisfaction which prevails with respect to their civil institutions. There is little or nothing to dispute about; and the people, not being affected, like the French with a military frenzy, are busy contriving all possible means of improving the national resources, manufactures, and social institutions.

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WEAK: strong, dark and bright; free yet pure as a crystal;

In colour chieft, in brilliance celestial;

Apparently dull; but on closer inspection,

The ready producer of vivid reflection;

By monarchs embraced spontaneous election;

Wherever I gaze I leave splendour behind me.

AT 25, the STRAND, ROBERT WARREN'S, you'll find me.

The anniversary of Shakspeare's birth-day was celebrated at Stratford, on Monday last, (the 23rd of April occurring on the previous day—Sunday); and among the numerous public festivals, (complete in every arrangement) held at that place, in honour of the Poet of the World, there has been none that could equal the meeting of Monday; whether we take into consideration the thousands of spectators assembled—the excellent taste and refined judgment which distinguished the whole proceedings,—the attraction of the first Living Dramatist of our day delivering an oration on the writings of the only English poet that has excelled him,—the inducement held out to admirers of the Bard generally, by throwing open the chancel of the church containing his honoured tomb, and an explanation given of the great improvements effected in the building by the Monumental Committee, from the masterly designs of that rising architect Mr. Eington;—or, lastly, the truly intellectual character of the festival. Scarcely had

“The grey-eyed morn smil’d on the frowning night,
Checking the eastern clouds with streaks of light.”

are crowds of visitors continued to arrive in rapid succession, and at twelve o’clock, the hour appointed for the delivery of the Oration by Mr. SHERIDAN KNOWLES, every street in the town presented an appearance of unexampled bustle and cheerfulness. The theatre was most appropriately decorated for the occasion, and over the stage (from whence the oration was delivered) was suspended the handsome banner of the Shakspearean Club, a number of banners bearing the titles of many of the great poet’s favourite dramas, and other appropriate devices; the whole of which were arranged with great taste by Mr. ALFORD, whose professional attainments as a singer has contributed greatly to enhance the hilarity of former meetings. The theatre being darkened, gas lights were introduced and greatly increased the glittering splendour of the scene, which derived not a little of its brilliancy from the numerous assemblage of “Warwickshire Lassies” who occupied the boxes in front of the proscenium. The house was crowded to excess, and many hundred persons had the high gratification of listening to one of the finest oratorical displays of modern times.

On Mr. KNOWLES making his appearance, he was warmly and enthusiastically received, the stage being occupied by the Members of the Monumental Committee, together with many of the Committee of the Royal Shakspearean Club.

Mr. KNOWLES commenced his beautiful and eloquent address, by observing,—“I have lived to attain to this honour. I stand in Stratford-upon-Avon, the birth-place of Shakspeare. It is the commemoration of his natal day, and by the offspring of the town in which he first drew breath, and by the pilgrims who, in pious homage, have listened to his shrine, I am listened to, and expected to speak of him. I have, I say, lived to attain to this honour. What shall I say of Shakspeare! How can I content you, when I cannot content myself. I confess I approach the subject with something like a feeling of despair; for what fair and costly thoughts can I present you worthy of this great occasion. The power of language and the light of eloquence become lost in the contemplation of the genius of Shakspeare. I have but one solace in endeavouring to discharge this task, and that is a poor one—it is, that the task is one which none can discharge to satisfaction: a task which the simplest peasant who has read the page of Shakspeare, or heard it recited, is qualified to pronounce imperfect. I shall not attempt to describe the genius of Shakspeare; for who can describe what is above his comprehension. I can only examine the results of that genius, and grow with a feeling of unbounded admiration to the performance of a duty for which I feel myself incompetent. Is it not overwhelming, and sufficient to paralyze every attempt to describe that one mind, which identified itself at will with every variety of the human species; and which presented characters perfectly distinct, independent, and perfect in themselves. Such a power of human intellect requires to be witnessed to be credited, and when believed is believed with difficulty still. You have a whole world of men and women, with all the modifications of time and place, beautifully adapted to their several degrees, and all as palpably delineated as if revealed in flesh and blood; all the creatures of one and the same mind; and yet totally opposite in their natures. For instance, *Hamlet* and *Polonius*; *Rosalind* and *Autoly*; *Lady Macbeth* and *Juliet*; *Coriolanus* and *Brutus*, all perfectly opposite to the other; and can you believe that such characters had the same origin? They bear not the slightest resemblance to each other except in the perfectness of design and execution manifest in all. Can you believe that so mighty a grasp fell to the lot of any human being, to enter into and feel congenial alike with the unfathomable philosopher, the coward and the hero, the child and the adult, the robustness of man, and the melting delicacy of woman? Alas, the great poet then recited the soliloquy of Richard the Third,—“Now is the winter of our discontent,” Shylock’s declaration,—“To bait fish withal, if it will feed nothing else, it will feed my revenge.”—Hotspur’s soliloquy upon the Christian merchant,—“To bait fish withal, if it will feed nothing else, it will feed my revenge.”—My friend, I did not reply to the accusation of Northumberland of Queen Margaret, in *Romeo and Juliet*. We think it unnecessary to crowd our columns with the passages so effectively given by Mr. Knowles. Here continued Mr. Knowles, you have four characters, two of the light and two of the grave; and yet in no single character is there any feature in common, except the masterly execution displayed in all. You perceive that this variety of character extends to men of every clime, of ages remote and near; nothing can stop the torrent of his imagination, and the sons and daughters of ages in which they lived are passed before us all appropriate to the scenes in which they lived and moved, and their inhabitants pass in review before us—acting, or rather, again, the duties of humanity, and we behold again the early heroes of Roman history, and can mingle our feelings with those of Brutus and Cassius, those early strikers for Liberty as we find them commencing in the Capitol on the fortunes of their country; and we find Caesar, amidst his countrymen, while the daggers of assassination are bared in the garments of but too many, with hearts bold enough

CORN EXCHANGE, LONDON, JUNE 19.

The supplies of all descriptions of grain fresh up for to-day’s market were only moderate; but the continuance of fine growing weather checks any advance which might take place from arrivals. The finest qualities of wheat met a steady but not brisk demand at last week’s prices, but the damp and inferior parcels barely supported previous rates. Flour in far request, and fine descriptions obtained a trifling advance. Grained barley met with some inquiry at the rates of 3s 6d per bushel, but maling and distilling sorts were very unsaleable. Malting combs dull at former prices. Fine dry English and Scotch oats met with fair steady demand at last Monday’s quotations—but all light and inferior qualities hanging heavily on hand, although offered at somewhat lower prices.

BRITISH.

Per Imperial Quarter.

Wheat, Essex, Kent and Suffolk, Red, 54s 6d White, 54s 6d	
North and Lincolnshire, Do., 52s 3d Do., 52s 3d	
Devonshire and West Country, Do., 51s 6d Do., 51s 6d	
Scotch, Do., 51s 6d Do., 51s 6d	
Irish, Do., 51s 6d Do., 51s 6d	
Rye, English, 39s 3d Scotch, 39s 3d	
Barley, Malt, 39s 3d Do., 39s 3d	
Malt, Scotch Feed, 39s 3d Do., 39s 3d	
Oats, English Feed, 29s 2d Do., 29s 2d	
Irish, Do., 29s 2d Do., 29s 2d	
Beans, English, 35s 4d Do., 35s 4d	
Peas, English, 35s 4d Do., 35s 4d	
Seed, English, 35s 4d Do., 35s 4d	
Canary, 35s 4d Do., 35s 4d	
Turnip, 35s 4d Do., 35s 4d	
Tares, 35s 4d Do., 35s 4d	
Clover, 35s 4d Do., 35s 4d	
Linseed, 35s 4d Do., 35s 4d	
Rape, 35s 4d Do., 35s 4d	
Flour, Town-made, 45s 5d Essex & Kent, 41s 4d per sack.	
Norfolk and Lincolnshire, 40s 4d per sack.	
Irish, 38s 4d per sack.	

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 21.—With the exception of a few cargoes of oats which have been received from Ireland, the arrival of all other descriptions fresh up for to-day’s market were quite trifling; and in consequence of the ceremony of proclaiming the Queen having been performed during market hours, there was an unusually thin attendance of buyers, and only a very limited extent of business transacted. The finest descriptions of Wheat sold slowly at Monday’s quotations. In flour there was little passing, but former prices were fully supported. Barley was in slow request at previous rates. The demand for Scotch was quite of a retail character, and only the finest samples saleable at Monday’s prices. Beans and peas were each in slow request, and barely supported previous rates.

The following are the arrivals of grain up to last night.

Wheat, English, 1400	Irish, 186	Foreign, 660
Barley, 770	8840	717
Oats, 790	8840	717
Wheat, English, 4852	Irish, 676	Foreign, 1027
Barley, 27	1027	1027
Oats, 635	635	635
Total, 4980	677	1021
Imports from June 12 to June 17, both inclusive	1033	207
Quantity sold in Market Lane, week ending June 15	1922	913
Average Prices of sample	55s 5d	28s 7d

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207—1s.



208—6d.



209—1s. 6d.



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192—1s. 6d.



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V. & J. FIGGINS.

